

THE POETICAL WORKS OF GEORGE HERBERT.



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GEORGE HERBERT

EDITED BY

A. B. GROSART.



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CONTENTS.

Those with a star [*] are in the Williams MS.; † indicates additions or various readings in the Notes and Illustrations: ‡ appear for the first time. The ¶ and § prefixed to the headings of the poems of the Temple are given as in 1632-3 onward.

⁂ *For readier reference, these Contents are also arranged alphabetically. The figures 1, 2, 3, on to 160 denote the number of the Poem required.*

[1] The whole of the Latin and Greek poems and "Anti-Tami-Cami-Categoria" and "Pro Disciplina Ecclesiae Nostrae Epigrammata Apologetica" and "Alia Poemata Latina" and "Passio Discerpta" and "Lucus" were, *for the first time*, translated into English in the Fuller Worthies' Library edition of the complete works in verse and prose of Herbert.—G.

TO

PROFESSOR HENRY MORLEY

I DEDICATE

THIS EDITION OF A POET HE LOVES;

AS AN EXPRESSION OF LITERARY FELLOWSHIP

AND DEEPENING FRIENDSHIP IN

KINDRED WORK.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.



PREFACE.

FROM Nicholas Ferrar and Barnabas Oley and Izaak Walton earlier, to William Pickering, James Yeowell, William Jerdan, Robert Aris Willmott, and C. Cowden Clarke more recently, many loving and capable editors have spent time and pains (in the old sense) on the Works of the "*divine* Herbert"—epithet irreversible as "judicious" for Richard Hooker, "holy" for Richard Baxter. I wish, therefore, right cordially to acknowledge the labours of my predecessors on this Worthy. It were to belie my innermost feeling, not to express my sense of obligation. Nevertheless, it may be permitted me to point out certain things whereby the present edition claims to be in advance of others.

I. *For the first time* the text throughout is reproduced in integrity of wording and orthography. Collation and re-collation of the original and early editions revealed manifold, in some cases flagrant and ignorant, departures from both, and important errors in even the most careful, while the punctuation has been chaos (*e. g.* Pickering's, 1835, 1838, and onward: Bell and Daldy's = Yeowell, 1865; Wilmott: Jerdan;

Clarke). The more noticeable are pointed out in their places in the Notes and Illustrations, and others will be recognized by the critical student. The text of Herbert has suffered more than most from successive misprints, and small but in the aggregate destructive changes and "improvements" by successive editors. As Mr. Christie, in his Dryden, well observes: "The importance of corrections of this sort will not be judged by the smallness of the change for the worse introduced by carelessness or design "(Pref. p. xii.). A few out of many examples may interest here, although their full importance can only be arrived at by an examination of them in their text and context. Taking Pickering's exquisite edition typographically of 1835, and others later, the following are noticeable; Yeowell's, as really careful, is also in some instances chosen:

1. The Printers to the Reader: "No man can more ambitiously seek than he did earnestly endeavour the resignation of an ecclesiastical dignitie, which he was *possessour* of;" misprinted "professor:" Bell and Daldy (= Yeowell, 1865, &c.) Willmott and Clarke have strangely omitted the whole of this admirable epistle, written by Nicholas Ferrar.

2. Ibid. "And these are but '*a* few:" "*a*" dropped out.

3. *The Church Porch*, st. vi. l. 5, "devest:" mis-spelled "divest;" see note *in loco*. So in 83. Vanitie, l. 15; and Yeowell, &c.

4. Ibid. st. xiii. l. 3, "Cowards *tell* her:" Willmott misprints "tells."

5. Ibid. st. xxiv. l. 5, "Loose not thyself:" Pickering, Yeowell, and all, misprint "Lose," to the losing of the sense; see note *in loco*.

6. Ibid. st. xxx. l. 5, "makes his *cloth* too

wide:" Pickering, Yeowell, and all, misprint "clothes."

7. Ibid. st. lxx. l. 2, "send them to *thine* heart:" ibid. "thy," an abounding "improvement" in all.

8. Ibid. st. lxxi. l. 6, "are either:" "improved" to "either are" in all.

9. 2. *The Sacrifice*, l. 110, "usèd and wishèd:" misprinted by all "wish'd," which spoils the line.

10. Ibid. l. 234, "Yet by my subjects *am* condemn'd to die:" misprinted "*I'm*" by Yeowell and Clarke also.

11. 3. *The Thanksgiving*, l. 34, "But mend *mine* own:" misprinted "my;" a frequent "improvement," ibid.

12. Ibid. line 41, "that all together may accord:" misprinted "altogether," which makes nonsense; so Yeowell.

13. 6. *The Sinner*, l. 12, "thine:" again "thy," and so frequently "e'en" for "ev'n."

14. 10. *Easter, The Song*, line 1, "*straw* Thy way:" misprinted "strew;" so Yeowell and Clarke.

15. 12. *Holy Baptisme*, l. 5, "spring and *rent*:" misprinted "vent;" so Yeowell.

16. 16. *Affliction*, l. 21, "straw'd:" misprinted "strew'd;" so Clarke and Yeowell.

17. Ibid. l. 25, "begun:" misprinted "began;" see note *in loco*, ibid.

18. Ibid. l. 26, "cleave:" misprinted "clave;" wrong, as the present tense follows; so Yeowell.

19. 17. *Repentance*, l. 3, "momentanie:" misprinted "momentarie;" see note *in loco*; so Yeowell and Clarke.

20. 18. *Faith*, l. 26, "gainèd:" misprinted "gain'd," which spoils the line; so Yeowell.

21. 22. *Love*, l. 24, "Thy goods:" Willmott misprints "gods."

22. 33. *Sinne*, l. 10, "sinnes in perspective:" misprinted "prospective;" so Yeowell, Willmott, Clarke, &c.

23. 35. *Church-Monuments*, l. 7, "*this* school:" misprinted or "improved" to "the;" which weakens the sense.

24. 45. *Constancie*, l. 22, "tentations:" misspelled "temptations;" so Yeowell and Clarke.

25. 48. *Sunday*, l. 11, "worky-days:" misprinted "working-days" by Clarke, &c.

26. 49. *Avarice*, l. 7, "wert:" misprinted "wast;" so Yeowell and Clarke.

27. 52. *Employment*, l. 25, "dressèd:" misprinted "dresseth," ibid.

28. 53. *Deniall*, l. 8, "pleasures:" misprinted "pleasure."

29. 57. *The World*, l. 14, "sommers," Fr. sommier = beams: misprinted "summers;" so Yeowell and Clarke.

30. 90. *Providence*, l. 136, "non-sense:" misprinted and makes "nonsense," ibid.

31. Ibid. l. 146, "advise:" misprinted "advice," ibid.

32. 97. *Giddinesse*, l. 15, "it's:" misprinted "'tis," ibid.

33. 105. Eph. iv. 30, ll. 4, 5, "grievèd, griev'd:" misprinted both "grieved," although the metre requires "griev'd" in l. 5, ibid.

34. 106. *The Familie*, l. 10, "plaies," qy. = "plies:" misprinted "plays," ibid.

35. 111. *The Pilgrimage*, l. 14, "wold:" misprinted "world," which is neither sense nor rhyme; see note *in loco*.

36. 129. *The Search*, l. 21, "I tun'd:" misprinted absurdly "turn'd;" so Yeowell and Clarke.

37. *On Lord Danvers*, p. 279, l. 6, "the:" misprinted "thy," ibid.

38. *The Church Militant*, p. 243, l. 55, "Christ-Crosse:" misprinted "Christ's-Cross;" see note *in loco*, ibid.

The Greek and Latin have been hitherto most slovenly given; perhaps ours will be found accurate, as well in the previously published as in the new from MSS.[1]

These are a mere handful, put down *currente calamo* as I send away the proof-sheets collated with my revised text. In Notes and Illustrations there are others fully and critically discussed.[2] The whole of these errors and corruptions have been anxiously rectified and purified in this edition. In so doing I have had constantly before me all the editions of the Verse from the first, 1632-3, to the thirteenth, 1709, as well as after ones until now. Throughout, our text is faithful to the author's own wording, orthography, &c. Two slight departures ought perhaps to be named, viz., from the profuse italics and capitals, which belong to the printers, not to Herbert (as proved by his MSS.); and that where the "ed" might be mis-read, we have elided, as "per-

[1] The Prose of Herbert would furnish an equally long list of misprints and improvements. I limit myself now to the *Jacula Prudentum*, and I take Yeowell's text (Bell and Daldy, 1865), with this result on collation of the 1640 and 1651 editions, apart from misspellings: "shoulders" *for* "shoulder," "drowning" *for* "a-drowning," "comes" for "come," "heavens" *for* "havens," "deaths" for "dearths," "weight" for "weigh," "payer" for "prayer," "loved" for "beloved," "light" for "night," "brambles" for "brables," "mouth" for "month," &c. All put right in Fuller Worthies' Library edition of the Prose.

[2] It is remarkable how self-evident misprints escape even keen eyes -*e.g.*, how strange that in 64, "Man," line 8, it should have been left *for* me *to* discover the long-continued error *of* "no" for "mo" = more. 1632-3 originated the blunder; the Williams MS. enabled me authoritatively to correct it. So in the Paradox, line 39, "plaint our case," from Dr. Bliss onwards, the MS. contraction "*or*" = our has been misprinted "or," which makes nonsense. Errors of this type abound.

plex'd," not "perplexed." Finally, the chaotic and wrong punctuation has been reduced to some order, it is hoped.

II. *For the first time* are recorded in the Notes and Illustrations the many various readings (*a*) from MSS., (*b*) original and early editions; most of the rarest literary and biographic value.

III. *For the first time* there is furnished anything like a critical and exegetical commentary, in Notes and Illustrations, on all calling for elucidation. Herbert's reading was as odd and discursive as ever was Robert Burton's, and its application as allusive and unexpected as Thomas' Fuller's; and there are subtleties and obscurities—shadows broaden by the measure of light from whence they are objected—of thinking and construction and wording, as well as quaint notices of now-forgotten manners, customs, and usages, that claim record and explanation. Hitherto all, or nearly all, have been left as though readers were still contemporaries. A more meagre and inadequate, not to say discreditable, annotation than that thus far bestowed on Herbert is scarcely predicable of any other classic. I may be excused stating that I have not spared myself or willing fellow-workers any toil of search and research, or prolonged and deliberate study, in order worthily to furnish this body of Notes and Illustrations. No real difficulty has been consciously shirked; and I venture to hope that readers will not consult these Notes without obtaining help in their understanding (or misunderstanding) of the text.

IV. *For the first time* relatively large additions are given, from (*a*) MSS., (*b*) overlooked books (*e.g.*) six English sacred poems, and nearly the whole of *Passio Discerpta* and *Lucus*, from the

Williams MS., the "Psalms," from Playford, and other single poems.

V. *For the first time*, in the Memorial-Introduction, various new outward facts will be found —*e. g.* his ancestry; his education, dates and circumstances; his supposed "deaconship" shown to have been a mistake; his "sinecure office" once held by Sir Philip Sidney; his "marriage entry," &c.; his will, and other points; also the MS. notes of Archbishop Leighton (such as they are), from his copy of Herbert's "Temple,"—long amissing and hitherto eagerly as fruitlessly sought for. But it must be stated that by the limitations of this single volume the Memorial-Introduction has been everywhere compressed. The student wishful to know more must consult the fuller Memoir in vol. i.; the Essay on Life and Writings in vol. ii., and the annotated Life by Walton in vol. iii., of the Fuller Worthies' Library edition (3 vols.), along with Christopher Harvey's complete Poems in vol. iv.

VI. *For the first time* (*i. e.* published) the original portrait of Herbert, as first given in the edition of The Temple of 1674, is reproduced faithfully; that is, without touching up or idealisation. Taken probably from a crayon drawing *ad vivum* by R. White,—an engraver who ranks with Faithorne, Vertue, Vaughan, Gaywood, and Marshall,—the history of this portrait is but imperfectly known; but as it is the admitted source of all the subsequent engravings, it is easy for any one to decide between it and the others. From Sturt (1703) onward to Jerdan's and Willmott's (Routledge and Tegg) and Pickering's, of 1835, 1844, &c., and Bell and Daldy's (Yeowell's), there has been a gradual obliteration of the lines and look of the "o'er-inform'd" face. Of the wood-

engravings nothing need be said, save that they are no more Herbert than the publisher's. Of Pickering's, the steel engraving of 1835 is the best; retouched for 1844 and later, to the worse. Major's, in Walton's "Lives" (1825), by Warren, like Pickering's, is a good bit of work as work, but is even more untrue than Pickering's; so too the engraving by Engleheart in Willmott's "Lives of the Sacred Poets."

My opinion is that the 1674 engraving as compared with that of 1670 in Walton's Life, gives us George Herbert when somewhat wasted by his disease; and hence any portrait that does not preserve the angularities of the original gives a wrong impression of the man. In the Pickering and Major engravings there seems to me also too much of an attempt to express his intellect and intellectual bright-eyedness in his face, which results in the diminishing of other characteristics. To me, comparing it with 1674, the forehead is too perpendicular and too regular. The arches of the eyelids (though this is hardly so visible in the 1835 plate) are made too much arcs of a circle of the same level, whereas in the 1674 there is a slight up-turning of the outer part of each; and from this or some other cause, and from the greater compression of the upper lip in the Pickering, we lose the expression of gentle humour which is apparent in the 1674, and which, as it existed in Herbert, goes to prove that this last was a more faithful and artistic copy than from its somewhat coarse style might be imagined. In the Pickering also the nose is not curved but hooked, more Cæsarine or Wellingtonian, and it wants that indication of Herbert's emotional temper which his brother, Lord Cherbury, designated by "choler"—the more marked nostril.

To conclude, in this old portrait of 1674 I seem to see thoughtfulness mingled with quiet "wit," and a gentleness and mildness that would not give a harsh answer or a harsh reproof; but with deep conflict-born lines, and indications of a quick, somewhat impulsive, and (using the word in its fuller and older sense) passionate mind. Every true and reverent lover of George Herbert must agree with me in returning upon this self-authenticating engraving of 1674; all the more that, for the reasons given, it is in every way superior to the later "improvements" upon it. It is just that worn, wistful, ascetic, unearthly face of the Herbert we love, not untouched of awe, "so awful is goodness." I would note the glowing dark eyes, the small sensitive mouth, —liker a woman's than a man's,—the long Shakespearean upper lip, slightly moustached, the thin tremulous-nostrilled nose, the wasting cheeks. In the touched-up modern engravings the nose and chin especially are false to character. In the 1674 edition also appeared for the first time these lines, which "should have been under his picture":—

"Behold an orator, divinely sage,
The prophet and apostle of that Age:
View but his Porch and Temple, you shall see
The body of divine philosophy.
Examine well the lines of his dead face,
Therein you may discern wisdom and grace.
Now if the shell so lovely doth appear,
How orient was the pearl imprison'd here!"

"He was," says Walton, "of a stature inclining towards leanness; his body was very straight, and so far from being cumbered with too much flesh, that he was lean to an extremity. His aspect was cheerful, and his speech and motion did both declare him a gentleman; for they were all so meek and obliging, that they purchased

love and respect from all that knew him." Aubrey states that "he was of a very fine complexion."

Other features of this edition will be discovered by the observant reader. I indulge the hope that my labours on this Worthy will bring renewed attention equally to the holy and beautiful life and the unique writings. Whoever turns to either will find himself in fellowship with a "lovely spirit" of a grand age;

"When the world, travelling an uneven way,
Encounter'd greater truths in every lot,
And individual minds had power to force
An epoch, and divert its vassal course."[1]

It is now a very pleasant duty to offer my sincere thanks to various reverers of George Herbert for services rendered in the most spontaneous and kind way. I would thank my never-failing, richly-stored friend, Dr. Brinsley Nicholson, who, as in others of the Fuller Worthies' Library, has responded to my many calls upon his very remarkable reading and insight with a generous willinghood that I find it difficult to acknowledge sufficiently. Throughout I am indebted to him in all manner of ways. To B. H. Beedham, Esq., Ashfield House, Kimbolton; to Samuel R. Gardiner, Esq., London; to Rev. Thomas Ladds, M.A., Leighton Bromswold; to Rev. W. P. Pigott, M.A., Bemerton; to W. Aldis Wright, Esq., M.A., Trinity College, and Professor Mayor, Cambridge; to G. H. White, Esq., and Colonel Chester, London; to David Laing, Esq., LL.D., Edinburgh; to E. R. Morris, Esq., Homestay, Newtown; to Dr. Morris Jones, Liverpool; to Rev. Richard Wilton, M.A., Londesborough Rectory, Market Weighton, and

[1] Poems of F. W. Faber, D.D. (1857), p. 518.

numerous voluntary Correspondents, I wish to express a sense of loving and grateful obligation for communication of facts and documents, verification of references, local notes, and other aids most agreeably rendered. At the British Museum and Williams Libraries, and the Bodleian, Oxford, as invariably, I met with every facility and unreserve of available help. For the instant and confiding use of all the Herbert MSS. in the Williams Library I must specially record my gratitude. A more genial, self-forgetting book-lover than the Williams Library-keeper (Rev. Thomas Hunter) I could not conceive.

Anything else needing to be said will be found elsewhere. And now I offer my Herbert as an honest piece of somewhat hard work; fitted perhaps to draw more and still more hearts to a genuine singer and thinker, to know and love whom deeper and nearer can only bring profit.

"And as the waxing moon can take
The tidal waters in her wake,
And lead them round and round, to break
  Obedient to her drawings dim;
So may the movements of His mind,
The first Great Father of mankind,
Affect with answering movements blind,
  And draw the souls that breathe by Him." [1]

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

PARK VIEW, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE.



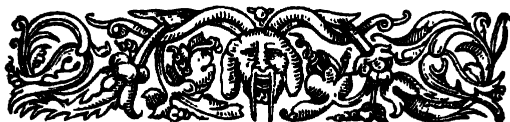
Missing Letter from George Herbert to Bishop Lancelot Andrewes.

It is very much to be wished that the letter thus mentioned by Walton were recovered from its hiding-place: "For the learned Bishop, it is observable, that at that time there fell to be a

[1] Poems by Jean Ingelow (1864), p. 55.

modest debate betwixt them two about predestination, and sanctity of life; of both which the orator did, not long after, send the bishop some safe and useful aphorisms, in a long letter, written in Greek; which letter was so remarkable for the language and reason of it, that, after the reading it, the bishop put it into his bosom, and did often show it to many scholars, both of this and foreign nations; but did always return it back to the place where he first lodged it, and continued it so near his heart till the last day of his life." I must indulge the "pleasures of hope" that such a letter has not perished; and I invite readers to keep a vigilant outlook for it.





MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION.

I. BIOGRAPHICAL.—II. CRITICAL.

IF the head of the House of Spenser, in his generation, was wisely advised by no less than Gibbon, to regard the name of Edmund Spenser in the roll of an illustrious ancestry as "*the richest jewel of his coronet;*" and if to-day one is glad to find an Earl Spencer eager to accept the (possible) lineage, and covetous to spell with an "s" rather than a "c,"—equally is it the "*gloir*" of the families of Powis and Pembroke to be able—and perhaps more certainly—to inscribe in their descents the name of George Herbert.

The late lamented Sidney Herbert, Lord Herbert of Lea, father of the present Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, showed his sense of the honour by public speech and many a beautiful letter when he sought to enlist friends, far and near—and splendidly succeeded—in the erection of a church at Bemerton, in memorial of George Herbert,—his boast of being a Sidney melting into a yearning and wistful gratitude that he was also a Herbert of the George Herbert stock; while the present scholarly Earl Powis has given various proofs of his sympathetic esti-

mate of the same kinship. Our genealogical researches have revealed to us others high-placed and noticeable intrinsically, who claim the "blood" of George Herbert, and hold it as an inestimable possession.

Turning to the elaborate "Ten Tables" of Pedigrees of the "noble family of Herbert" prefixed by Earl Powis to his private edition of Lord Herbert of Cherbury's "Expedition to the Isle of Rhé" (contributed to the Philobiblon Society, 1860, 4to), the first begins with Charlemagne and Hildegardis, daughter of Childebrand, Duke of Swabia; passes to Pipin and Bernard, kings of Italy (A.D. 810, 818), to Herberts Counts de Vermandois; and ends in Sir William Herbert, who is called William ap Thomas, of Ragland Castle (in Welsh, Margoah Gles or Gumrhi). The second table is as follows:—

SIR RICHARD HERBERT (as *supra*)	= GLADYS, dau and heir of Sir David Gamm, Kt, and widow of Sir Roger Vaughan, Kt.
SIR RICHARD HERBERT, second son.	= MARGARET, dau. of Thomas ap Griffith ap Nicholas, and sister of Sir Rice Thomas, K.G.
SIR RICHARD HERBERT, Kt., second son, seated at Montgomery.	= ANN, dau of Sir David ap Enion ap Llewelin Vaughan, Kt.
EDWARD HERBERT, first son.	= ELIZABETH, dau. of Mathew Price, of Newton, com. Montgomery.
RICHARD HERBERT, first son, seated at Montgomery Castle, dyed 1597.	= MAGDALEN, dau. of Sir Richard Newport, of High Ercall, com. Salop, Knt., dyed 1627.

The last pair were the father and mother of George Herbert, he having been their fifth son; their first, the afterwards variously-renowned Edward, Baron Herbert of Cherbury.[1]

[1] Lord Powis's volume, as before, pp. v-xvi. As only 40 copies

Looking at similar pedigrees of the mother, they prove equally remarkable. She was the youngest daughter of Sir Richard Newport, the largest landed proprietor of his time in the county of Salop, and descended, through the eldest daughter of Sir John Burgh, from the reigning princes of Powys-land. Her mother was Margaret Bromley, daughter and heiress of Sir Thomas Bromley, a member of the Privy Council, and an executor of the will of King Henry VIII.[1]

Of Richard Herbert we have proud words by his eldest-born in the famous autobiography, mainly recounting deeds of daring and single-mindedness; and from Barnabas Oley and Izaak Walton. "My father," observes his son, "I remember to have been black-haired and bearded, as all my ancestors of his side are said to have been; of a manly or somewhat stern look, but withal very handsome and well compact in his limbs, and of a great courage."[2] He won an abiding repute for stout-heartedness, lavish hospitality, and kindness to the humblest. He "sleeps well" and royally beneath a prominent altar-tomb in the Lymore-estate chancel of Montgomery Church.

Of Magdalen Newport more will fall to be said hereafter: now, suffice it to recall that Donne addressed to her a sonnet "Of S. Mary Magdalen," playing on her Christian name, full of fine praise, and in her comparative old age com-

were printed, it is almost equal to MS. The after Tables, iii. to x. are full of interest, though they are not without mistakes. "Herbertiana: Montgomeryshire Collections," vol. vi. p. 410; vol. iii. p. 365; "Burke's Landed Gentry," vol. i. p. 605, "Hughes of Guerches."

[1] For Newport and Bromley epitaphs see Fuller Worthies' Library edition of Herbert, as before (vol. i. pp. xxvii., xxviii.).

[2] "The Life of Edward Lord Herbert of Cherbury," reprint of Sir Walter Scott's edition of 1809, *n. d.* p. 11-12 (Moxon).

posed his "Autumnal Beauty" in her honour, and sings "Affecyon here takes Reverence's name;"[1] and when she died preached one of his greatest sermons at her funeral; while in his "Parentalia" George Herbert never wearies in uttering his love, veneration, and gratitude,—one of the pieces (No. ii.) being second only to Cowper's "On receiving his Mother's Picture."

One should scarcely have minded to recount even thus much of "endless genealogies," if only titularly great names had formed the Herbert lineage. As it is, the most cursory glance over Lord Powis's Ten Tables and the usual genealogies, will satisfy that the Herberts can hold their own against the bluest blood of England and France and Germany, and will verify Oley's eulogy that "Mr. George Herbert was extracted out of a generous [= generosus], noble, and ancient family;"[2] nor abate from Walton's, that he was of "a family that hath been blessed with men of remarkable wisdom, and a willingness to serve their country, and, indeed, to do good to all mankind; for which they are eminent."[3] From century to century Herberts are found taking their places in some of the noblest and whitest pages of our national history; and so it remains "unto this day." Nor were it hard to establish that his descent counted for a good deal to George Herbert, and furnishes elements of character that alone solve problems of his life and writings—none the less that, as an old snatch of Welsh song celebrates, it was a "miller's daughter" who brought Montgomery Castle and other

[1] Our edition of "Donne's Poems," vol. i. pp. 187-190, for the "Autumnal Beauty;" vol. ii pp. 274-5, for the Sonnet.

[2] "Prefatory View of the Life and Virtues of the Author," prefixed by Barnabas Oley to the Country Parson (1652).

[3] Life, 1670-1.

broad lands into the family. This is worth notice, perhaps, inasmuch as John Aubrey has preserved the lines in Welsh and English.[1] We can only find room for the latter :—

> "O God! woe is me miserable, my father was a miller,
> And my mother a milleresse, and I am now a ladie."

One likes to indulge the "Pleasures of Imagination" that she might have sat for our Laureate's "Miller's Daughter," the fair shy Alice; and it may be, the nineteenth-century love-story gives us a key to the earlier in fact and feeling alike, as thus :—

> "slowly was my mother brought
> To yield consent to my desire :
> She wish'd me happy, *but she thought*
> *I might have look'd a little higher :*
> And I was young - too young to wed :
> 'Yet must I love her for your sake ;
> Go, fetch your Alice here, she said :
> Her eyelid quiver'd as she spake.
> And down I went to fetch my bride :
> But, Alice, you were ill at ease ;
> This dress and that by turns you tried,
> Too fearful that you should not please.
> I loved you better for your fears,
> I knew you could not look but well ;
> And dews, that would have fall'n in tears,
> I kiss'd away before they fell.
> I watch'd the little flutterings,
> The doubt my mother would not see ;
> She spoke at large of many things,
> And at the last she spoke of me ;
> And turning look'd upon your face,
> As near this door you sat apart,
> And rose, and with a silent grace
> Approaching, press'd you heart to heart."[2]

[1] Letters, as before, vol. ii. pp. 390-1. The account is as follows : "In Brecknockshire, about three miles from Brecknock, is a village called Penkelly (Anglicè, Haselwood), where is a little castle. It is an ancient seat of the Herberts. Mr. Herbert of this place came by the mother's side, a Wgun [Vaughan ?]. The Lord Cherbury's ancestor came by the second venter, who was a miller's daughter. The greatest part of the estate was settled on the issue by the second venter, viz. Montgomery Castle and Aberystwith. Upon the match with the miller's daughter are to this day recited or sung by the Welsh these verses (as above)."

[2] "The Miller's Daughter ;" in all the editions. *En passant*, not the least of Tennyson's services as a public teacher as well as the supreme poet-artist of our age, is his inflexible assertion of the no-

The inscriptions of the monument to the father and mother of Herbert do not record those honours of Richard Herbert which find commemoration in the "Autobiography," *e.g.* Custos Rotulorum, Deputy-Lieutenant and Justice of the Peace for the county, and Governor of the Fortress of Montgomery;—but do tell that the "monument was made at the cost of Magdalen his wife"—a notable thing, seeing her own "effigie" beside her deceased lord, forms part of it, while Latin hendecasyllabics must have been prepared in the expectation that she too was to be laid there. These lines merit a passing minute's heed:—

"IN SEPULCHRUM RICHARDI HERBERTI, ARMIGERI, ET MAGDALENAE UXORIS EJUS; HENDECASYLLABA.

Quid virtus, pietas, amorve recti,
Tunc cum vita fugit, juvare possunt
In coelo relevent perenne nomen

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bility of worth and of good kind hearts as over against "bluest blood." The sorrow is that at this time o' day any should forget that the humblest ichor is as really of God as is the "bluest." One is pained to find in unlooked-for places acceptance of the old folly of (so-called) mesalliance independent of character, and the converse; *e.g* even Dr John Hannah, in his excellent edition of the poems and Psalms of Bishop Henry King (1843), thus annotates *in loco*: "Robert Rich was married to Frances, fourth and youngest daughter of Oliver Cromwell; *but this degradation of a noble family* was not of long continuance, for Rich died on the 16th of the following February, aged 23" (p. 185). All my admiration and regard for Dr. Hannah cannot hinder me from protesting against such nonsense, and worse: at once unhistoric—for the Cromwells were of blood equal to any of the Riches—and false in its *morale*—seeing that Frances Cromwell was good and humble and noble after a very different type from the Riches; while to-day where is the House that, apart from political partisanship, would not deem it renown to descend from Oliver Cromwell rather than from Charles II. and his polluted race? Matthew Prior struck deeper truth than perhaps he was aware of in an epigram-epitaph, which many in their Rank-fetishism would do well to ponder:

"Nobles and heralds, by your leave
Here lies—what once was Matthew Prior;
The son of Adam and of Eve:
Can Bourbon or Nassau claim higher?"

Better still is Bishop Hacket's verdict: "Never was pedigree so well set out as that of Noah: These are the generations of Noah; Noah was a just man," &c. (Life by Plume, p. iii.).

Hoc saxum doceat, duos recludens
Quos uno thalamo fideque junctos
Hic unus tumulus, lapisve signat.
Jam longum sape, Lector, et valeto,
Æternum venerans ubique nomen."[1]

In the second section of this memorial-introduction I give a critical examination of the life and writings of our Worthy in their inward meanings and significances and worth. In this I limit myself very much to the outward facts.

George Herbert was born on the 3rd of April, 1593, in the Castle of Montgomery, Wales,[2]—the hereditary possession of his family from "the Miller's Daughter," if Aubrey and the Welsh verse are to be credited. That this castle was the birthplace of our Worthy gives a new charm to Dr. Donne's charming poem of the "Primrose Hill," whereon it stands. At the time (according to Walton)[3] it was "a place of state and strength, and had been successively happy in the family of the Herberts, who had long possessed it; and with it a plentiful estate, and hearts as liberal to their poor neighbours." Even onward, when this "family did in the late rebellion suffer extremely in their estates, and the heirs of that castle saw it laid level with that earth that was too good to bury those wretches that were the causes of it" ("meek" Izaak's ungentle words). Anthony à Wood calls it "a pleasant and romancy place;"[4] and Aubrey expatiates on "the exquisite prospect four different ways[5] from it. We have sought in vain for a view of this once

[1] "John Aubrey's Letters," vol. ii. pp. 388-9, collated with the monument. Translated in Fuller Worthies' Library edition, as before (vol. I. p. xxxiii.).

[2] Oley, Walton, and all the autherities; but see our annotated edition of the Life of Herbert by Walton, *in loco* (vol. iii.).

[3] Life of Herbert, as before; and so throughout, unless otherwise specified.

[4] "Athenæ Oxon." (Bliss), *s. n.*, Edward Lord Cherbury.

[5] Letters, as before.

noble castle, prior to its destruction through the stern-sad necessities and retributions of the commonwealth.[1]

The birth-year—1593—reminds us that his mother's friend and his own, Donne, was at the very time working on his toothed and memorable Satires, as the contemporary Harleian MS. 5110 bears, "Jhon Dunne, his Satires, Anno Domini 1593;[2] reminds us also that in that same year Richard Hooker was sending forth "Book I." of the "Ecclesiastical Polity," and—at an opposite pole—William Shakespeare his "Venus and Adonis;" while "by Mulla's shore" Edmund Spenser was perchance musing of "Colin Clout's come home again." 1593 is allusively notable too for the great and fearless epistle-dedicatory of John Napier to the King, wherein, digressing from the "Apocalypse" of his treatise,[3] he charged James to "reform" his court, house, family, and, above all, "his own heart"—very different language from, alas, Herbert's own onward, when even more needed.

Preceding George there had been Edward, Richard, William, Charles; succeeding him came Henry, and posthumously Thomas; also three

[1] Sir Walter Scott, in his Preface to his edition of Lord Cherbury's Life (1809), thus with characteristic candour narrates the facts: "When the differences between King Charles and his parliament broke out, Lord Herbert joined his interest to that of the latter. He seems previously to have made a speech in behalf of the king, which gave great offence to the House; but the year after he changed his politics and supported the parliament, for which change he became a great sufferer from the vengeance of the royalists.—Parl. Hist. vol. xi. pp. 3, 87. He attended the army of the parliament to Scotland in 1639, and *obtained indemnification for his castle of Montgomery, which had been demolished by their order.*" It was convenient to Walton, and since to others, to forget this "indemnification" and the facts.

[2] Our edit. of Donne's Poems, vol. i. p. 3.

[3] "A plaine Discovery of the whole Revelation of St. John, set downe in Two Treatises; whereunto are annexed certaine Oracles of Sibylla agreeing with the Revelation and other Places of Scripture." Edinb. (Waldegrave), 1593, 4to.

daughters, Elizabeth, Margaret, and Frances.[1] Their father, Richard Herbert, died in 1597, so that in George's fourth year these "little ones" were left fatherless, and their mother heir of the promises of the widow's God. She accepted "in faith" the deeply-felt responsibility thus prematurely laid upon her—for her husband died comparatively young—and gave herself up with a fine enthusiasm of consecration to the training and general education of her fatherless family, in their castled home and at Oxford. She provided a duly-qualified tutor for them—one regrets that neither Oley nor Walton nor Lord Cherbury has preserved his name. But the deeper teaching, that went to the roots of their truest life, was all her own—outcome of a passionate love and a yearning care beautiful to think of even at this far-off day. "Often," says Walton, "did she bless God that they were neither defective in their shapes nor in their reason; and very often reproved them that did not praise God for so great a blessing." Until Master George was in his twelfth year (1604-5) the education of the entire household was mainly "at home." Visiting the shattered remains, I liked to let Fancy busy herself in calling up these remarkable boys and girls at play within the ancestral grounds; and there kept ringing through memory the subtle-thoughted "Primrose" of Dr. Donne, "being at Montgomery Castle, upon the hill on which it is situate." One stanza may vivify our narrative :—

"Upon this primrose hyll—
Where, if Heaven wo'ld distil

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[1] See our Notes and Illustrations to Walton's Life of Herbert in Fuller Worthies' Library edition, as before (vol. iii.), for notices of these members of the Herbert family.

A shower of rayne, each severall dropp might goe
To his owne primrose, and grow mana soe,
And where their forme and their infinity
Make a terrestriul galaxy,
As the small stars doe in the sky—
I walke to fynd a true-loue, and I see
That 'tis not a meere woman that is shee,
But must or more or less than woman bee."[1]

About his twelfth year George was sent to Westminster School, which is proud to enrol his name among her sons. We think of another Westminster boy later — William Cowper — similarly sent up to town from the country with life-long hurt to his delicate sensitive nature.[2] But our Herbert had mingled more with society, and thus early was of robuster stuff than the gentle recluse. Besides, it is probable, if not absolutely certain, that he was with his mother and some of his brothers in Oxford, while still very young. This last point requires elucidation. The dates of the "Autobiography" and of Walton and Wood are scanty and conflicting. Lord Cherbury states that "his parents thought fit to send him to Oxford" when he was "twelve years old;" that is, having been born in 1581, in 1593-4. But he immediately adds: "I had not been many months in the University but news was brought me of my father's death, his sickness being a lethargy, *caros*, or *coma vigilans*, which continued long upon him: he seemed at last to die without much pain, though in his senses. Upon opinion given by physicians that his disease was mortal, my mother thought fit to send for me home; and presently, after my father's death, to desire her brother, Sir Francis Newport, to haste to London to obtain my wardship for his

[1] Our edition of Donne's Poems, vol. ii. pp. 233-4.

[2] Cowper uttered his sense of injury in his "Tirocinium." My friend Mr. Howard Staunton remembers both in his "Great Schools of England" (1869), pp. 130-1; the whole section on Westminster (pp. 94-132) is interesting.

and her use jointly, which he obtained. Shortly after I was sent again to my studies in Oxford, where I had not been long but that an overture for a match with the daughter and heir of Sir William Herbert of St. Gilian's was made; " and onward, " About this time I had attained the age of fifteen, . . . yet notwithstanding the disparity of years betwixt us, upon the eight-and-twentieth of February, 1598, in the house of Eton, where the same man, vicar of ——, married my father and mother, christened and married me, I espoused her. Not long after my marriage I went again to Oxford, together with my wife and mother, who took a house, and lived for some certain time there." [1] There seem to be various mistakes in these early recollections. For seeing that Master Edward was sent for only a few months after being entered at the University, the summons when his father was on his death-bed —viz. in 1597—must have been another, and he was then in his sixteenth, not his twelfth year, and when married, in his eighteenth-nineteenth not his fifteenth year. The closing statement is the most interesting in relation to George, for it explains that it was not until 1597-8 that their mother took up her residence in Oxford. That is to say, when Edward (according to Wood) became a gentleman commoner of University College in 1595, "aged fourteen years," he was by himself under tutors; whereas on his return to the University, after his father's death and his own marriage in 1597-8, he was thenceforward under his mother's eyes; and thus George being in his fifth year in 1598, and not removed to Westminster till his twelfth year, in all likelihood was of the brothers taken to Oxford.

[1] Life, as before, pp. 16, 17.

Walton, with welcome chattiness, thus informs us on this period: "In this time of her widowhood, she being desirous to give Edward, her eldest son, such advantages of learning and other education as might suit his birth and fortune, and thereby make him the more fit for the service of his country, did, at his being of a fit age, remove from Montgomery Castle with him, and some of her younger sons, to Oxford; and having entered Edward into Queen's College and provided him a fit tutor, she commended him to his care; yet she continued there with him, and still kept him in a moderate awe of herself, and so much under her own eye as to see and converse with him daily; but she managed this power over him without any such rigid sourness as might make her company a torment to her child; but with such a sweetness and compliance with the recreations and pleasures of youth as did incline him willingly to spend much of his time in the company of his dear and careful mother; which was to her great content: for she would often say, "That as our bodies take a nourishment suitable to the meat on which we feed, so our souls do as insensibly take in vice by the example or conversation with wicked company;" and would therefore as often say, "That ignorance of vice was the best preservation of virtue; and that the very knowledge of wickedness was as tinder to inflame and kindle sin, and to keep it burning." For these reasons she indeared him to her own company, and continued with him in Oxford four years; in which time her great and harmless wit, her cheerful gravity, and her obliging behaviour gained her an acquaintance and friendship with most of any eminent worth or learning that were at that time in or near the

university." Walton was evidently unaware of Edward's marriage and of other circumstances; but the four years' continuance of the mother in Oxford, reaching from 1598 to 1603-4 or thereabouts, warrants us in concluding that George shared this oversight, discipline, and affectionate vigilance. So that it was during these years, in all probability, his reverent-love and loving-reverence for his mother grew up that break out in the "melodious tears" of the "Parentalia." Very fine is the picture of this illustrious lady in the second poem of the "Parentalia," already referred to; and it will actualize to us the whole home-influences to turn back upon it. Here it is made to speak English by the "sweet singer" of "Wood-notes and Church Bells" (Rev. Richard Wilton, M.A., Londesborough Rectory, Market Weighton).

"Holy Cornelias, and Sempronias grave,
And all of serious womanhood, I crave
Your tears; for she, who blended what in you
Shines good and beautiful, claims as her due
Your blended sorrows. For this downfall raise
Loud weepings, Dignity, nor lose thy praise:
Stand, Modesty, with locks loose-flowing down;
Sorrow is sometimes Beauty's loftiest crown.
The glory of women has perish'd; and men dread
Lest of each sex with her the dower has fled.
The fleeting suns she would not wear away
In vanity of dress and self-display,
Piling proud structures in the morning hour
Upon her head, rear'd upwards like a tow'r;
Then spending the long day in talk and laughter—
For tongues' confusion comes tower'd Babel after!—
But after modest braiding of her hair,
Such as becomes a matron wise and fair,
And a brief bath, her freshen'd mind she brought
To pious duties and heart-healing thought,
Addressing to the Almighty Father's throne
Such warm and earnest prayers as He will own.
Next she goes round her family, assigning
What each may need for garden, distaff, dining.
To everything its time and place are given;
Then are call'd in the tasks at early even.
By a fix'd plan her life and house go on,
By a wise daily calculation;
Sweetness and grace through all her dwelling shine,
Of both first shining in her mind the sign.

But if at times a great occasion rise—
With visit of some noble—she likewise
Rises, and raises up herself, and vies
With the occasion, and the victory gains.
O, what a shower of courteous speech she rains!
Grave pleasantry, grace mix'd with wit is heard;
Fetters and chains she weaves with every word.
Or if some business for the hour should ask,
She glides through turns and windings of the task
With her replies, a match for wisest men.
Then what a mistress was she of the pen!
What graceful writing hers! Mark the fair shell
Wherein a kernel fairer still may dwell,
The voice and sentiment agreeing well.
Through all the world her well-known letters flit:
Charming right hand, that dust is all unfit,
Where now thou liest; for thy writing fine,
Pactolus' sand sole fitting tomb of thine.
Add music, smoothing, soothing other gifts,
Which, for a moment, the rapt spirit lifts
As with a prelude of Heaven's harmony.
Then what a helper of the poor you see
In her! A prop of languid folk and slow,
A roof for those who live forlorn and low,
A common balm on throbbing bosoms shed,
While public blessings hover round her head,
Rehearsing now the manner of the sky,
Anticipating her reward on high.
I droop as all her virtues I relate,
Which by my sorrows I enumerate;
Stars are they now, my tearful griefs of late.
But thou who think'st these things not fitly done,
A mother's praise forbidding to a son,
Away with thy false foolish modesty!
Heartless and silent then shall only I
Be found, when her fine praise rings to the sky?
My mother's urn, is't closed only to me—
Wither'd the herbs, and dry the rosemary?
Owe I to her a tongue only to grieve?
Away, thou foolish one, and give me leave!
Shame to forget while pious praise I weave.
Thou shalt be prais'd for ever, mother mine,
By me, thy sorrowing son; for surely thine
This learning is, which I deriv'd from thee,
Which o'er the page now flows spontaneously,
Its highest fruit of labour seen to attain
In praising thee, though Folly may arraign."

With these experiences of a childhood ripening into boyhood, passed in a sweet content with his mother and brothers, and latterly, with ineffaceable memories of "most of any eminent worth or learning that were at that time in or near the University," he went—as we have seen—to London, and was "commended to the care of Dr.

Neale, who was then Dean of Westminster; and by him to the care of Mr. [Richard] Ireland, who was then chief master of that school."

George Herbert was thus "entered" at Westminster under every possible advantage. Of his progress and character at school, Walton continues: "The beauties of his pretty behaviour and wit shined and became so eminent and lovely in this his innocent age, that he seemed to be marked out for piety, and to become the care of heaven, and of a particular good angel to guard and guide him. And thus he continued in that school, till he came to be perfect in the learned languages, and especially in the Greek tongue, in which he after proved an excellent critic." The "pretty behaviour" was doubtless by the impress of his mother, to whom—as he gratefully and graciously sings (Parentalia, iv.)—he owed his "first and *second* birth." That he was bookish and scholarly even thus soon is testified by two things: (*a*) That being in his fifteenth year a King's Scholar, he was elected out of the school for Trinity College, Cambridge; (*b*) That Andrew Melville's Latin epigram-satire on certain ultra-ritualisms in the King's Chapel having been circulated in the school, he "replied" to it by way of prelibation to his after-answers in Epigrams-Apologetical to his "Anti-Tami-Cami-Categoria"—the latter fact arguing no little self-esteem and self-possession, even to grotesqueness, seeing that the venerable scholar against whom this stripling David came forth was no vulgar-boasting Goliath, but a man foremost among the foremost in ripe learning and intellect, intrepidity and worth. Of this epigram-warfare I shall have more to say onward: of the King's Scholarship and election to Trinity, be it remembered that the demands on those who

attained these honours were high and thorough. Summarily, the Life of Bishop Hacket (by Plume) —a schoolfellow at Westminster, and elected to Cambridge with him—yields this anecdote, that the head-master [Ireland] on their departure assured them, "that he expected to have credit from them two at the University, or would never hope for it afterwards by any while he lived; and added withal, that he need give them no counsel to follow their books, but rather to study moderately and use exercise, their parts being so good, that if they were careful not to impair their health with too much study, they would not fail to arrive to the top of learning in any art or science."[1]

The admission-books of the University and other MS. records furnish these entries: He was admitted scholar 5th May, 1609, on the same day with John Hacket (as above); matriculated pensioner at Trinity 18th December, 1609, by the name of Georgius Harbert—and so the poet of the "Prophecies of Cadwallador" (1604) spelled his name "William H*ar*bert;" became B.A. in 1612-13; minor fellow, 3rd October, 1614; major fellow, 15th March, 1615 (1616); A.M. 1616; sub-lector quartæ classis, 2nd October, 1617.[2] These years cover from his fifteenth-sixteenth year (1608) to his twenty-third (1617).

As at Westminster he had the paternal care of the good Dean Neale, so at Trinity, by the continued carefulness of his mother—who just about the time of his going to Cambridge was again married, to Sir John Danvers—he enjoyed the like friendship (for "patronage" is not the right word) of one equally estimable, and of larger in-

[1] 1675 (folio), p. v.

[2] Letters *penes me* from the late Joseph Romilly, Esq., Registrar of the University, and William Aldis Wright, Esq., M.A. of Trinity College, Cambridge.

tellect and richer every way—Dr. Nevil, Dean of Canterbury and Master of Trinity College. He took a personal interest in providing a tutor for the young "King's Scholar" fresh from Westminster—again it is a disappointment that *his* name has not come down apparently—and Walton thus writes of the introduction: "It may be noted, that from his first entrance into the College the generous [" *most magnificent* " are Bishop Plume's words] Dr. Nevil was a cherisher of his studies, and such a lover of his person that he took him often into his own company, by which he confirmed his native gentleness." Contemporaneously Dr. Nevil was showing kindred interest in Giles Fletcher, whose "Christ's Victorie and Triumph in Heaven and Earth, over and after Death," appeared in 1610 with a characteristic epistle to the master.[1]

There seems no question that George Herbert very speedily made himself a name at the University for varied as well as sound learning; "varied," inasmuch as the evidence seems unimpeachable that, besides the usual Latin and Greek, he "read" in French, Italian, and Spanish, as well as Hebrew—much as Richard Crashaw was doing in Cambridge while *he* was departing.[2] He came to the front soon. The "Epicedivm Cantabrigiense, in obitum immaturum, semperq. deflendum Henrici, Illustrissimi Principis Walliae," &c., 1612, contains his two Poems (Latin) in commemoration of the lamented young prince. He was then in his nineteenth year. So with other Royal Collections.[4] In 1618 he was "Rhe-

[1] See our edition of the complete Poems of Giles Fletcher (1868), pp. 60-4, in Fuller Worthies' Library edition: also (1875) published by Chatto and Windus.

[2] See our edition of the complete Works of Richard Crashaw (1873), vol. i. Memorial-Introduction.

toric reader;" and elsewhere I shall adduce a remarkable exhibition by him in this capacity, from Hacket's Life of Archbishop Williams.[1] So that it seemed inevitable that, on a probable vacancy in the office of public orator of the University, he should have "moved" to get it; nor is it less noticeable that throughout he held the claims of any other than himself as light. He sought the post with ardour, as his letters remain to attest. He "engaged" the advocacy of Sir John Danvers, his stepfather—who, from first to last, was most generous to his stepson in his somewhat unaccountable pecuniary straits and book-hunger, of which more anon—felt sure of the goodwill of his "ancient acquaintance" Sir Francis Nethersole, then the public orator, and to his kinsman the Earl of Pembroke and Sir Benjamin Rudyard, and others.[2] The successor of Nevil as Master of Trinity—Dr. John Richardson, one of the translators of the authorized version of our English Bible—wrote a testimonial-letter for him, which Herbert himself characterised as "expressing the Universitie's inclination to him." He obtained the coveted office. On 21st October, 1619, a grace passed, allowing the orator, Sir Francis Nethersole, to go abroad on the king's business, and appointing George Harbert (*sic*, as in the matriculation) his deputy. On 18th January 1619-20, Sir Francis Nethersole résigned, and George Herbert was elected. By anticipation he had described the office of public orator as follows: "It is the finest place in the University, though not the gainfullest, yet that will be about

[1] In the Orator's Book is a note in, it is believed, Herbert's autograph, which gives the 19th January as the date. The explanation probably is that, while elected on 18th, he made the note of it on 19th.

[2] See our Essay, as before in Fuller Worthies' Library edition.

£30 per annum. But the commodiousness is beyond the revenue, for the orator writes all the University letters, be it to the King, Prince, or whoever comes to the University. To requite these pains, he takes place next to the Doctors, is at all their assemblies and meetings, and sits above the Proctors." These were "gaynesses" which he acknowledged would "please a young man;" and he was *the* young man intended (being in his twenty-sixth year).

From 1619 to 1627 he discharged—with certain significant interruptions—the duties of Public Orator. These brought him into intimate relations with the statesmen and dignitaries of the day; and the king was waited on vigilantly (to say the least) at neighbouring Royston on his frequent visits. These visits led Bacon and Bishop Lancelot Andrewes to Cambridge, and with both Herbert formed a lifelong friendship. He kept himself before all likely to be influential in advancing him in the line of his predecessors as Public Orator — Sir Robert Naunton and Sir Francis Nethersole—and corresponded with Lodowick, Duke of Lennox, and James, Marquis of Hamilton. His "sickness" was named in the letters of contemporaries, showing that he bulked before them. Within all these activities was an ever-recurring "conflict" between giving himself to the service of the State or of the Church—never absolutely abandoning the latter "design," yet overshadowing it with pursuit of the "painted pleasures" of the Court. Even tenderly-loving and reverential Izaak Walton has to admit that the condescension of the king, and the seductive charms of the royal circle, dazzled his eyes and tempted him so much, that now "he seldom looked towards Cam-

bridge, except when the king was there," but "*then he never failed.*"

A study of the facts, and the remaining literary memorials of them, leaves the impression of scholarliness, culture, power, winningness; but equally unquestionable is the impression that in the audacity of the Westminster boy assailing Andrew Melville we have the "father of the man;" and if he was well born, he knew it, and would have others know it; if "personable" and "a gentleman" in manners, he set himself forth with all available adornment of attire, gratifying, says Walton euphemistically, his "genteel humour for clothes;" that if "gentle" natively, as Walton puts it, it was only when he had everything his own way; that if "marked out for piety" (as again Walton puts it), his writings of the Cambridge years, and even his "Parentalia," with very trivial exceptions, are pagan rather than Christian; and if there are glimpses in his letters and in his double Sonnet to his Mother of gracious thought, and thrills of tender feeling, he nevertheless was in the world and of it with zest, spite of his "*better self;*" so much so, that behind his most vital utterances there was an evident strife and alternation, not so keen and intense, even awful, as the struggle of Phineas Fletcher,[1] yet real; that, in fine, if onward he became a "man of God" after the divinest exemplar, he was, until "led" by a way which he knew not, a courtier, a time-server, and a flatterer of those who ought not to have been flattered by any, much less by one such as Herbert; so that George Ellis, in his brief notice of him, only roughly and harshly states the matter-of fact in

[1] See our edition of "Phineas Fletcher," four vols., Memorial-Introduction and Essay.

saying "that Nature intended him for a knight-errant, but *disappointed ambition made him a saint.*" Willmott deems Ellis "unjust," and accuses him of ignorance of Herbert's history. I fear he knew that history and its meanings better and deeper than his critic, who cites a bit of a letter written in his seventeenth year to meet facts of his twenty-sixth—thirtieth years. Sir Walter Scott gives the same judgment: "He had studied foreign languages, in hopes of rising to be Secretary of State; but *being disappointed in his views at Court,* he took orders, became prebend of Lincoln, and rector of Bemerton, near Salisbury." All this demands thinking out and a judicial-critical verdict, and shall have it. Here and now I must observe that I do not the less—rather the more—recognize the loveliness of the after-life in thus holding George Herbert to have been a debtor to the constraining and mastering "grace of God" beyond most of his eminent contemporaries. Not of nature (natively), but from Above—not as primary, but ultimate—came that saintliness which has perfumed his memory through the centuries, and will enduringly.

Studying the University career of our worthy, there seem to be these *memorabilia* in it of outward fact, which however we can simply name: (*a*) his learning and culture and eclectic studiousness, ranging from the classics to Valdesso; (*b*) his public honours and offices; (*c*) his attendances at Court; (*d*) his friendships, as with Bacon and Andrewes, the former leading to his translation (in part) of one at least of Bacon's greatest works, and the affectionate dedication by Bacon to him of his versification of certain Psalms; (*e*) his correspondence official and pri-

vate; (*f*) his literary work; (*g*) his character, as self-revealed.

Appointed in 1619 Public Orator, he continued "in this place," says Walton, "eight years, and managed it with as becoming and grave a gaiety as any had ever before or since his time. For he had acquired great learning, and was blest with a high fancy, a civil and sharp wit, and with a natural elegance, both in his behaviour, his tongue, and his pen." "Many particular evidences" are withheld by his biographer, but he mentions three—(*a*) his letter to the king acknowledging the gift of the royal author's "Basilicon Doron" for the University; (*b*) his Epigrams-apologetical in controversy with Andrew Melville of Scotland, in answer to his Anti-Tami-Cami-Categoria; (*c*) his appointment to a sinecure office that had formerly been held by Sir Philip Sidney. These invite commentary; but now only the last falls to be dwelt upon.

Walton thus gives the fact: "The love of a Court conversation, mixed with a laudable ambition to be something more than he was, drew him often from Cambridge to attend the king wheresoever the Court was, who then gave him a *sinecure*, which fell into his Majesty's disposal, I think, by the death of the Bishop of St. Asaph. It was the same that Queen Elizabeth had formerly given to her favourite, Sir Philip Sidney, and valued to be worth an hundred and twenty pounds per annum."

None of the biographers of Sidney, from Collins to Bourne and Lloyd, has so much as named this "sinecure," as none of the biographers or editors of Herbert has succeeded in tracing it. We have at long-last the satisfaction of doing so. From the Sidney papers preserved at Penshurst, and

which had escaped the notice of all the consulters of these treasures there until Mr. Alfred J. Horwood reported on them for the "Royal Commission of Historical Manuscripts" (3rd Report, 1872, p. 227), it is discovered that Sir Philip Sidney held church preferment, and, like Milton later, was probably destined for the Church. These documents will be read by all with deep interest:

"1564, May 6. Philip Sydney, clerk, appoints Master Gruff John, clerk, bachelor of law and rector of Ysceifiog [mis-read by Mr. Horwood, Skyneog], to be his proctor to appear before Thomas, Bishop of St. Asaph, and excuse his absence and allege the cause; and of the rectory and church of Whitford, to take admission and institution and corporeal possession; and to renounce the jurisdiction of the Pope, take the oath of allegiance, &c., &c. (This is a copy certified by William Bullock, registrar of St. Asaph.)[1]

"(1564) 6 Eliz. May 7. Original institution by the Bishop of St. Asaph, under his seal, of Philip Sydney [he was then ten years old], Scholar, to the church of Whyteford.

"(1564) 6 Eliz. May 8. Original admission by Thomas, Bishop of St. Asaph, of Philip Sydney, clerk, to the rectory and church of Whitford, vacant by the just deprivation of Hugh Whitford, the last rector [Episcopal seal.] At the foot is a certificate by John Prece, the bishop's vicar, of Sydney's admission by Gruff John [John Gruff?] the proctor.

"(1564) 6 Eliz. June 4. Copy of indenture between Thomas, Bishop of St. Asaph, and Philip

[1] I annotate that this Thomas, Bishop of St. Asaph, was Thomas Davies, D.D., of St. John's College, Cambridge. He was consecrated Bishop, May 26, 1561. Consult Wood's "Athen. Oxon." *s. n.* Reg. Academ. Le Neve and Bishop Meyric's Return for 1561.

Sydney, clerk, son of Sir Henrie Sydney, Kt., and William Mostyn, of Mostyn (as surety). The bishop collates Philip Sydney to the church of Whyteford, on the deprivation of Hugh Whitford."

Mr. Horwood adds: "I recollect that in another bundle of papers, opened and re-closed some time before I saw the above, there is a paper in Italian which relates to the same subject."

This is not the place for enlargement on this new and noticeable incident in the life of Sidney. Willis[1] and other authorities blunder over it, and in their lists of vicars and rectors. Suffice it here to state, that the rectorship of Whitford was a "sinecure," and that it was held by Bishop Parry, as implied in Walton's account. Bishop Parry died on Sept. 26, 1623; and thus in 1623 George Herbert obtained the comparatively lucrative "sinecure" post. If it was worth £120 in 1623, its present value of well-nigh £1000 is significant in relation to both dates.[2]

It is to be regretted that the registers and other papers of Whitford, Flintshire, of the earlier (Sidney) and later (Herbert) periods have perished. But there seems no reasonable doubt that this sinecure "rectorship," in distinction from the vicarship, was the "sinecure office" bestowed on our worthy by the king. He held it as a layman, and so continued even when he received the prebendaryship of Lincoln, in connection with Leighton Bromswold.[3].

[1] Willis's Survey of St. Asaph. In the new edition the errors are retained; but my friendly correspondent, E. R. Morris, Esq., Homestay, Newtown, has sent corrections for insertion among the errata.

[2] In Willis's Survey it is described as a sinecure, value £28 17*s.* 6*d.* This valuation, no doubt, is from the King's Book of 1564, or earlier.

[3] Whitford has no history in itself; yet must the association of Sir Philip Sidney and George Herbert with it as the lay-rectors henceforward give it a kind of consecration. It is to be wished

The "eight years" assigned by Walton to the public oratorship advances us to 1627.[1] This was in many ways a crisis-year in the life of Herbert. Previously he had wished to resign his offices in the University, and lay himself out for political advancement and rewards. But his mother opposed; and being of the old-fashioned way of thinking that the fifth commandment is permanent in its obligation, not limited to our teens, he would not "resign" without the consent of his mother.[2] Another Hand—the nail-marked Hand—was to guide him out of that phantasmagoria of ambition that was firing a naturally imperious imagination. Walton thus narrates the circumstances and the "leading": "In this time," says he, "of Mr. Herbert's attendance and expectation of some good occasion to remove from Cambridge to Court, God, in Whom there is an unseen chain of causes, did in a short time put an end to the lives of two of his most obliging

that some local antiquary would get at the facts more fully. Bishop Parry was in nowise remarkable, unless in that he was author of the Revised Version of the Welsh Bible. He was born at Ruthin, in the county of Denbigh, in 1560; educated at Westminster, under Camden; elected student at Christ Church, Oxford, 1579; became subsequently one of the Masters of Ruthin School; Chancellor of Bangor Cathedral and Vicar of Gresford, in 1592; Dean of Bangor, 1599; elected to the See of St. Asaph, Oct. 19, 1604, confirmed Oct. 29, and consecrated Dec. 30. He founded a pension of £6 per annum at Jesus College for a scholar born in the town of Ruthin or in the diocese of St. Asaph. He died on 26th September 1623, and was buried in the cathedral. Among Dr. Bliss's Oxford-printed books was a "Concio ad Clerum" of 1594 by him. The present Bishop of St Asaph kindly sends me this memorandum: "I have found in a list of Sinecure Rectors in the 'History of the Diocese of St. Asaph,' by the Rev. D. R. Thomas, the following entry: 'Cilcain 1596. Yale Thomas—Parry, Bishop in Com.'"

[1] Letters of the late Joseph Romilly, Esq., as before, confirm Walton, that he held the office of public orator until 1627, in which year Dr. Creighton succeeded him. It would appear that his deputy Thorndike had the duties delegated to him pretty frequently, and for considerable periods.

[2] Walton states, "in conformity to her [his mother's] will, he kept his Orator's place till after her death, and then presently declined it; and the more willingly, that he might be succeeded by his friend Robert Creighton, who is now *Dr.* Creighton and the worthy Bishop of Wells."

and most powerful friends—Lodowick, Duke of Richmond, and James, Marquis of Hamilton; and not long after him, King James died also, and with them all Mr. Herbert's Court hopes; so that he presently betook himself to a retreat from London, to a friend in Kent, where he lived very privately, and was such a lover of solitariness, as was judged to impair his health more than his study had done." "In this time of retirement," he continues—and his words are very weighty—"he had many conflicts with himself, whether he should return to the painted pleasures of a Court-life, or betake himself to a study of divinity, and enter into sacred orders, to which his dear mother had often persuaded him. These were such conflicts as they only can know that have endured them; for ambitious desires and the outward glory of the world are not easily laid aside; but at last God inclined him to put on a resolution to serve at His altar." In agreement with this account there are scattered up and down his Letters and Poems half-unconscious intimations of a recurring "conflict" as between the "painted pleasures" of the Court and his early-formed purpose of entering God's service in His Church. From year to year he delayed a final decision—not without pangs of contrition and cries of penitence and abasement. We may not pronounce that it was an unworthy ambition to cherish the hope of being Secretary of State, or that it would have been wrong for George Herbert to have "served" under the king. But we must hold him to have been blameable in that he so long hesitated to carry out what was the conviction of his mind and the impulse of his heart. Even when he had made his ultimate resolve to give himself to the Church there was a twofold

opposition—(*a*) from Court friends, who sought to alter his resolution to enter into sacred orders, as being "too mean an employment, and too much below his birth and the excellent abilities and endowments of his mind;" (*b*) from his own self-knowledge of the reluctance and resistance with which he had come to the resolution; a self-knowledge that certainly had no such enormities to burden conscience as Donne had, nevertheless, in the white light of the divine presence humbling and accusing enough. He overcame both; and thenceforward sought only the "one thing," how he could "spend and be spent" for his magnanimously patient and forbearing Master, Who, as in the quaint letter of Drummond of Hawthornden to Sir Maurice Drummond (written almost contemporaneously), had been saying to him—"You have spent now many years at Court, and yet that clock which hath struck *ten* to others is still pointing at *one* or *two* to you. Have you not yet taken a distaste and satiety of that old mistress of yours, the Court? Her long delay in preferring you, tells you are too honest" (Works, 1711, pp. 145-6). I feel that a careful consideration of the oration to Charles on his return from Spain impresses one that, with all shortcomings, Herbert really was "too honest" for the Court. Covertly no doubt, yet unmistakably, he expresses his desire that there had been a marriage; and why? Because he infinitely prefers peace to war, and though he says he is ready to take war if the king so wills it, he lets it be seen what he thinks about the matter. In the first place, therefore, this shows that the love of truthfulness prevailed over his courtliness. For though this thing may have been pleasing to James, it was not likely to be pleasing to Charles, who came back with quite

a different opinion. In the second place, his friends, Lennox, Richmond, and Hamilton, and the head of his house, Pembroke, were of the same opinion, and unless he was prepared to swing round as Pembroke did, one understands that it was not merely the death of Lennox and Hamilton which stood in the way of his advancement in Charles's Court. He had thrown himself athwart the Buckingham-Charles faction, and he could not expect promotion. Just in the same way his brother Edward ceased to be ambassador at the beginning of 1624 (not as Walton says, in Charles's reign), and though he got a peerage, got no more embassies, as being opposed to the French alliance.[1]

There is a shadow of obscurity over Herbert's taking of orders. "Within that year"—Walton states without giving the year—"he was made deacon; but the day when, or by whom, I cannot learn." He proceeds: "But that he was about that time made deacon is most certain; for I find by the records of Lincoln that he was made prebendary of Layton Ecclesia, in the diocese of Lincoln, July 15th, 1626, and that this prebend was given him by John, then Lord Bishop of that see." All this is inferential and erroneous. For, as will appear in its place, when Herbert was "presented" to Fuggleston St. Peter's and Bemerton he was still a layman only. Consequently, as already intimated, he held his prebendaryship and "living" of Layton Ecclesia not as "deacon," but as a laic, just as with the sinecure rectorship of Whitford, in 1623.

The statesman-bishop of Lincoln, John Williams —our Protestant Wolsey—had none of the scru-

[1] I am deeply indebted to a pre-eminent living historian (S. A. Gardiner, Esq.) for calling my attention to the oration in the light of these facts.

ples and stringency in insisting on "ordination" of a Jewell, in so conferring his gifts, and their acceptance so would obviate scruples on the prebendary's part. An incident told in Ayre's "Life of Jewell" illustrates the practice. It is thus related: "A courtier, who was a layman, having obtained a prebend in the church of Sarum, and intending to let it to another lay person for his best advantage, acquainted Bishop Jewell with the conditions between them, and some lawyer's opinion about them, to which the bishop replied, 'What you lawyers may answer I know not, but for my part, to my power I will take care that my church shall sustain no loss whilst I live.'"[1]

The church of Leighton Bromswold (or Layton Ecclesia of Walton), which the "prebend" also bestowed, is in Huntingdonshire, and is of singular historic interest. Elsewhere I give the facts and associations.[2] What falls here to be remembered is that having visited the church and found it "ruinated," as it had been for twenty years, he resolved at once to have it "reparated." A correspondence of singular interest is found in the "Life of Nicholas Ferrar,"[3] and which we have transferred to our collection of Herbert's "Letters."[4] There was an "estate" attached to the "prebend," and the prebendary probably consecrated its income to his pious object. Still it seemed something wild and rash even to his good mother. She sent for him, and urged him in the circumstances to return the "prebend" to

[1] "Works of Bishop Jewell" (Parker Society), vol. iv. p. xvii. Biog. Mem. Cf. vol. ii. pp. 10, 11, &c.

[2] See a Paper by me in "Sunday at Home" (Religious Tract Society) for September, 1873; also our annotated reprint of Walton's "Life" in vol. iii. of the Fuller Worthies' Library edition, as before.

[3] "Nicholas Ferrar: Two lives by his Brother John and by Doctor Jebb. Now first edited with Illustrations [literary, not pictorial] by J. E. B. Mayor, M.A. Cambridge," 1855, pp. 49, 50, 84, seq.

[4] Letters in vol. iii. of Fuller Worthies' Library edition.

the bishop, remonstrating that it was unreasonable to expect that he, with his weak body and empty purse, should be able to build churches. The son asked one day to consider, and on seeing her the second time entreated "that she would, at the age of thirty-three, allow him to become an undutiful son; for he had made a vow to God, that if he were able he would rebuild the church."[1] So sweet and filial persuasiveness prevailed; and Lady Danvers subscribed herself £50, and prevailed upon the Earl of Pembroke to give £50, which indeed he increased to £100, through "a witty and persuasive letter" of the prebendary.[2] Others were like benefactors; and the church, if not rebuilded (for that is too large a word) was lifted out of its ruins. Specially was it "restored" within. The pulpit and reading-desk and pews remain "unto this day" as Herbert bestowed them; the two former of equal height, for he was wont to say "that they should neither have a precedency or a priority of the other; but that prayer and preaching, being equally useful, might agree like brethren, and have an equal honour and estimation."[3] Leighton Bromswold Church lies transfigured in the light of the holy memories of George Herbert and Nicholas Ferrar and Arthur Woodnot.[4]

Following on the deaths of Lodowick, Duke of Lennox, and James, Marquis of Hamilton, and the king, came that of Bacon on 9th April, 1626, whereon he wrote a noticeable addition (in Latin) to his verse-commemorations of his illustrious friend; and while Leighton Bromswold was being "repaired" came the most desolating and darkening of all his sorrows, the death of his lady-mother

[1] Walton, as before. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

[4] In the quarto, Fuller Worthies' Library edition, there are anastatic views of Leighton Bromswold, within and without.

in 1627.[1] The "Parentalia" remains to attest his grief and reverence. His own health was fragile. Probably this, with the loss of his mother, determined his complete resignation of the public oratorship and retirement from the University. In the immediately succeeding year he is found in London, and at the house of his brother Sir Henry, at Woodford, in Essex, threatened with "consumption." In 1628 (1629 as we should now write) he was at Dauntsey, Wilts, the seat of his relative (by his mother's second marriage) the Earl of Danby. Its "choice airs" and the lavish kindness of his noble host improved his health and cheered his drooping spirit, with a double result, viz., his marriage and his ordination as a clergyman (or "Priest to the Temple"). Of both, Walton must be allowed to tell us, even though we must afterwards dissipate the romance of the marriage. Having described his person and manners, he goes on: "These and his other visible vertues begot him so much love from a gentleman of a noble fortune and a near kinsman to his friend the Earl of Danby, namely from Mr. Charles Danvers, of Bainton, in the county of Wilts, Esq., that Mr. Danvers, having known him long and familiarly, did so much affect him that he often and publicly declar'd a desire that Mr. Herbert would marry any of his nine daughters (for he had so many), but rather his daughter Jane than any other, because Jane was his beloved daughter; and he had often said the same to Mr. Herbert himself; and that if he could like her for a wife and she him for a husband, Jane should have a double blessing; and Mr. Danvers had so often said the like to Jane, and so much

[1] As before noticed, Donne preached her funeral sermon; and on its publication Herbert appended his poems in Latin and Greek called "Parentalia."

commended Mr. Herbert to her, that Jane became so much a Platonick as to fall in love with Mr. Herbert unseen. This was a fair preparation for a marriage; but, alas, her father dyed before Mr. Herbert's retirement to Dauntsey; yet some friends to both parties procur'd their meeting, at which time a mutual affection entered into both their hearts, as a conqueror enters into a surprised city; and love having got such possession govern'd, and made there such laws and resolutions as neither party was able to resist; insomuch that she chang'd her name into Herbert the third day after this first interview. This haste might in others be thought a love frensie or worse; but it was not, for they had wooed so like princes as to have select proxies; such as were true friends to both parties; such as well understood Mr. Herbert's and her temper of mind; and also their estates so well before this interview, that the suddenness was justifiable by the strictest rules of prudence. And the more because it prov'd so happy to both parties; for the eternal Lover of mankind made them happy in each other's mutual and equal affections and complyance; indeed so happy that there was never any opposition betwixt them, unless it were a contest which should most incline to a complyance with the other's desires." We must add very poetical and very improbable; for it seems utterly unlikely that there could have been "long and familiar" knowledge of Herbert by Mr. Charles Danvers and that profound esteem, without visits to his house. Besides, it looks more than strange that Jane Danvers and Herbert should never have even seen each other before, considering that her near relative, Sir John Danvers, had been at the very time, for sixteen

years, the husband of George Herbert's mother, and a true second father to him.[1] I suspect good Izaak was over-credulous herein, and that this must be ranked among the "some mistakes" for which he hoped to "purchase pardon from a good-natured reader" in his epistle before his collected Lives (1670). It is due to Walton to remember his express intimation in the same epistle: "I am to tell the reader that, though this life of Mr. Herbert was not writ by me in haste, yet I intended it a review before it should be made public; but that was not allowed me, by reason of my absence from London when it was printing."

The marriage of George Herbert to Jane Danvers took place at Edington on 5th March, 1628 (1629).[2]

Speedily after his marriage came a "presentation" to that "living" with which his name is most imperishably linked; and it is no common satisfaction to be able to reproduce the document. It runs as follows: "Rex, &c., Reverendo in Christo patri et Domino Domino Johanni (permissione Divinâ) Sarum Episcopo ejusve in absencia vicario in spiritualibus generali sive et cuicunque in hac parte auctoritatem habenti seu habituro salutem. Ad Rectoriam Ecclesiae parochialis de Fulston Sancti Petri et Bemerton vestre Diocesis et jurisdictionis jam legitime et de jure vacantem et ad nostram presentationem per translationem ultimi Incumbentis ibidem ad Episcopatum Bathoniae et Wellensis spectantem dilectum nostrum in Christo Georgium Herbert in Artibus Magistrum vobis tenore præsentium

[1] See Aubrey and Jackson's "Wiltshire," pp. 224-6.

[2] The original Register has disappeared, but this entry is taken from a copy preserved fortunately in the Registry: Letter from B. H. Beedham, Esq., Ashfield House, Kimbolton, *penes me*.

præsentiamus; mandantes et requirentes quatenus eundem Georgium Herbert ad Rectoriam Ecclesiae parochialis de Fulston Sancti Petri et Bemerton praedictam admittere ipsumque Rectorem ejusdem ac de et in eâdem rite et legitime instituere canonice et investire cum omnibus suis juribus membris et pertinentiis universis, caeteraque omnia et singula facere et agere et per implere quae vestro in hac parte incumbunt officio pastorali velitis cum favore et effectu. In cujus rei, &c. Teste Rege apud Westm. decimo sexto die Aprilis per breve de privato sigillo," &c.[1]

In agreement with all this, though incidentally inaccurate, is Walton's full and pleasantly-quaint narrative: "About three months after this marriage, Dr. Curle, who was then rector of Bemerton in Wiltshire, was made Bishop of Bath and Wells, and not long after translated to Winchester, and by that means the presentation of a clerk to Bemerton did not fall to the Earl of Pembroke (who was the undoubted patron of it), but to the King, by reason of Dr. Curle's advance-

[1] For the general reader a translation may be acceptable: "The King, &c., to the Reverend and lord in Christ, John (by Divine permission) Lord Bishop of Salisbury, or in his absence to the Vicar General in spiritual matters, or to whomsoever has, or shall have, authority in this respect,—We present by the tenor of these presents our esteemed and beloved in Christ, George Herbert, Master of Arts, to the Rectory of the parish church of Fulston [Fuggleston] St. Peter's and Bemerton in your diocese and jurisdiction now rightly and lawfully vacant and belonging to our presentation through the translation of the last Incumbent of the same to the Bishopric of Bath and Wells: commanding and requiring that you be pleased to admit the same George Herbert to the aforesaid Rectory of Fulston St. Peter's and Bemerton, and (admit) him Rector of the same, and duly and lawfully institute him of and in the same according to the Canons, and invest him with all its complete rights, members, and appurtenances, and do carry out and fulfil all and singular those things which belong to your pastoral office in this matter with good will and effect. In ratification of which, &c. In presence of the King at Westminster, the sixteenth day of April, by brief of private seal," &c. (Her Majesty's Public Record Office. Pat. 6, car. i. part 11, No. 15." Mr. Gardiner, as before, favoured me with the document. It had escaped Walton, though printed by Rushworth in his huge folios.

ment: but Philip, then Earl of Pembroke (for William was lately dead), requested the king to bestow it upon his kinsman George Herbert; and the king said, 'Most willingly to Mr. Herbert, if it be worth his acceptance:' and the Earl as willingly and suddenly sent it to him without seeking; but though Mr. Herbert had formerly put on a resolution for the Clergy; yet, at receiving this presentation, the apprehension of the last great account that he was to make for the cure of so many souls made him fast and pray often, and consider for not less than a month: in which time he had some resolutions to decline both the priesthood and that living. And in this time of considering, 'he endured,' as he would often say, 'such spiritual conflicts as none can think, but only those that have endured them.'

"In the midst of these conflicts his old and dear friend, Mr. Arthur Woodnot, took a journey to salute him at Bainton (where he then was with his wife's friends and relations), and was joyful to be an eye-witness of his health and happy marriage. And after they had rejoiced together some few days they took a journey to Wilton, the famous seat of the Earls of Pembroke; at which time the King, the Earl, and the whole Court were there, or at Salisbury, which is near to it. And at this time Mr. Herbert presented his thanks to the Earl for his presentation to Bemerton, but had not yet resolved to accept it, and told him the reason why; but that night the Earl acquainted Dr. Laud, then Bishop of London, and after Archbishop of Canterbury, with his kinsman's irresolution. And the Bishop did the next day so convince Mr. Herbert that the refusal of it was a sin, that a tailor was sent for to come speedily from Salisbury to Wilton to take

measure, and make him canonical clothes against next day; which the tailor did: and Mr. Herbert being so habited went with his presentation to the learned Dr. Davenant, who was then Bishop of Salisbury, and he gave him institution immediately (for Mr. Herbert had been made deacon some years before); and he was also the same day (which was April 26, 1630) inducted into the good, and more pleasant than healthful, parsonage of Bemerton, which is a mile from Salisbury." It will be observed that this was only ten days after the date of the "presentation."

One is gladdened to find Laud giving counsel so fitting and kindly as is told above, and to know that it was the venerable Davenant who gave him "institution." If we smile at the swift message for the tailor, and perchance, from the date of the "presentation" being Westminster and not Wilton, must doubt of the anecdote, we see by the simple "in artibus magistrum" instead of the otherwise "clericum et in artibus magistrum" (as in the very preceding entry, No. 14), that he was still a "layman," though Prebendary of Lincoln. Moreover, only a "layman" would be wearing "sword and silk clothes such as had now to be exchanged for canonicals" (Walton). To this period belongs his aspiration in "128. The Priesthood" (ll. 4-6):—

> "fain would I draw nigh,
> Fain put thee on, exchanging my lay sword
> For that of th' Holy Word" (= the Sword of the Spirit).

"When at his induction," continues Walton, "he was shut into Bemerton Church, being left there alone to toll the bell, as the law requires him, he staid so much longer than an ordinary time before he returned to his friends that staid expecting him at the church-door, that his friend Mr.

Woodnot looked in at the church-window, and saw him lie prostrate on the ground before the altar: at which time and place (as he after told Mr. Woodnot) he set some rules to himself for the future manage of his life; and then and there made a vow to labour to keep them."

It were to violate the sanctities of reverence to retell the story of the "ministry" at Bemerton and its all too premature close. The reader will turn to Walton's Life, and discover how true are his opening words thereon: "I have now brought him to the parsonage of Bemerton and to the thirty-sixth year of his age, and must stop here, and bespeak the reader to prepare for an almost incredible story of the great sanctity of the short remainder of his holy life; a life so full of charity, humility, and all Christian virtues, that it deserves the eloquence of St. Chrysostom to commend and declare it."

The sharp sword of the over-active spirit wore out its fragile sheath, the body. "Consumption" was in him from his Cambridge student-days, and the moist climate, perhaps, hastened "the end." Living from day to day as his very own Parson of "The Priest to the Temple," few servants of the Master have crowded into a public ministry of just about the same duration as his, so much of true work and word. Without, he was a benediction wherever he went, for he went about continually doing good. Within, he was building up the "*living stones*" of his Temple; for nearly all his sacred poems probably belong to Bemerton. The close was rounded into a pathetic beauty. His heart, if ever one was, was that "harp of a thousand strings" of which William Cowper sang, and debarred of his twice-a-week foot-walk to Salisbury Cathedral, he himself took his lute and played. He not merely "*walked*" down the

"valley of the shadow of death"—knowing no "fear" and so making no "haste"—but sang. "The Sunday before his death," says Walton, "he rose suddenly from his bed or couch, called for one of his instruments, took it into his hand, and said, 'My God, my God,

'My musick shall find Thee,
And every string
Shall have his attribute to sing:'

and having tuned it, he play'd and sung:

'The Sundaies of man's life,
Thredded together on Time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternall glorious King:
On Sunday, Heaven's dore stands ope,
Blessings are plentifull and rife,
More plentifull then hope.'

Thus he sung on earth such hymns and anthems as the angels and he and Mr. Farrer [Ferrar] now sing in heaven." Loving hands and hearts tended him. Over at Little Gidding Nicholas Ferrar prayed for him in golden words that we still read.[1] At last, softly as a little child, he "fell asleep" in Jesus, and his eyes were closed here to open "in glory;" as finely said Sozomen (lib. ii. c. 11), 'Paulisper . . . . oculos claude; nam statim lumen Dei videbis." The Register of Fuggleston and Bemerton thus records the burial: "Mr. George Herbert, Esq^r, Parson of Fuggleston and Bemerton, was buried 3 day of March, 1632, *i.e.* according to our reckoning, 1633.[2]

[1] See Professor Mayor's Nicholas Ferrar, as before, pp. 87-89, added to Walton's Life in vol. iii. of the Fuller Worthies' Library edition, as before.

[2] The hitherto accepted date of Herbert's death, or rather interment, "3d day of March, 1632," is shown to be a mistake by (*a*) the date of his letter to Nicholas Ferrar, on Valdesso, which is "29th September, 1632;" (*b*) the will of Dorothy Vaughan, daughter of Herbert's sister Margaret, and so his niece, which was "proved" in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury on 9th October, 1632, by Herbert as the appointed executor, who had been "sworn" by commis-

His dust lies within the little church of Bemerton; and pilgrim-feet are drawn to it from generation to generation, and will more and more.

It only remains that here—and for the first time—I give *literatim* George Herbert's Will, which neither Oley nor Walton nor any after-inquirer seems to have sought for.[2] It suggests much, as will appear hereafter.

EXTRACTED FROM THE PRINCIPAL REGISTRY OF HER MAJESTY'S COURT OF PROBATE (in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, Ao. Dni. 1632).

I GEORGE HERBERT commending my soule and body to Almighties God that made them doe thus dispose of my goodes. I giue all my goodes both within doores and without doores both monneys and bookes and howshould stuffe whether in my possession or out of my possession that properly belonge to me vnto my deare wife excepting onely these legacies hereafter insuing. First there is seaven hvndred poundes in Mr. Thomas Lawleys handes a Merchant of London which fell to me by the death of my deare neece Mrs. Dorothy Vaughan whereof two hvndred poundes belonges to my two Neeces that survive and the rest unto my selfe: this whole sum of fiue hvndred pounds I bequeath vnto my Neeces equally to be devided betweene them excepting some legacies of my deceased Neece which are to be payd out of it vnto some whose names shal be annexed vnto this bill [*sic*]. Then I bequeath twenty pounds vnto the poore of this parish to be devided according to my deare wiues discretion. Then I bequeath to Mr Hays the Comment of Lucas Brugensis vpon the Scripture and his halfe yeares wages aforehand. then I bequeath to Mr. Bostocke St. Augustines Workes and his halfe yeares wages aforehand, then I leave to my servant Elizabeth her dubble wages giuen her, three pound more besides that which is due to her: to Ann I leave thirty shillinges: to Margaret twenty shillinges: To William Twenty Nobles, To John twentie shillinges, all these are

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sion before Nathaniel Bostocke, clerk—Herbert's curate—the "commission" being accounted for, no doubt, by the fragility of the executor's health: (*c*) Herbert's own will (as *supra*), wherein a legacy to himself by his niece is disposed of as being in his possession. These suffice to establish that 3rd March, 1632, means our 1633. The accepted date of 1632 originated with the Bemerton Register entry, which is one of several irregularly made, as suited the writer's convenience and memory, wherein 1632, 1633, and 1634, are jumbled together. It follows also that 1632 of the first edition of "The Temple" must have been our 1633. Hence our 1632-3. Thus Herbert's death is to be placed at the end of February or on the 1st March, 1633.

[2] Furnished me by B. H. Beedham, Esq., as before: collated for me with the original by Colonel Chester. Mere "*official* copies" of wills or other documents, as a rule, are worthless.

over and aboue their wages: To Sara thirteene shillinges foure pence, Alsoe my Will and pleasure is that Mr. Woodnoth should be mine Executor to whome I bequeath twenty pound, whereof fifteene pound shal be bestowed vppon Leighton Church, the other five pound I giue to himselfe. Lastlie I beseech Sir John Danvers that he would be pleased to be Overseer of this will—

GEORGE HERBERT.

(Testes) NATHANIELL BOSTOCKE - ELIZABETH BURDEN.

On the other side are the names of those to whome my deceased Neece left legacyes.

All those that are crost are discharged already, the rest are to be payd.

To Mres Magdalen Vaughan one hvndred pound To Mrs Catharine Vaughan one hvndred pound To Mr George Herbert one hvndred pound × To Mrs Beatrice Herbert forty pound × To Mrs Jane Herbert tenn pound × To Mrs Danvers five pound × To Amy Danvers thirty shillinges To Mrs Anne Danvers twenty shillinges To Mrs. Mary Danvers twenty shillinges To Mrs Michel twenty shillinges To Mrs Elizabeth Danvers Mr Henry Danvers wife twenty shillinges, to the poore of the parish twenty pound × To my Lord of Cherbury tenn pound To Mr Bostocke forty shillings × To Elizabeth Burthen thirty shillinges × To Mary Gifford tenn shillinges × To Anne Hibbert tenn shillinges × To William Bruce twenty shillinges × To Mrs Judith Spencer five pound To Mary Owens forty shillinges. To Mrs Mary Lawly fifty shillinges × To Mr Gardiner tenn pound MS. that the fiue pound due to Mrs Judeth Spenser is to be payd to Mrs. Mary Lawly at Chelsey MS. that there are diuers moneys of mine in Mr Stephens handes Stationer of London, having lately receaved an hvndred and two poundes besides some Remainders of monyes wherof he is to giue as I know he will a Just account: if there be any body els that owe me any thing else of old debt I forgiue them.

PROBATUM fuit Testamentum suprascriptum apud London coram venerabili viro magistro Willimo Mericke legum Doctore Surrogato venerabilis viri Domini Henrici Marten militis legum etiam doctoris Curiæ Prerogative Cantuariensis Magisteri Custodis sive Commissarij legitime constituti duodecimo die mensis Martij Anno Domini juxta cursum et computacionem Ecclesie Anglicane Millesimo sexcentesimo tricesimo secundo juramento Arthuri Woodnoth Executoris in hujusmodi Testamento nominati cui commissa fuit administratio omnium et singulorum bonorum jurium et creditorum dicti defuncti de bene et fideliter administrando eadem ad Sancta Dei Evangelia in debita juris forma jurat.

II. CRITICAL.

THUS far the outward facts of the biography of George Herbert are given, it will perhaps be admitted, with more fulness and accuracy of detail than hitherto. I propose now to offer the reader a study of the life in relation to the writings, and of the writings in relation to the life, in order to arrive at a deeper knowledge and a more adequate estimate of both. Extant narrative and criticism alike have been to a large extent traditional and repetitive. It is surely about time that such a life and such writings were submitted to a searching and deliberate examination, that we may understand the secret of the still unspent and unique power of these lowly and unpretentious writings—after well-nigh two and a half centuries—and the abiding and ever-growing wealth of affectionate reverence cherished toward the man so long subsequent to the inevitable passing away of the "glamour" of personal memories—as of Barnabas Oley and Izaak Walton; *e.g.* in the United States of America, in Canada and Nova Scotia, in Australia and New Zealand, in India and throughout the English-speaking colonies, the lovers of Herbert are as numerous and as ardent as in the mother-country.[1] None the less is this desirable,

[1] To the praise of G. W. Childs, Esq., of Philadelphia, U.S.A., be it recorded that on learning the wish of the Dean of Westminster and others to place a memorial window in our great Abbey, in honour of George Herbert and William Cowper, as Westminster-school boys,

in that it affords opportunity of bringing together many scattered remarks of eminent admirers, contemporary and recent.

These FIVE things seem to invite thought and critical examination:

I. THE ORIGINAL AND EARLY EDITIONS AND MSS. OF THE WRITINGS AND OUR TEXT.

II. THE STORY OF THE LIFE, AS REVEALING HIS ORIGINAL AND ULTIMATE CHARACTER, PUBLIC AND PRIVATE.

III. THE ANTI-TAMI-CAMI-CATEGORIA CONTROVERSY, AND ITS SIGNIFICANCES AND BEARINGS.

IV. THE CHARACTERISTICS OF HERBERT'S WRITINGS, VERSE AND PROSE.

V. EARLY AND LATER ESTIMATES.

I. *The original and early editions and MSS. of the Writings and our text.*

Like Sir Philip Sidney's, nearly the whole of George Herbert's writings were published posthumously, although, with such loving editors and guardians as Nicholas Ferrar and Barnabas Oley, it were almost a wrong to follow T. P., on publishing the ΑΠΟΣΠΑΣΜΑΤΙΑ SACRA of Bishop Andrewes (1657, folio), in calling them "posthumous and *orphan*."[1] The University Collections, as of the Lamentations for Prince Henry (1612),

he spontaneously and large-heartedly expressed his readiness to furnish such a window at his own cost. The generous offer was cordially accepted, and a very noble memorial will shortly be completed.

[1] Even so (presumably) well-informed a writer as the author of the Paper on Herbert in the "Retrospective Review" (vol. iii. pp. 215-222) has *fallen into the error of saying*, "*His poems were published during his lifetime*" (p. 217). In the "Christian Remembrancer" for July, 1862 (vol. xliv. p. 105), the writer of a thoughtful paper on George Herbert and his Times remarks of this: "It is charactertistic of his modesty, or, more strictly speaking, of the victory which he won over his naturally eager and ambitious temperament, that they were [nearly] all posthumous in publication." Again: "The too frequent recurrence of anti-climax, and even downright bathos, at the end of many [?] of the poems, indicates that they were never properly revised by the 'last hand' of the author" (p. 129).

and on the death of Queen Anne (1619), and the like, contained the well-known but not at all remarkable Latin verse, given in their places; and as an appendix to Dean Donne's Funeral Sermon for Lady Danvers, the "Parentalia" were added (1627). Probably others were less or more circulated in manuscript, as was the *mode* even onward: the Melville Epigrams must have been thus circulated (as will appear hereafter). But substantially the writings of George Herbert were given to the world not by their author, but by friends. At a time when the press travailed with the superabundance of books, this initial fact in the bibliography of these writings is noticeable, perhaps praiseworthy. Nevertheless, there can be no doubt that the posthumousness of Herbert's books placed them under inevitable disadvantages as compared with, *e. g.* Robert Herrick's "Hesperides," or Henry Vaughan's "Silex Scintilans" or "Olor Iscanus." As every one knows who has had to do with the press, what is written is one thing, and what is printed quite another; that the latter gives a different look and character to the whole, so much so that faults previously overlooked come out startlingly and accusingly in the proof-sheets. There are things in "The Temple" that one feels persuaded would have been cleared of their obscurity; while other things must have been felt to be incongruous, not to speak of occasional instances of mean symbolisms in even the finest poems—reminding of a lark that has just been soaring and singing, singing and soaring, all a-thrill with the ecstasy of its divinely-given music, dropping down not into the yellowing corn or daisied grass, but right on the bare-trodden highway: and so too with false rhymes, and at least one missing

line (in 107. "The Size," l. 40). The writings of Herbert claim indulgence, therefore, as not having passed in their printed form beneath his own eyes. Very touching is Izaak Walton's narrative of the death-bed delivery of the "little book," which was to be afterwards known as "The Temple." Visited by a "Mr. Duncon"—of whom it is pity we know so very little—he sent a pathetic message to his "brother Ferrar," soliciting a continuance of his "daily prayers" for him, and telling him all was "well" and in "peace." "Having said this," we read, "he did, with so sweet a humility as seemed to exalt him, bow down to Mr. Duncon, and, with a thoughtful and contented look, say to him, 'Sir, I pray deliver this little book to my dear brother Ferrar, and tell him he shall find in it a picture of the many spiritual conflicts that have passed betwixt God and my soul, before I could subject mine to the will of Jesus my Master, in Whose service I have now found perfect freedom. Desire him to read it: and then, if he can think it may turn to the advantage of any dejected poor soul, let it be made public; if not, let him burn it; for I and it are less than the least of God's mercies.' Thus meanly did this humble man think of this excellent book, which now bears the name of "The Temple, or sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations;" of which Mr. Ferrar would say, "There was in it the picture of a divine soul in every page, and that the whole book was such a harmony of holy passions as would enrich the world with pleasure and piety." Good Nicholas Ferrar has further given his estimate of the "little book" thus confided to him, in the golden Epistle as from "The Printers to the Reader" (pp. 5-7). It would appear that he lost no time after the

burial of Herbert (3rd March, 1633)[1] in preparing it for the press; for immediately the manuscript, as written out for Ferrar, was submitted by him for "License"—now deposited in the Bodleian.[2] There was a little difficulty, and consequent brief delay, in obtaining the necessary authority, as thus told by Walton, in its statement, removal, and result: "This ought to be noted, that when Mr. Ferrar sent this book to Cambridge to be licensed for the press, the Vice-Chancellor would by no means allow the two so much noted verses (in the 'Church Militant,' ll. 239, 240),

> 'Religion stands a-tiptoe in our land,
> Ready to pass to the American strand,'

to be printed, and Mr. Ferrar would by no means allow the book to be printed and want them; but after some time, and some arguments for and against their being made public, the Vice-Chancellor said: 'I knew Mr. Herbert well, and know that he was a divine poet; but I hope the

[1] See pp. lx. lxi. for correction of 1632, the date hitherto given.
[2] The following is its title-page *literatim*:—

W. SANCROFT.

The Original of Mr. George Herbert's Temple;
as it was at first Licensed for the presse.

THE TEMPLE.

Psalm xxix. 8.

In his Temple doth euery man
speake of his honour.

THE DEDICATION.

Lord, my first fruits present themselves to thee;
Yet not mine neither: for from thee they came,
And must returne. Accept of them and mee,
And make vs striue, who shall sing best thy Name.
Turne their eies hither, who shall make a gaine,
Theirs, who shall hurt themselues or me, refraine.

B. LANY, PROCAN.
THO. BAINBRIGG.
M. WREN.
WILLIAM BEALE.
THO. FREEMAN. (pp. 1-200: Index at end: numbered 165.)

world will not take him to be an inspired prophet, and therefore I license the whole book.' So that it came to be printed, without the diminution or addition of a syllable since it was delivered into the hands of Mr. Duncon, save only that Mr. Ferrar hath added the excellent preface that is printed before it." The "after some time" must have been very inconsiderable, seeing that, almost certainly, "The Temple" was in print and (at least) privately circulated in 1632-3. At Brand's sale there was a copy with a second title-page, which is described as having 1632 printed on it (Lowndes, *s.n.*); and I have myself seen two copies contemporaneously marked 1632 on the undated title-page.[1]

There are minute typographical differences in the three original and early title-pages; but collation shows that the undated copies of 1632 and the first dated edition of 1633 correspond, and are indeed the same book throughout. The conclusion accordingly is, that the types were kept standing for the first dated edition.[2] But the second edition of 1633 (so named), though answering page for page and line for line, is a distinct impression, *i.e.* was not the same setting up. In all likelihood the undated copies consisted of a very few

[1] Hence I have, in "Notes and Illustrations," designated the undated edition of "The Temple" as of 1632-3, though it was really 1633. See the undated and dated title-pages at pp. 3, 4.

[2] The Rev. J. Gregory Smith, M.A., Vicar of Great Malvern, in a Paper on George Herbert and his Times, in the "Christian Remembrancer" for July, 1862 (vol. xliv. pp. 133-137), states: "'The Temple' was first given to the world in 1633, by Nicholas Ferrar, Herbert's literary executor; under his editorship it was printed by his daughters and other members of his household, or 'Protestant Nunnery,' as it has been called, at Little Gidden, in Northamptonshire, and then published at Cambridge, after being, of course, formally licensed by the Vice-Chancellor's 'imprimatur'" (pp. 106-7). There is no authority whatever for this alleged printing privately at Little Gidding. The undated copies are expressly stated to be "Printed by Thomas Buck" (as *supra*). Curiously enough there is no "imprimatur" in any of the editions of "The Temple."

issued as gifts for intimate friends. Then came later in 1633 the first edition proper, and then in the same year the second (as above): the third followed in 1634; fourth in 1635; fifth in 1638; sixth in 1641; seventh in 1656; eighth in 1660; ninth in 1667; tenth in 1674; eleventh in 1679; twelfth in 1703; thirteenth in 1709. The first to the sixth edition's text remained the same: from 1640, "The Synagogue" of Christopher Harvey accompanied "The Temple;" from 1656 onward, there were orthographical alterations; in 1660 was "an Alphabeticall Table for ready finding out chief places;" in 1674 (see our preface) the priceless gift of R. White's portrait of Herbert first appeared; and also two (sorry) illustrations to "The Church Threshold," and "The Altar:" in 1679 began such corruptions of the text as "gore" for "doore" in "The Thanksgiving" (l. 6), and "My" for "Thy" (l. 29), and so increasingly; the loss being that Pickering (1835, 1838, &c.) reprinted the vitiated text; and even Dr. George Macdonald (in "Antiphon") did not detect the blunders.[1] It adds to the significance of these multiplied editions, that, earlier, the troubles of Charles I. in Scotland, deepening into the clamour and confusions of the Civil War—shadows of which darkened portentously over the closing weeks of Herbert's life—and, later, the profligacy and sensualism of the Restoration and the reign of Charles II. seemed to render it improbable that a fit audience should be found, however "few," for, in relation to the Commonwealth, so churchly, and, in relation to the Restoration, so pure and true a book. I like to accept the fact, as declarative of "hidden ones" who still clave to the Lord, after the type of the olden revelation to

[1] "Antiphon," pp. 190-1.

Elijah of the "seven thousand," when he in his anguish and loneliness imagined there was not another besides himself who believed in the One living and True God. When Walton first wrote the life (or about forty years after Herbert's death), "more than twenty thousand of them" had been "sold since the first impression." Well-thumbed and worn are the few copies of these earlier editions that have come down to us. Lowly hands handled, lowly hearts received the devout teaching; and I do not doubt "The Temple" helped many and many a pilgrim Zion-ward to "sing" when perchance only sobs and groans had fallen. I do not know that it is needful to record the numerous editions, complete and incomplete, from 1709 to 1876. They have nothing special about them : only be it ever remembered that to William Pickering belongs the praise of having been the first to aim at a complete collection of the writings of George Herbert.

Returning now upon the MS. of "The Temple" as "licensed," the printed text of 1632-3 corresponds with it pretty closely, departures being mainly orthographical. The manuscript cannot, however, have been the "printer's copy," for it is stainless and uncrushed, as well as occasionally differing in its readings. Being a folio, too, it cannot have been the "little book" placed in Mr. Duncon's hands by the dying poet. That, it is to be feared, has irrecoverably gone, with many other of the Little Gidding treasures of the Ferrars. But of scarcely less interest is a MS. now in the Williams Library, London, whence it has been our privilege to draw so much hitherto unknown unprinted poetry, English and Latin. I must here describe the "little volume" (12mo.). It records on the front fly-leaf that it was pre-

sented by Dr. Mapletoft to a Rev. John Jones (of Sheephall, Herts), who was donor of very many MSS. and books to the same library. Mr. Jones has prefixed this note (in pencil): "This book came originally from the family of Little Gidding, and was probably bound there. Q. whether this be not the manuscript copy that was sent by Mr. Herbert a little before his death to Mr. Nic. Ferrar. See Mr. Herbert's Life."[1] Again, on *verso* of p. 101 is the following note: "The following supposed to be Mr. Herbert's own writing. See the records in the custody of y^e University Orator at Cambridge." With reference to the former note, we can testify that the binding (plain brown calf, with a single line of gold round the borders and a double line of tooling) is self-evidently amateur, and corresponds otherwise with other Little Gidding books that I possess and have seen. But as this volume does not contain one half of the poems as published in "The Temple," Mr. Jones's query must be answered in the negative. It seems to have been an earlier form of the manuscript. With reference to the latter note, the suggested comparison with the Orator's Books at Cambridge and my familiarity with Herbert's handwriting, enable me to attest that the whole of the latter portion is in his own autograph; while the earlier portion has a number of characteristic corrections of the amanuensis' MS.[2]

[1] So in the "Third Report of the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts," 1872, p. 368. The inscription is as follows: "Don. Jni Jones, Cler. & Museo V. Cl. D. H. M. Venantodūn. qui ob. 1730." That is, "A gift to John Jones, Clerk, from the study (Library) of Dr. H. Mapletoft, Huntingdon, who died 1730." For notices of the Ferrars, mainly from Professor Mayor's "Nicholas Ferrar" (1855), see our annotated "Life of Herbert," by Walton (in vol. iii. of F. W. L. edition); also of the Mapletofts. In our quarto edition of the Poems (*ibid.*) is given a fac-simile of the Williams MS., along with Herbert's autograph, shewing his peculiar *s* (*e*), &c.

[2] In this Memorial-Introduction (I. Biographical) it is seen that Herbert signed "*Ha*rbert," and that his name was so written con-

Our "Various Readings" from the Williams MS. in Notes and Illustrations, and the six never-before-printed English sacred poems, with another version of "The Song" for Easter, and the "Passio Discerpta,"—which may be interpreted as meaning the passion or redeeming love of the Lord Jesus, taken to pieces as one might a passion-flower, petal by petal; or, more freely, that the poet celebrates certain leading incidents in the great and awful story; and "Lucus,"—which may intend a sacred grove, with perhaps a sub-reference to the transfiguring light of the Divine presence there, and so reminds of Phineas Fletcher's "Sylva Poetica," and Milton's later—will certify of our rare good fortune in the discovery or recovery of this "little book." It must often and often have been handled by visitors of the Williams Library, but no one seems to have really read it until the present editor did so. If William Pickering was in ecstasies over his small "find" from Dr. Bliss, of "The Paradox" from a Rawlinson MS., what would not his enthusiasm have been over this treasure-trove! Except the further details of the contents of the MS. below, more need not be repeated here, inasmuch as the whole are given in their places.[1]

temporaneously: in other University MSS. he signs "Herberte" and "Herbert:" in others (certainly his) the character of the writing differs considerably from these and from the Williams MS. See onward about a copy of King James's Works, alleged to have belonged to our successive Herberts.

[1] See pp. 253-260 and 347-374. These further little particulars may be recorded here. There comes first the fly-leaf, with the inscription in note on page xix.; a second leaf, with Mr. Jones's pencil note, as before; next the Dedication (six lines); the Church-Porch, folios 1-13; blank page, 14, and on verso four lines headed "Perirranterium;" folio 15, four lines headed "Superliminare," and on verso the Altar; then successively The Sacrifice, folios 16-22; on verso The Thanksgiving to folio 23; The Second Thanksgiving [or The Reprisall], folio 24; on verso The Passion (two) to folio 25; on verso Good-Friday; The Sinner, folio 26; on verso Easter (two) to folio 27; on verso and folio 28, Easter Wings; on verse Holy Baptisme (two) to folio 29; on verso Love 1 and 2, to folio 30; The Holy Communion,

Of other two MSS. the reader will find a full account in the Fuller Worthies' Library edition, (vol. ii. pp. xxii.-xxx.), viz., a Latin translation of the "Church Militant" in the Library of Durham Cathedral and a singular adaptation of the entire poems for singing and praise.

II. *The story of the Life, as revealing his original and ultimate character, public and private.*

In delivering the "little book," to wit, a MS. of "The Temple," it will be remembered the dying Herbert used these remarkable words to his visitor, Mr. Duncon: "Sir, I pray deliver this little book to my dear Brother Farrer [Ferrar], and tell him he shall find in it a picture of the many spiritual conflicts that have passed between God and my soul, before I could subject mine to the will of Jesus, my Master: in Whose service

verso to folio 31 (No. I. of the new Poems); Church Musick, folio 32; verso The Christian Temper (two) to folio 33, Prayer (three) to folio 35; Imploiment verso to folio 36; verso Whitsunday to folio 37; verso and to folio 38 The Holy Scriptures, 1 and 2; verso Love, to folio 39 (No. II. of the new Poems); folio 39 to 40, Sinne; verso Trinity Sunday (two, latter No. III. of the new Pieces) to folio 40; verso Repentance, to folio 41; verso Praise; folio 42, Nature; verso Grace, to folio 43; folio 43, Mattens; Even-song, folio 44 (No. IV. of the new Poems); Christmas-day, folio 45, verso Church Monuments, to folio 46; Frailty, folio 46; folio 47, Content, to folio 48; Poetry, folio 48; verso Affliction, to folio 50; verso Humility, to folio 51; verso Sunday, to folio 52; Jordan, folio 53; verso Deniall, to folio 54; verso Ungratefulnes, to folio 55; verso Imploiment, to folio 56; A Wreath, folio 56; verso To all Angels and Saints, to folio 57; verso the Pearle, to folio 58; verso Tentation, to folio 59; verso The World, to folio 60; folio 60, Coloss. iii. 3; verso Faith, to folio 61; Lent, folio 62 to 63; verso Man, to folio 64; Ode, folio 65; verso Affliction, to folio 66; Sinne, folio 66; verso Charmes and Knots, to folio 67; verso Unkindnes, to folio 68; verso Mortification, to folio 69; verso The Publican, to folio 71; verso Prayer, to folio 72; verso Obedience, to folio 73; Invention, folio 74; verso Perfection, The Elixir, to folio 75; verso The Knell (No. V. of the new English Poems); Perseverance, folio 76 (No. VI. of the New English Poems); verso Death, to folio 77; verso Doomsday, to folio 78; verso Judgment; folio 79, Heaven; verso Love; folio 80 to 82 (1st page) blank; then The Church Militant, verso to folio 89, including L'Envoy (N.B. ll. 239 240, are emphatically dot-marked with a heavy pencil); folios 100-101 blank; on verso Mr. Jones's pencil-note; Passio Discerpta, folios 102-107; verso to 119, Lucus; verso and folios 120-129 blank.

I have now found perfect freedom." There was beautiful humility in this, but, like all genuine humility, it rested on the deepest truth and reality of personal experience. George Herbert was perhaps at that moment, and from his induction to Bemerton, one of the holiest men in Christendom and the most John-like spirit in the Church of England, or in any Church. Nevertheless, it is to miss the teaching of his life as well as the innermost meanings of his writings, to forget "the many spiritual conflicts" commemorated in his poems, and the emphasis of the "*now*" in his grateful as adoring profession, "in Whose service I have *now* found perfect freedom." That is to say, if, as I think, all must recognize in George Herbert one whom we inevitably think of as a St. John in his ultimate tenderness and lovingness, equally must it be recalled that as, until the grace and masterdom of The Master transformed and transfigured him, St. John was originally bold, proud, fierce, self-conscious, so it was out of intense, prolonged, backsliding-marked conflict, our Worthy became what he did become, unworldly, humble, meek, gentle, tender, holy: "my fierce youth" is his own confession (136. The Answer). Izaak Walton did not know the subject of his "Life" so well as he himself did, or he never should have spoken of him as at Westminster "natively" good and gentle. I can accept nearly all his golden-mouthed biographer's praise of him even thus early, when he tells us that at school "the beauties of his pretty behaviour and wit shin'd and became so eminent and lovely in this his innocent age, that he seem'd to be mark'd out for piety, and to have the care of heaven and of a particular angel to guard and guide him." The power of his mother's example

and instruction repressed that inborn haughtiness and lofty self-estimate which flashed out very soon; but the motherly power *was* needed, there were haughtiness and pride to be repressed. For if we take note of young Master Edward's presumption in holding a "dispute" in Logic at the University almost immediately on his entrance there (twelfth or fourteenth year), there was still more presumption in Master George while at Westminster School answering and "reproving" Andrew Melville for daring to condemn the ultra-Ritualism of King James in his Royal Chapel. As will appear, the renowned Divine and Scholar was thus "reproved" by George Herbert in his eleventh or twelfth year. Effrontery or impudence is the only word for the like of that; and it is to be recalled, as symptomatic of the native character—a character that showed itself similarly and even more egregiously later. When in his sixteenth year, a letter and double-sonnet are extremely noteworthy and suggestive. It seems clear that he was a versifier from a very early date, probably as early as Abraham Cowley or Pope was: and here is his verdict to his mother on the poetry that was then being published: "I fear the heat of my late ague hath dryed up those springs by which scholars say the Muses use to take up their habitations. However, I need not their help to reprove the vanity of those many love-poems that are daily writ and consecrated to Venus; nor to bewail that so few are writ that look towards God and Heaven. For my own part, my meaning, deer mother, is, in these sonnets, to declare my resolution to be, That my poor abilities in poetry shall be all and ever consecrated to God's glory." This letter (of which Walton gives only these sentences) was written

"in the first year of his going to Cambridge," and the accompanying Sonnets "for a New Year's gift." The "first year" was 1608, or say his sixteenth year; and if the phrase "poore abilities in poetry" is a foil to the forwardness and frowardness of his eleventh or twelfth year, one has an inevitable suspicion that it was only a phrase, and that Master George regarded his Sonnets as well worthy of being sent as a New Year's gift. There certainly is thought in them and his abidingly-characteristic quaintness of wording, while the sentiment is admirable. This double-Sonnet is such a land-mark in his life as to demand a place here, that it may be studied:

"My God, where is that ancient heat towards Thee
  Wherewith whole shoals of martyrs once did burn,
Besides their other flames? Doth poetrie
  Wear Venus' liverie, onely serve her turn?
  Why are not sonnets made of Thee, and layes
  Upon Thine altar burnt? Cannot Thy love
Heighten a spirit to sound out Thy praise
  As well as any she? Cannot Thy Dove
Outstrip their Cupid easilie in flight?
  Or, since Thy wayes are deep, and still the same,
  Will not a verse runne smooth that bears Thy name?
Why doth that fire, which by Thy power and might
  Each breast does feel, no braver fuel choose
  Then that which one day worms may chance refuse?

Sure, Lord, there is enough in Thee to drie
  Oceans of ink; for, as the Deluge did
Cover the earth, so doth Thy Majestie.
  Each cloud distills Thy praise, and doth forbid
Poets to turn it to another use;
  Roses and lilies speak Thee, and to make
A pair of cheeks of them is Thy abuse.
  Why should I women's eyes for crystal take?
Such poor invention burns in their low minde,
  Whose fire is wild, and doth not upward go
  To praise, and on Thee, Lord, some ink bestow.
Open the bones, and you shall nothing finde
  In the best face but filth, when, Lord, in Thee
  The beauty lies in the discoverie."

With reference to the sweeping condemnation of the "Love-Poems" of the period, all familiar with them must agree that the youthful Censor

was not without warrant; yet must it be kept in mind that Edmund Spenser's "Six Books" of "The Faërie Queene," with, for the first time, "Two Cantoes of Mutabilitie," were at the very time in the press of "H. L. for Matthew Lownes," while Michael Drayton's pure Poems, "newly corrected by the author," bear the same date; and so with some of the supremest of the productions of Shakespeare and Jonson and the Elizabethan worthies; while the alleged Love-songs "daily writ and consecrated to Venus" are unknown or slight in proportion. Then, in respect of the "Resolution," when we come to examine into its carrying out, there is disappointment. Years follow years, and while he found time to go on with his "Epigrams-Apologetical" in answer to "Anti-Tami-Cami-Categoria," one is struck with the all but utter absence of Christian thinking as of Christian feeling therein. He is quick, keen, sarcastic, effective in unyielding defence of ceremonial and rite and dignity; but there is scarcely a thrill of aspiration, scarcely a recognition of the real end for which a Church exists. So, too, with his "Epicidivm" celebration of Prince Henry. With such a nation-stirring death for text, what a great poem-sermon he might have preached! It is as pagan as if it had been written by Virgil or Horace, and more sycophantic than ever were they to a Cæsar. Even as far on as 1627, when the "Parentalia" appeared, there is wealth of filial veneration and filial sorrow over his illustrious lady-mother; but there are the merest scintillations of Christian faith and hope: precious scintillations, yet only aggravating the general lack. The artist excels the poet, and the poet hides the Christian. I cannot marvel that of the "Parentalia," as of

the "Epigrams-Apologetical," even so revering a friend as Archdeacon Barnabas Oley felt constrained to pronounce this judgment: "Those many Latin and Greek verses, the obsequious [= funereal] Parentalia he made and printed in her memory: which, though they be good, very good, yet (to speak freely even of this man I so much honour) they be dull or dead in comparison of his Temple poems. And no marvel. To write those, he made his ink with water of Helicon; but these inspirations prophetical were distilled from above. In those, are weak motions of Nature; in these, raptures of grace; in those he writ [of] flesh and blood—a frail earthly woman, though a mother; but in these he praised his heavenly Father, the God of men and angels, and the Lord Jesus Christ his Master." Strongly put, certainly, is this; yet there is extremely notable and extremely sad truth in it. Nor does it vindicate Herbert to allege that the *mode* of the day was to imitate the classic writers, and so to speak of God as Jove, and more than that, to make Christians talk like heathens; for the *gravamen* of our charge as the sting of our regret, not to say wonder, is, that George Herbert should not have risen above such mere classicality, especially in the celebration of his own saintly lady-mother. I am compelled to look beneath the logical inconsistency of all this with a really Christian or Christ-tending life, to a still overmastering earthliness, even on the borders of *the* change of changes. We may be very sure that if his Christianhood had been all in all to him, he would have contrived to make it give character to his (then) writings, as Shakespeare has it of Antony:

"His delights
Were dolphin-like; *they show'd his back above*
The element they liv'd in."

Antony and Cleopatra, act v. sc. 2.

We are thus brought back to our starting-point, viz., that of George Herbert, however true of his ultimate character, it was untrue what Walton says: "In this morning of that short day of his life, he seem'd to be mark'd out for vertue and to become the care of heaven; for God still kept his soul in so holy a frame, that he may and ought to be a pattern of vertue to all Posterity." This is linked on to the letter and double-sonnet; but the "holy frame" came very much later; the "pattern" was not for posterity until after "*many spiritual conflicts*." The "resolution" of his sixteenth year was self-evidently overborne by circumstances; and when circumstances overbear a man he proves himself to be weak, and not free of blame. In accord with this is the double set of facts, which must be weighed by all who would understand the problem of this so unique life and co-equally unique writings: (*a*) The recurring declaration of his intention to give himself to the service of the Church; (*b*) The contemporaneous paying court to the Court, and shouldering it with rivals to win political place.

(*a*) *The recurring declaration of his intention to give himself to the service of the Church*. His "Letters" (in F. W. L. vol. iii.), as annotated, bring this out strikingly. Thus, in one of probably many to his stepfather (Sir John Danvers), he tells, with fine simpleness, of his book-hunger; and one responds to it sympathetically as these words are read and re-read: "I protest and vow I even study thrift, and yet I am scarce able, with much ado, to make one half year's allowance shake

hands with the other; and yet if a book of four or five shillings come in my way I buy it, though I fast for it; yea, sometimes of ten shillings; but, alas, sir, what is that to those infinite volumes of Divinity, which yet every day grow and swell bigger?" The closing allusion is interpreted by the earlier appeal, the letter thus opening: "Sir, I dare no longer be silent, lest while I think I am modest, I wrong both myself and also the confidence my friends have in me; wherefore I will open my case unto you, which I think deserves the reading at the least; *you know, sir, how I am now setting foot into Divinity, to lay the platform of my future life,* and shall I then be fain always to borrow books, and build on another's foundation? What tradesman is there who will set up without his tools? Pardon my boldness, sir, it is a most serious case; nor can I write coldly on that wherein consisteth the making good of my former education, of obeying the spirit which hath guided me hitherto, and of achieving my (I dare say) holy ends." This was written on March 18, 1617. In 1619 he is in hot pursuit of the office of public orator, as looking to tread in the footsteps of its previous occupants, Sir Robert Naunton and Sir Francis Nethersole. As we saw earlier, he used all means to interest any likely to be influential. A hint from Sir Francis Nethersole reveals at once the political aspiration and the underlying and still unforsaken resolution as to the Church. Here is his message to his friend, again through his stepfather: "I understand by Sir Francis Nethersole's Letter, that he fears I have not fully resolved of the matter, since this place, being civil, may divert me too much from Divinity, at which, not without cause, he thinks I aim; but I have wrote him back that this dignity hath no

such earthliness in it, but it may very well be joined with Heaven; or if it had to others, yet to me it should not, for aught I yet knew; and therefore I desire him to send me a direct answer in his next Letter." There spoke an uneasy conscience. The parenthetic reservations "not without cause" (even taken as merely an asseveration) and "for aught I yet knew," are significant. And so it was throughout. The intention was to give himself to the Church; but again and again he swerved from it, again and again swung between intention and resolve. Many of his poems take a new and vivid meaning when read in the light of this conflict; so true, so lowly, so wistful, so inestimable are their confessions—worth a cartload of such unrealities as those of Rousseau.

Weighing and reweighing what I have thus far written, I have striven to convince myself that I might withdraw my accusation (if it be accusation) of "a lofty self-estimate" on George Herbert's part. I cannot do so. But I do not wish to be misunderstood, or to have the fact exaggerated. I have no idea that, like Donne, he was of those who, as Carlyle puts it, "go through a mud bath in youth in order to come out clean." But I may not forget the apostolic warning that we must cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of "the spirit" as well as of the flesh (2 Corinthians, vii. 1). I am also satisfied of his humility in other directions later, even of his humility by fits and starts earlier, and that he really had dedicated all his powers to their highest uses, whatever his way of life might be, at Court, or in the University, or in the world. What I must recognize is, that in his "fierce youth," while "eager, hot, and undertaking," as he himself describes it,

he did "turn aside," did "neglect," and was moved thereto by ambition in not a whit different from his eldest brother Edward's, and a self-estimate in not a whit less pronounced. Of course it was impossible that a man of Herbert's brain should not have known himself to be superior to the mass of those with whom he came into contact, *i. e.* the mass of those of the same education and opportunities with himself. His humility therefore inevitably consisted, not in an undue depreciation of himself in this respect (for that had been falsehood, false-witness to what God had made him), but in his judgment of others whenever others were in other qualities superior to him, and in his judgment of those really greater than himself and of himself as compared to them, and finally of his low state as compared with the ideal and the infinite. Accordingly, in the closing years, and after his "many spiritual conflicts," George Herbert, with all his high estimate of his own intellect *quoad* others, was indubitably lowly, even pathetically humble. But do not let us hide the conflict, and victory so resulting. Summarily, I find in his death-bed sayings and in various of his poems a true humility and a deep-felt sense of what he was in comparison with what he would be and ought to be. His sense of unworthiness is infinitely affecting, as revealed in his reluctance to accept orders and Bemerton, and in his prostration when ringing himself in there.

Subsidiary to, or parallel with this, is my representation of his natural temperament. I am aware that while the child is father of the man, the father is not the man. Neither do I forget that the period of puberty is a time of change inwardly as well as in the body, *i. e.* morally and physically. Consequently, I might have been

persuaded that the "native" gentleness which Walton claims for Herbert as a youth was not impossible in combination with the narrow-mindedness or inherited belief of boyhood that made him stand up against the venerable Melville for what he believed to be the only truth, and that while as a boy naturally gentle, the stronger passions came later, and were then more hardly mastered. But again I must confess, that his whole bearing and the tone of the Epigrams-Apologetical compel me to accept his own description of himself as "fierce" in youth and impetuous, and that the gentleness was also ultimate, not primary.

(*b*) *The contemporaneous paying court to the Court, and shouldering it with rivals to win political place.* This is simple matter-of-fact. So far from the office of public orator proving to be higher and heavenlier in his hands as compared with what it had been in the hands of others, the most fervent admirer of the George Herbert we all love and revere must sorrowfully admit, that the public letters and orations of his predecessors and successors compare favourably with his. Even Sir Francis Nethersole stood forth in defence of "the Truth," as he weened, against John Goodwin, the theological controversialist. The public occasions—historical—whereon he was called to exercise his office gave him splendid opportunities for speaking "the truth;" but he was dumb. His letter to the king, on receiving that most ignorant and worthless book, "Basilicon Doron," is a piece of contemptible flattery where flattery was treason to the King of Kings—such as of old drew forth the smiting question to Hezekiah, "What have they seen in thine house?" (Isaiah xxxix. 4.) His "Orations" are mere elegant

nothings, without one gleam of the "heaven" he named, and they are weighted with earthliness. Then there is the twofold fact of his desertion of Cambridge and delegation of his office as public orator to good Herbert Thorndike—wherefore? Because King James and the Court were at neighbouring Royston, and he must be there too! Walton's admirably honest words place this beyond doubt: "With this [the sinecure], and his Annuity, and the advantage of his College and of his Oratorship, he enjoyed his genteel humour for clothes and Court-like company, and seldom looked towards Cambridge, *unless the King were there, but then he never failed;* and at other times left the manage of his Orator's place to his learned friend Mr. Herbert Thorndike, who is now Prebendary of Westminster."[1]

Even this is not all, nor the worst. In Bishop Hacket's "Life" of the great Archbishop Williams, we find this instance of what might be called flunkeyism, and was certainly deplorable sycophancy when the sycophant was George Herbert: "Mr. George Herbert, being Prelector in the Rhetorique School in Cambridge, anno 1618, passed by those fluent orators that domineered in the pulpits of Athens and Rome, and insisted to read upon an oration of King James, which he analysed, showed the concinnity of the parts, the propriety of the phrase, the height and power of it to move the affections, the style utterly unknown to the ancients, who could not conceive what kingly eloquence was, in respect of which these noted demagogi were but hirelings and

[1] *En passant* it may be noted that in Dean Duport's "Epicedia" (Musae Subsecivae seu Poetica, 1676) is a Lament headed "In obitum Viri omnifaria eruditione instructissimi, Herberti Thorndiki, Canonici Westmonasteriensis et Collegii SS. Trinitatis Cantab. non ita pridem Socii" (p. 494).

triobolary rhetoricians" (Hacket's "Life of Archbishop Williams," part i. p. 175).[1] *Eheu! eheu!* In connection with this I had hoped to be the possessor of George Herbert's copy of King James's collective works. A copy of the folio of 1616, with *a* "George Herbert" written underneath other Herbert autographs on back of the portrait, was kindly forwarded to me by Mr. Thomas Kerslake, of Bristol; but it seemed to me so comparatively eighteenth-century-like, and so utterly unlike any one of his known autographs, that I felt compelled to return it. I have rarely met with so keen a disappointment; for many

[1] The adulation illustrated in the text is confirmed by Herbert's royal poems. I add here a version of his epigram-Lines from Amos' "Gems of Latin Poetry:"

"While Prince to Spain and King to Cambridge goes,
The question is, whose love the greater shows?
Ours, like himself, o'ercomes; for his wit's more
Remote from ours than Spain from Britain's shore."

On this Dodd annotates as follows: "Herbert was Public Orator when he presented this flattery to James. If his name were substituted for that of Bacon in the following epigram by Whaley, entitled 'Verses occasioned by reading Lord Bacon's flattery to King James I.,' the reproof would be most applicable" (Whaley's Poems, 1745):

"Ye, to whom Heaven imparts its special fires,
Whose breasts the wond'rous quickening beam inspires,
That sheds strong eloquence's melting rays,
Or scatters forth the bright poetic blaze;
Look here, and learn those gifts how low alight
If conscious dignity guides not their flight;
How mean, when human pride their service claims,
And { Bacon / Herbert } condescends to flatter James."

But it was the fashion to flatter in those days, and King James had abundance of such incense offered to him, though, according to Ben Jonson, it was impossible to *flatter* so perfect a monarch. The dramatist addressed the following epigram "To the Ghost of Martial" (Ep. 36):

"Martial, thou gav'st far nobler epigrams
To thy Domitian than I can my James:
But in my royal subject I pass thee,
Thou flatteredst thine, mine cannot flatter'd be."
(DODD'S "Epigrammatists," p. 233.)

Verily, in Scott's words (though he himself paid like unworthy homage to the 'Fourth George") all this was "the immortal bowing down to the mortal."

years having sought in vain to secure a specimen of Herbert's handwriting.

It is no pleasure to me to bring out these facts; it is a sorrow, a pain; nor do they abate my veneration for our Worthy; neither do they, in my apprehension, go to lessen the potentiality and blessedness of the example of his after-life as it grew beautiful beneath the divine touch. Contrariwise this double matter-of-fact is fitted to yield at once encouragement to such as are fighting to-day the same "spiritual conflicts," and admonition that the best man is but a man at the best, and the Christian just what the grace of God creatively makes him; while beyond is greater glory to that grace which out of such earthly and base elements fashioned so lovely and lovable a nature. Lord Herbert of Cherbury had sounded his younger brother's character when he wrote of him in his autobiography: "His life was most holy and exemplary; inasmuch that about Salisbury, where he lived beneficed for many years [three only], he was little less than sainted. *He was not exempt from passion and choler*, being infirmities to which all our race is subject; *but, that excepted, without reproach in his actions*." Izaak Walton also penetrated to the heart of the matter, when, having told of the "conflict," he added: "These were such conflicts as they only can know that have endured them; for ambitious desires and the outward glory of this world are not easily laid aside; but *at last* God inclined him to put on a resolution to serve at His altar." Even so. There was "passion," there was "choler," there were "ambitious desires," there were attractions even to seductiveness in "the outward glory" of the world, and these born of a very lofty self-estimate; so that

not of nature, but of divine masterdom, was the final conquest gained. *En passant*, his ennobled brother perchance had experienced from George the "passion" and "choler" which he noted, in his remonstrances with him about his speculative theological-philosophical opinions. These words, in "The Thanksgiving," seem to me to point to his sceptical brother:

> "My bosom-friend, if he blaspheme Thy name,
> *I will tear thence his love and fame.*"

The sharp discipline of frequent bodily ailments, solitary retirements, loss of friends and patrons (if any dared patronize him) on whom he leaned, disappointment at the eleventh hour of "painted" expectations, premonitions of a short life on earth, and the inrush of the Spirit of God upon his soul, in the last years, "changed," self-revealed, abased, mellowed him. That deep lovingness of his nature, which rises like incense from his private letters to his mother and of his "sick sister" Elizabeth—comparable with Gregory of Nyssa's wistful affection for Macrina—and to others, was dilated and sanctified by the supreme love; and henceforward George Herbert remained an example and a trophy of the transforming grace of God. No need of ecclesiastical canonization. The "three years" at Bemerton put better than a nimbus around all.

I have dwelt thus on the story of the life as revealing his original and ultimate character, public and private, because the life cannot be understood in what of deepest and grandest was in it apart from the facts, and neither can the poems, in what is finest, tenderest, truest, be understood unless studied in the light and shadow of the life. Let the reader read and read again and muse over

the heart-revelations of the poems, that the music and subtle imaginativeness of them may the more touch. I bring together a few scattered stanzas that seem to me infinitely precious :

"How should I praise Thee, Lord? how should my rymes
Gladly engrave Thy love in steel,
If, what my soul doth feel sometimes,
My soul might ever feel!" 23. "The Temper."

. . . . .

"Were it not better to bestow
Some place and power on me?
Then should Thy praises with me grow,
And share in my degree.
But when I thus *dispute and grieve,*
I do resume my sight;
And pilfring what I once did give,
Disseize Thee of Thy right.
How know I, if Thou shouldst me raise,
That I should then raise Thee?
Perhaps great places and Thy praise
Do not so well agree." 68. "Submission."

. . . .

"Joy, I did lock thee up, but some bad man
Hath let thee out again;
And now, methinks, I am where I began
Sev'n years ago: one vogue and vein,
One aire of thoughts usurps my brain.
I did toward Canaan draw, but now I am
Brought back to the Red Sea, the sea of shame."
98. "The Bunch of Grapes."

"*things sort not to my will*
Ev'n when my will doth studie Thy renown:
Thou turnest th' edge of all things on me still,
Taking me up to throw me down;
So that, *ev'n when my hopes seem to be sped,*
I am to grief alive, to them as dead." 131. "The Crosse."

. . . . .

"*O that I once past changing were,*
Fast in Thy Paradise, where no flower can wither!"
133. "The Flower."

. . . . .

"When I had forgot my birth,
And on Earth
In delights of Earth was drown'd,
God took blood, and needs would be
Spilt with me,
And so found me on the ground." 151. "The Banquet."

His first poem of "16. Affliction" is faithfully autobiographic throughout. So, too, "62. The Pearl," with its proud yet humbling recollection

of the ways of learning, and the ways of pleasure and the ways of honour, of love, of wit, of music, which he "knew." Equally noticeable also is "82. The Quip," where, personifying Beauty Money, Glory, and Wit as successively assailing him with raillery for his neglect of their fascinations, he replies to each and all by turning to his heavenly Master: "But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me."

These and other poems of The Temple belong to different years. Some probably were composed contemporaneously with the double sonnet to his mother; others during his retirement in Kent; most, in all likelihood, at Bemerton; the whole are profoundly and blessedly real. They refer mainly to his inner or spiritual life, and thus are of rare experimental worth, and must so abide.

Looked at from either the human or the divine side, the life of George Herbert seems to me of inestimable value. He was thoroughly human; no cloistered recluse, no visionary, no sentimental bookworm, but "a man who combined with the devotion and self-discipline of Thomas à Kempis the accomplishments of a perfect gentleman, the genial humour and shrewd practical sense of a thorough man of the world."[1] More than this; for even in his ultimate sanctity he was whole-souled, whole-hearted, genial, and pleasant; and so "far from being a mere devotee, planted on his solitary column in unnatural isolation, inaccessible to his fellow-men, he was emphatically a man of social sympathies, sustained and directed upwards by the entire devotion of his heart to heaven, as the tendrils of a vine are taught to ascend by the elm round which it clings."[2] He

[1] The "Christian Remembrancer," July, 1862, pp. 104, 105.
[2] Ibid. p. 111.

loved to watch the "quidquid agunt" of men, their business and pleasures, not with the contemptuous indifference of a Stoic or Epicurean, but as being all, if duly regulated, component parts in the order and beauty of the universe. Gifted himself with rare natural advantages, he neither neglected nor misused them. He was at home with the humblest, and equally at home with the highest; he could soothe the temporal anxieties and minister to the spiritual yearnings of his lowliest parishioners, and at the same time with all mannerly courtesy "rebuke" the most eminent. Walton tells us of the poor widow who touched his heart with her little simple story; while Oley writes, "There was not a man in his way, be he of what rank he would, that spoke awry in order to God, but Herbert would wipe his mouth [!] with a modest, grave, and Christian reproof." As we think, perhaps, there was a leaven of superstitious clinging to mere ecclesiasticism; yet were his "Friday, as a day of mortification and humiliation," and "saints" bell [sanctus-bell] ringing to daily prayers "at the canonical hours of ten and four," whereby men "would leave their plough to rest awhile, that they might offer their devotions to God with him and then return to their work," and habitual "fasting," transfigured by their genuineness to him. Moreover, as we are anxious should be remembered, notwithstanding his intensity of disciplined devotion, he was on all sides human and a "good citizen." It does one good—like a full-inhaled draught of sea-air after the exhaustion of a thronged drawing-room—to read and re-read the genial, frank, plain-spoken, thoroughly fresh and real moralisings of Herbert. Thus, has he to rebuke the young nobility for "idleness" as the "great

national sin of the times," how does he set about it? By no mere sentimentalisms, but by prescribing manly occupations. He recommends them to learn farming; to act as magistrates; to study civil law; the bases of international relations, and therefore especially useful to statesmen and diplomatists; to improve themselves by travelling abroad, with all their wits about them; "to ride the great horse," that is, to acquire the accomplishments of the tilt-yard—the last assuring us that to-day he would have added the rifle corps to his roll. His wisdom is not of a monastical order. On the other hand, it is far removed from the sharp practice of mere worldlings. It is like the prudential maxims of the Book of Proverbs and Ecclesiastes (and Ecclesiasticus), the parallelism of duty with expediency. The Church Porch reminds us of the best parts of Horace's satires, not less by its "pedestrian muse" than by its shrewd wit and gracious pleasantry. It abounds in pithy sayings, such as may give a man not the manners only, but the principles and feelings of a true gentleman — meet follower of Him "the first true gentleman that ever breathed." Beneath the lighter raillery too, lies a deep vein of sentiment, the utterances of which sound like the voice of that great and wise king, who tried all things under the sun (not above the sun) and found them vanity. This Shakespearian element, found in Hamlet and Henry of Agincourt, whereby the utter nothingness of even the greatest affairs of this life, in one point of view, does not the less affirm the immeasurable importance of even the most insignificant, as formative of the moral destiny, well deserves thinking out. "It is characteristic of him," says the "Christian Remembrancer" (as before, p. 121),

"that he translated the sensible little treatise on "Temperance and Sobriety" of Ludovicus Cornarus, known to Italian scholars as Luigi Cornaro, of Padua; a delightful sketch of a hale and hearty old age, with rules for attaining it." Further: "Herbert seems to have had a peculiar aptness, both by nature and education, for casuistry; not for hair-splitting and sophistries, but for the 'noble art,' as he rightly calls it, of solving the perplexing cases of conscience which occur every day. His way of cutting these knots, or rather of disentangling them, is thoroughly English. It is the evidence of a healthy moral sense, practised in logic, but with its own unerring instincts unblunted." . . . . "His 'proverbs,' some apparently his own, others merely collected by him, which the reader will find among his prose works, under the title of 'Jacula Prudentum,' leave hardly anything in life untouched."

But while Herbert's humanness lies as well in the innermost of him as on the surface, the divine side of his life is very notable. If he mingled with his fellow-men, as recognising that the work and excellence of man lies *in* the world and not *out* of it, and has a fruition in this life, though not only in this life, his supremest hours were those passed under the shadow of the Divine Presence in his praying-chamber study. Whether playing his lute alone or for a gathered company of his parishioners—as finely told by Walton—or footing it to Salisbury, to be rapt heavenward by the cathedral music—as also told by Walton—he was still the "man of God." Certainly a life like this is worthy of the deepest and most earnest study—a life "in which work and rest, self-discipline and natural impulse, secular duties and heavenly

aspirations, are blended into harmonious unity, as in one of those rich strains of music, now grave, now joyous, but always duly measured, which he loved to follow; a life in which the coarser threads of existence are inextricably intertwined with and transfigured by the radiance of the more ethereal filaments; in which the calmness and equanimity which the Roman poet vainly longed for seems attained; as the highest and most complete development of human nature possible on earth. Monastic seclusion may secure peace by eliminating the elements of discord. 'They make desolation and call it peace.' A life like Herbert's calls into action all the component parts of our organization, and consecrates them severally to their appointed use."[1] In nothing does the soundness and wholesomeness of our worthy's religion more delightfully reveal itself than in his "Sunday;" so radiant and joyous, equally free from the intrusion of worldly cares and occupations and the vacuity and sombreness of literal sabbatarianism. Similarly noticeable is his freedom from mere pious phrases and conventionalisms of theology.

Turn we next to

III. *The Anti-Tami-Cami-Categoria controversy, and its significance and bearings.*

From the historic memorableness of the petition of the Puritans which Melville defended; from the prominence and praise given to the "Epigrams-Apologetical" of Herbert in answer, and the censure of the illustrious Scotchman stereotyped in Walton's "life"—his "praise" of the first edition being cancelled in the after ones, and so continued; and from the important place among Herbert's poems which the originals and our translations must

[1] The "Christian Remembrancer," as before, p. 119.

henceforth hold—it is laid upon us to discuss this matter thoroughly, especially as it must be remembered that in his latest poem ("The Church Militant") Herbert flouts the Puritans and the Reformation, thus linking on his earlier with his later opinions, as we shall see.

Walton thus narrates the facts—as he cared to know them—of the controversy with Andrew Melville,—whose Latinised name was "Melvinus" (or Melvin): "The next occasion he had and took to show his great abilities, was with them to show also his great affection to that Church in which he received his baptism, and of which he professed himself a member; and the occasion was this: there was one Andrew Melvin [be it intercalated that '*one* John Milton' was so spoken of], a minister of the Scotch Church and rector of St. Andrews, who, by a long and constant converse with a discontented part of that clergy which opposed episcopacy, became at last to be a chief leader of that faction; and had proudly appeared to be so to King James, when he was but king of that nation; who, the second year after his coronation in England, convened a part of the bishops and other learned divines of his Church to attend him at Hampton Court, in order to a friendly conference with some dissenting brethren, both of this and the Church of Scotland: of which Scotch party Andrew Melvin was one; and he being a man of learning, and inclined to satirical poetry, had scattered many malicious bitter verses against our liturgy, our ceremonies, and our church government; which were by some of that party so magnified for the wit, that they were therefore brought into Westminster school, where Mr. George Herbert then, and often after, made such answers to them, and such reflections on

him and his kirk, as might unbeguile any man that was not too deeply pre-engaged in such a quarrel. But to return to Mr. Melvin at Hampton Court conference: he there appeared to be a man of an unruly wit, of a strange confidence, of so furious a zeal, and of so ungoverned passions, that his insolence to the king and others at this conference lost him both his rectorship of St. Andrews and his liberty too; for his former verses and his present reproaches there used against the church and state caused him to be committed prisoner to the tower of London, where he remained very angry for three years. At which time of his commitment he found the Lady Arabella Stuart an innocent prisoner there; and he pleased himself much in sending the next day after his commitment there two verses to the good lady, which I will under-write, because they may give the reader a taste of his others, which were like these:

> 'Causa tibi mecum est communis carceris; Ara-
> Bella tibi causa est, Araque sacra mihi.'

I shall not trouble my reader with an account of his enlargement from that prison, or his death; but tell how Mr. Herbert's verses were thought so worthy to be preserved, that Dr. Duport, the learned Dean of Peterborough, hath lately collected and caused many of them to be printed, as an honourable memorial of his friend Mr. George Herbert and the cause he undertook." Further: "I have but this to say more of him, that if Andrew Melvin died before him, then George Herbert died without an enemy."

Dear as are "meek" Walton's name and memory, the truth must at long-last be told, and this mingle-mangle of unhistoric statement and

mendacious zeal exposed. There are nearly as many blunders as sentences in the narrative, and the *animus* is as base as the supercilious ignorance is discreditable. Alas that I must say these "hard things" of anything from the pen of one I so revere (substantially)! Alas that they should be true!

To begin with, the facts are jumbled, and I shall call one to give them accurately who will not be appealed from by any capable reader,—the pre-eminently judicial and candid Dr. Thomas M'Crie, in his incomparable "Life of Andrew Melville" (1856: "Works," vol. ii.). In c. viii. 1603-8 he thus writes: "The ministers of Scotland waited with anxiety to see how James would act towards that numerous and respectable body of his new subjects who had all along pleaded for *a farther reformation in the English Church*. From this they could form a pretty correct estimate of the line of conduct which he intended to pursue with themselves. Before the death of Elizabeth he had sounded the dispositions of the Puritans. They were universally in favour of his title; and there is no reason to doubt that he gave them hopes in the event of his accession. When he was on his way to London they presented to him a petition, commonly called, from the number of names affixed to it, the *Millenary Petition;* stating their grievances, and requesting that measures might be adopted for redressing them, and for removing corruptions which had long been complained of by the soundest Protestants. No sooner was this petition presented than the two universities took the alarm. The University of Cambridge passed a *Grace*, 'that whosoever opposed, by word, or writing, or any other way, the doctrine or discipline of the Church of England,

or any part of it, should be suspended, *ipso facto*, from any degree already taken; and be disabled from taking any degree for the future.' The University of Oxford published a formal answer to the petition, in which they accused those who subscribed it of a spirit of faction and hostility to monarchy, abused the Scottish Reformation, lauded the government of the Church of England as the great support of the Crown, and concluded with this very modest declaration: 'There are at this day more learned men in this kingdom than are to be found among all the ministers of religion in all Europe besides.' These proceedings were not only injurious to several respectable members of both universities, who were known to have taken part in the petition, but disrespectful to the king, who had received it, and promised to inquire into the abuses of which it complained. Melville felt indignant at this prostitution of academical authority, and attacked the resolutions of the English University in a satirical poem which he wrote in defence of the petitioners. The poem was extensively circulated in England, and galled the ruling party in the Church no less than it gratified their opponents."

The "satirical poem" was the "Anti-Tami-Cami-Categoria," which was published in 1604; so that as it came to Westminster School, "where Mr. George Herbert then was," on publication, we have the most illustrious scholar of his age, the coequal of Casaubon and the associate of every man of mark on the continent of Europe, assailed by this stripling of eleven or twelve (b. 1593); and not him alone, but the venerable ministers of the Church of England, headed by the great and good Arthur Hildersam and Stephen Egerton, and in the roll of 750, really including the

flower of the Church, with tens of thousands of the people at their back. Dr. Busby had had something very different from "*praise*" for Master George if his epigrams, "THEN *and often after*," had come under *his* eyes. Nor may it be alleged as obviating criticism and condemnation, that Herbert was young, and as yet a believer in what he had been brought up, and a believer, therefore, in the falsehood of everything opposed to his belief. Neither will it do to claim that Herbert was not answering Melville as a theologian, but simply answering a satirical poem by satire. With reference to the former, his "Epigrams-Apologetical" was no boyish episode, but of the very substance of his life-long beliefs. Moreover, it is plain that he left behind him a carefully prepared manuscript of the whole; for Dean Duport's text (1662) is of special accuracy, and complete. With reference to the latter, the reader will at once discern that the churchman (if not the theologian) dominates the satirist. The satire is toothless and mild; the dogma absolute and narrow; charity absent utterly, and equally so the respect for others' convictions which is based on self-respect. Be it remembered likewise that (1) the petition of the "evangelical ministers was not the petition of later nonconformity (or dissent), but of the most venerable men of his own church; (2) That in "The Church Militant"—as noted in the outset—he has a fling at "the Reformation," as thus:

"The late Reformation never durst
Compare with ancient times and purer yeares,
But in the Jews and us deserveth tears."

"Tears!"

Turning to "Anti-Tami-Cami-Categoria" itself, it is very much a pungent and memorable putting

of the objections and reforms of the "petition." The humble suit to the king was that "of these offences following, some may be removed, some amended, some qualified." I limit myself to those "in the Church-service:" "That the cross in baptism, interrogatories ministered to infants, confirmations, as superfluous, may be taken away. Baptism not to be ministered by women [midwives], and so explained. The cap and surplice not urged. That examination go before the communion. That it be ministered with a sermon. That divers terms of priests, and absolution, and some other used, with the ring in marriage, and other such like in the book, may be corrected. The longsomeness of service abridged. Church songs and music moderated to better edification. That the Lord's Day be not profaned. The rest upon holidays not so strictly urged. That there may be an uniformity of doctrine prescribed. No popish opinion to be any more taught or defended. No ministers charged to teach their people to bow at the name of Jesus. That the canonical Scriptures only be read in the church." I add only, "for Church discipline"—"That the oath, *ex officio*, whereby men are forced to accuse themselves, be more sparingly used:" of which Lord Burghley thus wrote to Archbishop Whitgift: "Now, my good lord, by chance I have come to the sight of an instrument of twenty-four articles of great length and curiosity, formed in a Romish style, to examine all manner of ministers in this time, without distinction of persons, to be exacted *ex officio mero* . . . These I have read, and found so curiously penned, so full of branches and circumstances, that I think the inquisitions of Spain use not so many questions to comprehend and intrap their preys" (Fuller, "Church History").

With the knowledge that all these things were in the petition, it is an outrage and an impertinence that Herbert should systematically conceal the fact, and throughout answer "Anti-Tami-Cami-Categoria," as if its objections and demands for "Reformation" were the crotchets of an individual, and that individual an exceptionally bigoted and blind opponent of episcopacy. But the thing grows blacker and unworthier still when the petition, with Melville's defence of it, is examined in the light of contemporary events and circumstances. Herbert found it easy to raise the loud laugh against the (imagined) morbid narrowness that took exception to the sign of the cross, to the sacerdotal distinction between clergy and laity, to the claim of a "priesthood," to the accompanying vestures of cap and surplice, the substitution of singing (= intoning, I imagine) for articulate speech that all could hear and know, and all the rest of it, on to sacramentarianism in acts that were not sacramental. It was easy also to crack small jests on the "*parity*" of the membership of the church or kirk (*Kappa* in Scotland preferred to *Chi*, as Drummond of Hawthornden played on it), and the conscientious protest against law-made offices and officials of which the Word of God made no mention. I am free to concede that there was a certain narrowness, just as I must believe that "narrow" (strait) is the gate and the way. I am free, too, to admit that at this late day, cap of college and surplice and other episcopal vestures and vestments are inoffensive. I am free even to allow that in the mouth of George Herbert ultimately the name "priest" meant no derogation to Him the One Priest. Let these be granted; yet let us strenuously and in charity try to *get at the motives and*

the conscience of the petitioners and of such a man as Andrew Melville.

What, then, was their standing-ground? It was this, that they were brought face-to-face every day, all over England, with so absolute an ignorance among the great bulk of the people of what really Christianity was, as to "constrain" them by every means available to teach and preach the simple Gospel. The reader must get away behind the mists of intervening centuries, and actualise to himself how utter was the darkness of England, and how very little the recent and relatively brief ascendancy of Protestantism had as yet served to disperse that darkness. Everywhere the masses were sunk in superstition. Witchcraft was still a terror; fairies real existences; moor and mountain peopled with unearthly mythology. Going with their sheep over the downs, or with their wool to market, they appealed to the tutelar saints of their several parish churches. "Good St. Catherine, stay my oxen!" would a farmer cry, when in chase of his straying cattle over Salisbury Plain. The drover prayed to St. Anthony. As the pack-horses came sliding and stumbling with obstreperous jingle down the chalk hill-side, the men in charge would invoke the aid of St. Loy. Not only did they appeal to dead saints, but to graven images. In Herbert's own Wiltshire, while he was entering his vicarage of Bemerton (in 1631), Mr. Sherfield (a friend of Joseph Alleine) having long observed "many people" pause and bow before a window in the parish church at Salisbury, asked them why they did so: "Because the Lord our God is there," was the reply. On looking more closely into the glass, "all diamonded with quaint device," he found that it contained seven representa-

tions of God the Father, in the form of a little old man with a blue and red coat, with a pouch on his side (Rushworth's "Collections," vol. ii. p. 153). This was in the diocese which had so long been illumined with the presidency of men like Jewell and Davenant; and if here so much ignorance prevailed, how great would be the darkness elsewhere! If only we will do by others as we would have others do by us, a thoughtful consideration of FACTS like these, will reveal to us a spiritual meaning, and dignity, and allegiance to the Lord, and an awful sense of responsibility to Him, in most of the opinions of the Puritans, which wear to-day a look of the merest fantastique of scrupulosity. A living historian, not a theologian or ecclesiastic-official, has said on this: "The surplice was the recognized symbol of the priestly character, and might have a tendency to recall the doctrine of a merely human intercessor standing between God and man. The cross in baptism and the consecrated font might, they said, easily bring back with them the exorcisms accompanying the rite of baptism in Roman Catholic churches. The observance of saints' days might suggest the adoration held to be due to those saints. Kneeling at the Communion had its tacit reference to the conversion of the consecrated wafer. To retain these ceremonies, it was agreed, even were they innocent in themselves, was extremely dangerous to the English Church, which had so recently emerged from Romanism."[1] It suggests much that is sorrowful and bewildering, that only a few miles off George Herbert had no sympathy with such intensity of conviction, such "holy fear;" nothing but admiration for the Church, and flouting and scorn for the Puritans.

[1] J. L. Sanford's "Studies of the Great Rebellion," p. 67.

All the more saddening is this in our knowledge that in part from the misfortune of circumstances, but in part also from proclaimed and enforced usages, "the Flock" of God went uncared for—the under-shepherds largely actualising the mournful prophetic-portraitures of Ezekiel—albeit it is the glory of George Herbert that he was competent amid abounding incompetence, and faithful amid mere officialism. A "preaching ministry" was an exception. Elizabeth had said, "It is good for the world to have few preachers—three or four may suffice for a county, and the reading of the Homilies is enough." The calm-judging Selden, speaking of the clergy, says, "they were ignorant and indolent, and had nothing to support their credit but beard, title, and habit" ("History of Titles," preface, p. i.; 1618). Milton, in "Lycidas," utters a like complaint (1637). Richard Baxter, writing of Shropshire in the days of his boyhood—that is, about 1620 and ten years after—says, "There was little preaching of any kind, and that little was rather calculated to injure than to benefit. In High Ercall there were four readers in the course of six years; all of them ignorant, and two of them immoral men. At Eaton Constantine there was a reader of eighty years of age, Sir William Rogers, who never preached; yet he had two livings, twenty miles apart from each other. His sight failing, he repeated the prayers without the book; but to read the lessons he employed a common labourer one year, a tailor another; and at last his own son, the best stage-player and gamester in all the country, got orders, and supplied one of his places. Within a few miles round were nearly a dozen ministers of the same description; poor ignorant readers, and most of

them of dissolute lives."[1] George Wither was roused to denounce these "unprofitable servants:"

> "In their poverty they will not stick
> For catechising, visiting the sick,
> With suchlike duteous works of piety
> As do belong to their society,
> But if they once but reach a vicarage,
> Or be inducted to some parsonage,
> Men must content themselves, and think it well
> If once a month they hear the sermon bell."
> ("Britaine's Remembrancer," 1628.)

Such was the RULE, and it is of rule we are now speaking, not of a few, a very few, brilliant exceptions.

Looking now into "Anti-Tami-Cami-Categoria" and the "Epigrams-Apologetical," one is almost stung into indignation, were it not for sorrow that the offender should be George Herbert. There are incidental acknowledgments by him of the weight and worth of Andrew Melville, a sense of the impudence of such frivolous smartness, as addressed to one white-haired and renowned over Europe, a twinge of conscience as aware of misrepresentation of good and true men, and a tacit plea of necessity laid upon him to defend the Church at all hazards. The reader will judge: but for my part it broadens out what grace did for George Herbert to find epigram on epigram and classic verse on verse, without almost one articulate word for the Master he later so served and loved. There is superfluous

[1] Orme's "Life of Baxter," vol ii p 3; Fuller, sub anno 1630; Rushworth, vol i part ii p 250 Besides these, many authorities have been consulted in preparing this section of our Essay I name Rev. G. G Perry's "History of the Church of England" and Hopkins's "History of the Puritans" (Boston, U S. 1860), and George Roberts's "Social History of the Southern Counties" I have drawn much, and often in his own choice words, from my dearly beloved friend, Rev Charles Stanford's "Joseph Alleine, his Companions and Times" (London, 1861, Hodder) See especially pp. ci. *et seq.*

laudation of the Bride, but what of the Bridegroom? Insinuation and invective against the Puritans, but not a "jot or tittle" for the grand work they had done and were doing! Clever hits, innendoes, puns, contemptuousness; but nothing of the "charity that thinketh no evil." "Cap and bell" jingling; little of the hush of reverence and awe before Spirit-born convictions. Homage to ideal bishops, but ignoble silence on that "pride of prelates" which made so many of them at the period scornful of a bishop's true work—a pride and scorn which roused our own William Wordsworth to pronounce the same verdict with "Anti-Tami-Cami-Categoria," as witness in his great Ecclesiastical Sonnets (xviii.):

CORRUPTIONS OF THE HIGHER CLERGY.

"Woe to you, Prelates! rioting in ease
And cumbrous wealth—the shame of your estate;
You on whose progress dazzling trains await
Of pompous houses; whom vain titles please;
Who will be served by others on their knees,
Yet will yourselves to God no service pay;
Pastors who neither take nor point the way
To Heaven; for either lost in vanities
Ye have no skill to teach, or if ye know
And speak the word— Alas! of fearful things
'Tis the most fearful when the people's eye
Abuse hath clear'd from vain imaginings;
And taught the general voice to prophesy
Of Justice arm'd, and Pride to be laid low."

Andrew Melville probably never read a line of the epigrams of George Herbert; for he died in 1622, and they did not appear in print until 1662; but if he had, how the noble old man, with that high genius and scholarly culture of his, would have crushed as a limpet in the shut palm, the elegant trifles of his assailant! Nay, rather let us say, if they had met Below, as beyond all doubt they met Above, the "young disciple"

should have been drawn to the patriarch. For, once met, how soon should a living poet's words have been fulfilled:

> "We have one God, one Christ, one home,
> One love; and lighter than the foam
> Is the one element of strife
> That separates our way of life;
> And O, I love you still
> Through all the good and ill."

The closing address to Melville (pp. 331-2) warrants this "pleasure of imagination."

The headings and margin-references of Herbert's successive pieces show that he intended to reply *seriatim* to Anti-Tami-Cami-Categoria. It can scarcely be required that I examine all; but a few central truths must be brought out as against the epigram play on them.

The Petitioners and Melville, and the Puritans generally, never called their "pastors," in distinction from other Christians, "priests" or "clergymen." "A priest," said Latimer, "importeth a sacrifice." It was a commonplace with the Puritans. In their opinion, the only sacrifices accepted under the Gospel are the sacrifices offered by all believers: so, amongst the followers of Christ, the people are the priests (1 Peter ii. 5). Even "clergyman," if used at all, had, by the same Scripture rule, the same wide meaning. "Poor men," said Henry Jessey (Preface to Life, 1672), addressing Episcopalian ministers in reference to the members of their communion, "are you the clergy, and not *they?* Read 1 Peter v. 3; 'not as lords over God's clergy" (κλήρων). Are they the laity, and not *you?* Read Romans ix. 25, 'I will call them my laity' (λαόν μου)." Out of such interpretations of texts—and who may controvert them?—relating to the priesthood,

sprang that dislike of priestly vestments which sometimes startles us by its force. Mitre, crosses, hood, surplice, cap, were all denounced as "instruments of a foolish shepherd," *only* because they were the symbols of a priestly caste (Vavasor Powel). Similarly they had much to say as to no fixed forms of prayer, as to non-observance of saints' days, as to legal rights and ceremonies and symbolisms,—however lovely in themselves, —and even for their refusal of religious reverence for the mere fabric in which worship was offered. In regard to the last, few among them would or could have carried these principles farther than was taught in the Homily "Against peril of idolatry, and superfluous decking of churches," nor than Bishop Jewell, who wrote "My little children, saith St. John, deeply considering the matter, keep yourselves from images or idols. He saith not now, keep yourselves from idolatry, as it were from the service and worshipping of them, but from the very shape and likeness of them. . . . Think you the persons who place images or idols in churches and temples take good heed to St. John's counsel?"

How poor are the shifts of Herbert, as of Dean Duport, may be seen by this, that the former in "answering" Melville's enumeration of illustrious worthies and scholars who adhered to the Reformation, can only name the Apostles Peter and Paul, Constantine, St. Augustine, St. Ambrose, Duns Scotus and King James!!! while Duport (as well as Herbert) actually deems it a clever and a wise thing to retort "wantonness" and insinuate wickedness, because Melville's "Anti-Tami-Cami-Categoria" was composed in Sapphics; as though the (imagined) character

of Sappho transmitted itself to the verse named after her, and while a schoolboy could recall Sapphics by masters of all verse. Duport's "In Andream Melvinum Scotum de sua Anti-tami-cami-categoria, Sapphico versu conscripta," is given in his Sylvarum (lib. i. p. 70), and "In Andream Melvinum Scotum in Ecclesiam Anglicanam Sapphico carmine debacchantem" (lib. ii. p. 226). The latter must suffice here:

> "Mome Anglicanam vellicans Ecclesiam,
> Cur Lesbium, Melvine, tendis barbiton,
> Satyramque versu scribis acrem Sapphico?
> Lascivi hoc annon carmen index ingeni?
> Meretricione proteri hoc ergo pede
> Matrona casta sponsaque haec meruit Dei?
> Decimane Musa nunc tibi, invitis novem,
> Succurrit, apta tam protervo scommati,
> Dignum patella operculem, Sappho procax?"
> (*Musae Subsecivae*, 1676.)

I must add here that Dean Duport furnishes much better and worthier parallels with Herbert.

Walton's further references, with the couplet to Lady Arabella Stuart and Melville's imprisonment in the Tower, must not tempt us to "turn aside" to discuss them.[1] All I ask is, that the reader will give some thought to what has been submitted by us, and bring knowledge and self-knowledge, not ignorance; and candour, not prejudice; and Christianhood, not ecclesiasticism, to the study of the Anti-Tami-Cami-Categoria of Andrew Melville and to the Epigrams-Apologetical of George Herbert and of Dean Duport.[2]

Once more, the problem of George Herbert's Life will not be mastered unless his attitude in

[1] See annotation to Walton's "Life of Herbert," in vol. iii. (F. W. L. edition).

[2] I note here that the whole of the Latin and Greek poems of Herbert as well as Melville's Anti-Tami-Cami-Categoria, are translated *for the first time* in the Fuller Worthies' Library edition of the complete Works.

such a historical-ecclesiastical crisis be mastered. For my part, familiar as I am, from special lines of research, with the Lives and Writings of the Petitioners for whom Melville dared to speak, when those who ought to have spoken were recreant and dumb, I stand amazed that such an one could so overvalue a mythical Apostolic "continuity," and so undervalue The Reformation, as to range himself against the true and good, and range himself with those who cared not a straw for the vital ends of the Church of Christ. The secret with Herbert, as with Leighton, is, that he regarded the Church (his "Mother Church") as the ideal of Perfection; his

"subtle fancy sped
Far back unto its youth, and read,
In sculptured forms and texts and rhymes,
The secret of the ancient times,
And their divinest sense
Of mystic reverence.
And in its Cross the Christ he saw;
And in its pillars stedfast law;
Its dim light bade with awe admire;
And thought soar'd heavenward on the spire,
Urged onwards by the chime
That told the fleeting time."

There is this apology for Leighton, that he had mixed little with the world, and was instinctively a Recluse and given to contemplation; while Herbert knew the men—from the king downward—who were dealing out contumely and persecution, the great hearts that were breaking over the still superstition-haunted Church, and the perishing multitudes who went unshepherded. One would have rejoiced over just one cry from Bemerton like this:

"I thought
'Twere well indeed if we were brought
From our lax ways and sects and hate,
To primitive episcopate,
And prayers lisp'd of old
By infants in the fold.

"Yet reck I not of forms; full well
I know the pearl gives to the shell
Some beauty and virtue like its own,
And shining hue and gorgeous tone;
And the old forms to me
Gleam with old sanctity.

"Yet what boot they? and what boots all
Our garb ecclesiastical,
The white-stoled priest, the altar high,
If we do err from charity?
O God, all gods above,
Knit us with cords of love.

. . . . .

"Alas! and is it thus the State
Rewards the wise and good and great;
That brute dragoon should quench the life
Which might have ruled our civil strife,
Alone in royal might
Of wisdom and high right?

"No trial held—no sifted proof—
No justice sitting calm, aloof
From human passion, human wrong,—
No advocate against the strong,
But by the vilest he
Meets a hard destiny."

("The Bishop's Walk," st. 73-75, 160-1).

I proceed now to—

IV. *The characteristics of Herbert's Writings.*

These I classify thus:

1. Quaintness and nicety of workmanship.
2. Thought and mysticism.
3. Imaginativeness and originality.
4. Wit and humour.
5. Sanctity.

1. *Quaintness and nicety of workmanship.* Apart from disputed etymology, usage attaches to the word "quaint" the meaning of a certain oddness and fantasticalness; and it is thus I use it, adding the (in part) co-relative "nicety," simply in order to bring out more clearly an element of Herbert's quaintness. Here it is very much with the Poetry and in some of the Prose of our Worthy as it is with those antique great-walled

Gardens that are still to be found in our England and even in bleaker Scotland, as in France and Holland, and which, for myself, excite imagination and actualise the Past, when one is fortuned to read therein an Elizabethan or early Jacobean book; viz. that as the grotesque shapes, clipped and trimmed and restrained yews and hollies and laurels, draw attention, first of all, to the neglect of their grand bolls and blood-spot berries and splendours of "greene leves," so a casual Reader of the Temple and even a Priest to the Temple is struck most of all with this thing of oddness in the form given to the thinking and fancies and teaching. To begin with, there are such Poems as, 1. The Altar; 11. Easter Wings; 58. Coloss. iii. 3; 92. Sinne's Round; and the like. These were the playthings of a Scholar in reminiscence of Theocritus, or Simmias of Rhodes, or Dosiades of the "Poetae Minores Graeci," or of the marvellous "De Laudibus S. Crucis" of Rhbanus Maurus; or after the later Italian style, formed on the verse and thought models from the Continent rather than of other "Literary Follies" which are given a place in D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature. In passing mood, one can enter into the *lusus* of even such artificial trifles, and mark the skill of the Artist and the devotional feeling which informs them, so that a toy grows in the hand into a portent. To have a measure of difference between the poet-writer of such things and the mere mechanic of words, let the Student turn to 1. The Altar and to 102. Paradise, and contrast them with a later imitator, and more, Samuel Speed, in his "Prison Pietie" (1677), as follows:

"¶ The Altar.

A broken Altar, Lord, to Thee, I raise,
Made of a Heart, to celebrate Thy praise;
Thou that the lonely Workman art
That can cement a broken heart;
For such is mine,
O, make it Thine:
Take out the sin
That's hid therein.
Though it be stone,
Make it to groan;
That so the same
May praise Thy name.
Melt it, O Lord, I Thee desire,
With flames from Thy celestial fire;
That it may ever speak Thy praise alone,
Since Thou hast changèd into flesh a stone."

(p. 72).

"¶ The Petition.

"Stand by me, Lord, when dangers *stare*;
Keep from my fruit such choaking *tare*
That on confusion grounded *are*

"Thou that from bondage hast me *brought*,
And my deliverance hast *rought*,
'Tis Thee that I will praise for *ought*.

"O Lord, to evil make me *chill*,
Be Thou my Rock and holy *hill*,
So shall I need to fear no *ill*."

En passant two things must be admitted to old Speed, spite of his plagiarisms from Herbert and Jeremy Taylor and others: (1) That he returns finely on Herbert his wish to be "a weed" in his 131. The Crosse:

"To make my hopes my torture, and the fee
Of all my woes another wo,
Is in the midst of delicates to need,
And ev'n in Paradise to be a weed."

thus:

"¶ The Flower.

"O that I were a lovely Flower
In Christ His Bower;
Or that I were a weed, to fade
Under His shade.

"'But how can I a weed become
If I am shadow'd with the *Son?*[1]" = *Sun*. (p. 150.)

and (2) that he had a chord of "sweet-singing" of his own; *e.g.* On Contentation (in Prison):

"'Tis not the largeness of the cage doth bring
Notes to the bird, instructing him to sing.
Moreover, though a bird hath little eye,
Yet he hath wings by which he soars on high;
Can see far wider and abundance better
Than many an ox, although his eye be greater." (p. 30.)

Another, in "Nature's Delight," proves to be by John Austin:

"Though their voices lower be,
Streams too have their melody;
Night and day they warbling run,
Never pause, but still sing on."[2]

Passing from mere outward quaintness, I must dispute Dr. G. L. Craik's *dictum* in respect of it. He observes: "Herbert was an intimate friend of Donne, and no doubt a great admirer of his poetry; but his own has been to a great extent preserved from the imitation of Donne's peculiar style, into which it might in other circumstances

[1] "*Son and Sun*." The play upon the word son—sun, repeated in Herbert (see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*), occurs in Giles Fletcher (Ch. Vict. on Earth, st. 18; our edition):
"Ah me, quoth he, how many yeares have beene,
Since these old eyes the Sunne of heav'n have seene!
Certes the Sonne of Heav'n they now behold, I weene."
There was nothing irreverent in this kind of serious punning, nor in Thomas Fuller.

[2] The following is the full title-page: "Prison Pietie, or Meditations Divine and Moral. Digested into Poetical Heads on Mixt and Various Subjects. Whereunto is added a Panegyrick to the right Reverend and most nobly descended Henry [King] Lord Bishop of London. By Samuel Speed, Prisoner in Ludgate, London. 1677, 12mo." In this volume, on pp. 102, 103 (*bis*), 104, 108, 110, 131, 137, 141 (*bis*), 142, and 143, are Poems by Bp. Taylor, bodily, or with very slight verbal changes; of Herbert there are appropriation-imitations on pp. 72, 73, 93, 96, 97, and elsewhere. In mitigation, be it remembered (1) that John Speed was his grandfather; (2) that in the Epistle "To the Devout" he says: "Some Creditors, severe as well as covetous, forced me to a confinement in Ludgate; where, the better to employ my time, I have *compiled* and composed this Manual of Meditations, which consists of Psalms, Hymns, and Divine Poems." The sorrow is, that there are no marks to show what are "compiled" and what "composed."

have fallen, in all probability, by its having been composed with little effort or elaboration, and chiefly to relieve and amuse his own mind by the melodious expression of his favourite fancies and contemplations. His quaintness lies in his thoughts rather than in their expression, which is in general sufficiently simple and luminous."[1] This is surely hasty and superficial; for the intricacy and variety of metres in The Temple, as well as the careful and nice Various Readings and corrections of the Williams and Bodleian MSS., evidence "elaboration" and daintiness and persistence of art of a very remarkable type; as are found also with Sir Philip Sidney, and as indeed must be with any genuine Workman with poetic words.[2] There is a degree of truth, perhaps, as to the quaintness being in the thought rather than in expression, but only in degree; for thought and expression alike bear the insignia of quaint thoughtfulness, swift and flashing o' times, but laboured on with fine after-patience, even when the form is as a cathedral gargoyle.

There is this also to be borne in mind, that while the Age's character influenced Donne and Herbert, their own minds were by nature adapted

[1] "A Compendious History of English Literature and of the English Language from the Norman Conquest." 2 vols. 8vo, 1866 (Griffin). A sound book substantially.

[2] See our Essays in editions of Donne and Sidney. In reference to the Various Readings of the Williams MS. as utilized in Notes and Illustrations occasionally, I should have liked space for a critical examination of them; but this I am compelled to leave to each student-reader on the strength of the ample materials furnished by us. See especially the opening stanzas of "The Church Porch," where surely the new lines commencing "it is a rodd, Whose twigs are pleasures," &c. (to notice no others) are very memorable. They may bear comparison with even Shakespeare's "Lear" (v. 3.):

> "The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
> Make instruments to scourge us."

The Various Readings and erasures of particles and epithets are very noticeable.

to the style of their Age. The Age fed and nourished their peculiarities, but did not create them. Their peculiar inborn characters—as later in Thomas Fuller—were in harmony with those of the Age. Hence, where there was no field for these peculiarities Herbert and Donne failed; as the former in his "Psalms," and the latter in his "Lamentations of Jeremiah." By the way, with reference here to a quotation onward, from "Antiphon," as to Shakespeare having "cast off his Age's faults," there is surely need for qualification. His mind too was in character with that of his Age, in the matter both of subtlety of thought and expression, and it was his excess of these and his genius that elevated what would in others have been faults into graces.[1]

Dr. George Macdonald (in "Antiphon") saw deeper than Dr. Craik, and with characteristic insight puts the quaintness and nicety, as thus: "[George Herbert] has an exquisite feeling of lyrical art. Not only does he keep to one idea in it, but he finishes the poem like a cameo. Here is an instance wherein he outdoes the elaboration of a Norman trouvère; for not merely does each line in each stanza end with the same sound as the corresponding line in every other stanza, but it ends with the very same word. I shall hardly care to defend this, if my reader chooses to call it a whim; but I do say that a large degree of the peculiar musical effect of the poem—subser-

[1] Mr. Edward Farr, in his "Select Poetry, chiefly Sacred, of the Reign of King James the First' (Cambridge, 1847), gives the following notice of George Herbert in relation to Psalm v.: "'The divine Herbert' published his principal poetical work, entitled 'The Temple,' in the reign of King Charles, but in Playford's Music Book there are seven Psalms attributed to him which appear to have been written in the period to which this volume refers" (p. xvi.). It will be noted that Mr. Farr forgets that "The Temple" was posthumously published, and that his reference to "Playford's Music Book," with so many issued by those of the name, is blameably vague.

vient to the thought, keeping it dimly chiming in the head until it breaks out clear and triumphant like a silver bell in the last—is owing to this use of the same column of words at the line-ends of every stanza. Let him who doubts it read the poem aloud:

"144. AARON.

'Holinesse on the head,
Light and perfections on the breast,
Harmonious bells below, raising the dead
To leade them unto life and rest:
Thus are true Aarons drest.

'Profanenesse in my head,
Defects and darknesse in my breast,
A noise of passions ringing me for dead
Unto a place where is no rest:
Poore priest, thus am I drest.

'Onely another head
I have, another heart and breast,
Another musick, making live, not dead,
Without Whom I could have no rest:
In Him I am well drest.

'Christ is my onely head,
My alone-onely heart and breast,
My onely musick, striking me ev'n dead,
That to the old man I may rest,
And be in Him new-drest.

'So, holy in my head,
Perfect and light in my deare breast,
My doctrine tun'd by Christ, Who is not dead,
But lives in me while I do rest,
Come, people; Aaron's drest.'

Note the flow and the ebb of the lines of each stanza—from six to eight to ten syllables, and back through eight to six, the number of stanzas corresponding to the number of lines in each; only the poem itself begins with the ebb, and ends with a full spring-flow of energy. Note also the perfect antithesis in their parts between the first and second stanzas, and how the last lines of the poem clench the whole in revealing its idea—that for the sake of which it was written. In a word, note the *unity*." I intercalate that "124. Clasping of hands," with "mine" and

"thine" ringing through it, is another instance of exquisite art in combination with quaintness. Further, and again much more penetratively than Craik in his Donne reference: "Born in 1593, notwithstanding his exquisite art, he could not escape being influenced by the faulty tendencies of his age, borne in upon his youth by the example of his mother's friend, Dr. Donne. A man must be a giant like Shakespeare or Milton to cast off his age's faults. Indeed no man has more of the "quips and cranks and wanton wiles" of the poetic spirit of his time than George Herbert, but with this difference from the rest of Dr. Donne's school, that such is the indwelling potency that it causes even these to shine with a radiance such that we wish them still to burn and not be consumed. His muse is seldom other than graceful, even when her motions are grotesque, and he is always a gentleman, which cannot be said of his master. We could not bear to part with his most fantastic oddities, they are so interpenetrated with his genius as well as his art."[1]

Summarily, then, the quaintness of Herbert in thought and wording, must not be allowed to hide from the reader the exquisite nicety of workmanship spent on it. To those unfamiliar with the contemporary literature, it may at first repel, but a closer study will draw out full and abiding admiration and gratitude. The most odd outward forms will prove to hide in them precious things; as I found the other day a glorious eastern shell, purple-lipped, passion-flower stained, carrying within murmurous memories of its far-off sea, notwithstanding that it was cut and shaped into a very humble use; or

[1] See note in the fuller Essay, as before.

as one marks in the old gardens, of which mention was made earlier, the clipped and trimmed boughs, bursting into a glory of blossom and odour beneath the breath of the returning season. It is very noticeable how the Poet asserts himself against the somewhat ultra-correct Artist in many of the quaintest of Herbert's Poems. The careless lines, the lines that have not been worked and re-worked, are few and far between. Moreover, the quaintness and *fantastique* of some of the poems—the thinking taking such shape inevitably—hide a secret that good James Montgomery did not discern when in his "Christian Poet" he hastily described "The Temple" as "devotion itself turned into masquerade." If he had reversed it, it had been truer; for Herbert turns even masquerade into devotion. He fulfilled the Bible-vision of "Holiness to the Lord," graven on the very bells of the horses.

2. *Thought and mysticism.* While agreeing in part with "Antiphon's" aphoristic judgment, that "as verse is for the ear, not for the eye, we demand a good hearing first," I must nevertheless reiterate a former opinion (in relation to Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke[1]) that "music" (or rhyme and rhythm in perfection), if the "first," is not the "last" or supremest thing. Or, to put it in another way, unless the "music" inform great and noble thought, and be thrilled by that subtlety of emotion which I call here mysticism, it may be of the poorest and emptiest Poetry *quà* Poetry; e. g. Thomas Moore is all but faultless in his rhyme and melody; but one yearns for the roughness of a grand idea or

[1] See Essay on his Poetry in our edition of his Complete Works (4 vols.), where the traditionalism of criticism has been, I hope, thoroughly dealt with.

fancy—just as one likes the break of the flowing stream through the obstacle of some great stone or dipping branch, anything rather than the Dutch-dyke smoothness and mere flow. The quantity and quality of the thinking, and that as intensified by feeling, must ever determine the quantity and quality of a Poet's genius—must, in truth, decide us whether or no it be genius and the results poetry. Where genius is, the Thinking and the Feeling send out their own "music," and that far beyond such as is put above the Thinking and the Feeling, instead of within them. William Cartwright, in his verse-tribute to John Fletcher, has very vividly expressed this, *e.g.*

> "Fletcher, though some call it thy fault that wit
> So overflow'd thy scenes, that ere 'twas fit
> To come upon the stage, Beaumont was fain
> To bid thee be more dull, *that's write again*
> *And bate some of thy fire*, which from thee came
> In a clear, bright, full, but too large a flame;
> And after all (finding thy genius such)
> That, blunted and allay'd, 'twas yet too much;
> Added his sober spunge, *and did contract*
> *Thy plenty to less wit* to mak't exact:
> *Yet we through his correcting could see*
> *Much treasure in thy superfluity,*
> *Which was so fil'd away, as when we do*
> *Cut jewels, that that's lost is jewell too;*
> Or, as men use to wash gold, which we know
> By losing makes the stream thence wealthy grow."[1]

Of George Herbert in kind this holds. With all his nicety of workmanship, or even his quaintness (one of many things), there is underneath it, as the matter of his workmanship all through, substantive Thought of a high order. His art was fine and subtle, but it ceased when further use of

> "the file would not make smooth, but wear."[2]

Hence, as true of Herbert as of Jonson is it:

[1] "Comedies, Tragi-Comedies, with other Poems," 1651, p. 271.
[2] Ibid. "To the Memory of Ben Jonson; Lament," p. 314.

"Thy *thought's* so order'd, so express'd, that we
Conclude that *thou didst not discourse, but see;*
Language so master'd, that thy numerous feet,
Laden with genuine words, do alwaies meet
Each in his art, nothing unfit doth fall;
Showing the Poet—like the wise men—all." [1]

That word "see," as I take it, goes critically deep, and is very much superior (with all respect) to Dr. George Macdonald's test of the "ear." Music is for the ear, must satisfy it to be music. Poetry is also for the ear; yet is it also for the eye, that the spirit may take in the altitudes and depths from the printed and read page. I claim for "The Temple," and for George Herbert, this *peculium* of the true poet, that his poetry is high thought and his high thought poetry. Here I accept "Antiphon's" welcome to him: "With my hand on the lock, I shrink from opening the door. Here comes a poet indeed! and how am I to show him due honour? With his book humbly, doubtfully offered; with the ashes of the poems of his youth fluttering in the wind of his priestly garments, he crosses the threshold. Or rather, for I had forgotten the symbol of my book, let us all go from our chapel to the choir, and humbly ask him to sing, that he may make us worthy of his song. In George Herbert there is poetry enough and to spare; it is the household bread of his being. If I begin with that which first in the nature of things ought to be demanded of a poet—namely, Truth, Revelation,—George Herbert offers us measure pressed down and running over" (p. 174). "Truth," "Revelation," are other synonyms for my "Thought" and "Mysticism." I find in the Writings of Herbert profound, meditative, slow-patient Thought in the very cathedrals of Thinking, *i. e.* on the most ulti-

[1] "To the Memory of Ben Jonson; Lament," p. 312.

mate problems of Fact and destiny. I find in it all, or in nearly all, that emotional element which I designate by Mysticism, or Thought trembling into feeling, feeling deepening into passion, passion laying hold of the Eternal and the True. There is a delicate mist (not haze) of the mystical (as in Henry Vaughan, the Silurist) over "The Temple," from Porch to L'Envoy—comparable with the amethyst edgings of cloud-land, or the purples, opal-streaked, that fill Italian and Swiss hill hollows. You come on a grand Thought, either naked or clad in a metaphor or symbol, and as you dwell upon it, lo! not the brain only but the heart is led captive.

Perhaps sufficient has been said and suggested to vindicate a higher recognition than hitherto of the *thinking power* of George Herbert as distinguished from his ineffable sweetness and saintliness. "With a conscience tender as a child's," says Dr. Macdonald on this, "almost diseased in its tenderness, and a heart loving as a woman's, his intellect is none the less powerful. Its movements are as the sword-play of an alert, poised, well-knit, strong-wristed fencer with the rapier, in which the skill impresses one more than the force, while without the force the skill would be valueless, even hurtful, to its possessor" ("Antiphon," p. 176). Even so: the gleam of the Damascus blade, lightning-edged, flames under the wreathing myrtles with which Peace has twined it; or, unmetaphorically, the brain-strength is used gently and without display, but it is there. With reference to Dyce's little painting of George Herbert as an angler, the writer in the "Christian Remembrancer"—from whom we have quoted more than once—lays stress on this intellectuality and thought of "The Temple," and indeed

of all Herbert's verse and prose, as thus: "Mr. Dyce's picture,[1] while representing well the serenity which Herbert's impetuous nature gained by rigid exercise of self-control and resignation, illustrates only too well the popular misconception, universal among those who know George Herbert only by report. Most persons, we may venture to say, only think of him as, to borrow Mr. Spurgeon's elegant designation of him, "a devout old Puseyite" of the time of the first Stuart, completely estranged from their sympathy, not by the antiquated manners of the period only, but by his own singular austerity of life and extraordinary self-abnegation. Most persons merely know his poetry by a few lines culled here and there to provoke a smile at their quaintness and want of rhythm. Even among those who cherish with loving reverence the memory of his holy and beautiful life, few are aware—for it needs patient research, undiscouraged by the archaisms of a style strangely dissonant to modern ears—*how high a place he is entitled to, purely on the ground of intellectual ability* (pp. 104-5). Proceed we now to his

3. *Imaginativeness and originality*. Imagination is so utterly of the *stuff* of poetry, that no one may hope to retain a place among the greatest "Makers" (reverting to the fine old name) without it. Yet never was it more necessary than in

[1] "In last year's exhibition of paintings, not a few among the gazers who crowded the Royal Academy's rooms were attracted round a small but highly finished picture, which, to say nothing of its other claims to be noticed (and these are considerable with all who can appreciate the delicacy, repose, and careful execution of Mr. Dyce's manner), certainly stood out in unique contrast to its companions both in subject and colouring," &c. ("Chr. Rememb." p. 104). A. Cooper, R.A., selected the incident of Herbert's helping the poor man whose horse had fallen by the wayside for a kindred painting. Major engraved it for his edition of the "Lives" (1825, p. 320). It is commonplace, save in the horse's eye.

our own day to remember that there is imagination *and* imagination; never more necessary to test what claims our acceptance as poetry by Shakespeare's definition. Let us recall it:

> "Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
> Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
> More than cool reason ever comprehends.
> The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
> *Are of imagination all compact:*
> One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
> That is the madman: the lover, all as frantic,
> Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
> *The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,*
> *Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,*
> *And as imagination bodies forth*
> *The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen*
> *Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing*
> *A local habitation and a name.*"
> ("Midsummer Night's Dream," act v. sc. 1.)

We have many "seething brains," but lack the "fine frenzy;" abundance of "great swelling words," little of that "imagination" which is "*compact.*" The thick-coming epithets, the laborious and gaudy word-painting, the spasm and mouthing of belauded poetry, are the antithesis of what I take to be true Imaginativeness, an essential of which is that it be not diffuse but *compact.* Of this condensation and compactness of imagination I pronounce George Herbert on his own level—level rather than altitude—to be a master; and I regard "The Temple" as furnishing incomparable examples of the fulfilment of the "Midsummer Night's Dream's" supreme requirement:

> "As Imagination bodies forth
> The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
> Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
> A local habitation and a name."

Take this of the Agony of Gethsemane:

> "Sin is that press and vice, which forceth Pain
> To hunt his cruel food through every vein;"

and this in "The Church Porch" (st. xv.):

> "Chuse brave employments with a naked sword
> Throughout the world. Fool not, for all may have,
> If they dare choose, a glorious life or grave."

Of the former, its naked simpleness of wording is surely declarative of the highest type of the imaginative faculty—"compact" and restrained. Of the latter, had Byron it in unconscious reminiscence in the close of the last, perhaps truest as deepest, of all his poems, "On this day I complete my thirty-sixth year"?—

> "Tread those reviving passions down,
> Unworthy manhood—unto thee
> Indifferent should the smile or frown
> Of beauty be.
>
> "If thou regret'st thy youth, *why live?*
> The land of honourable death
> Is here.—up to the field, and give
> Away thy breath.
>
> "Seek out—less often sought than found—
> A soldier's grave, for thee the best:
> Then look around, and choose thy ground,
> And take thy rest."

"Man" and "Man's Medley" and "Providence" afford abundant examples of the imaginativeness and originality of our Poet. I return on a line and a half of the penultimate stanza of "Man:"

> "Man is one world, and hath
> Another to attend him.'

I know nothing more magnificent than this as a thought, and nothing more perfect than its form. It was only a grotesque grandeur to make Earth (as old astronomic science did) the centre of the universe, and the huge sun to wheel in attendance on it; but it is grand, without touch of grotesqueness, to recognise thus in Man the centre of the vastest and remotest circumference, with all the visible world "to attend him." How

wide-reaching as Wordsworth at his best, is this in 90. Providence (ll. 29-32)!—

> "We all acknowledge both Thy power and love
> To be exact, transcendent, and divine;
> Who dost so strongly and so sweetly move,
> *While all things have their will, yet none but Thine.*"

Nor is this in 129. "The Search" at all inferior:

> "Where is my God? what hidden place
> Conceals Thee still?
> *What covert dare eclipse Thy face?*
> Is it Thy will?
> O let not that of any thing;
> Let rather brasse,
> Or steel, or mountains be Thy ring, *ring-fence*
> And I will passe.
> Thy will such an intrenching is
> As passeth thought:
> To it all strength, all subtilties
> Are things of nought
> Thy will such a strange distance is
> As that to it
> *East and West touch, the poles do kisse,*
> *And parallels meet.*" (ll. 29-44.)

But perhaps the fineness of Herbert's imagination is best seen in his eye for Nature. Purblind critics, calling themselves philosophers, have ignorantly said of Herbert that he knew and cared little or nothing for the sights and sounds of outside Nature.[1] No genuine student of "The

[1] An example occurs in a Paper on "Mr. Tennyson as a Botanist" in "St. Paul's Magazine" (October 1873), as follows: "Although belonging to an earlier date than the sterile period referred to, George Herbert might also be quoted here as a case of poetic talent of a very genuine kind, yet unaccompanied by much perception of natural beauty or picturesqueness. He has sometimes been likened to Keble, a brother churchman and clergyman; but between the two in their feeling and apprehension of the wonders of creation the difference is singular and complete. Herbert's strong point was spiritual anatomy. His probing and exposure of the deceits and vanities of the human heart, and his setting forth of the dangers of the world to spirituality of mind, is at once quaint and incisive. But of any love or special knowledge of the physical world there is scarcely a trace. Keble's poetry, on the other hand—quite as unworldly as that of the author of 'The Temple'—is redolent everywhere of the sights and sounds of Nature. The seasons with their endless changes, the motions of the heavenly bodies, the fragrance of the field, trees, rivers, mountains, and all material things, are assimilated, so to speak, into the very essence of his verse. That very

Temple" will be cheated by such hasty generalisation. While it must be granted that his peculiar poetic gifts were exercised most of all in the uttering of those spiritual experiences which rounded his remarkable Life, and while the penetrativeness and revelation that give Wordsworth his renown belong to a later day, I must nevertheless strenuously assert that all through, our "sweet singer" walks the earth as still God's Eden, the great Gardener's Garden. If you bring insight to discern, you come on the daintiest, quietest, tenderest, winsomest allusions to Nature as he saw it, in simple level English landscape, and so worked-in that you feel at once the presence of Imagination, not mere word-painting:

> "The consecration and the poet's dream,
> The light that never was on sea or land."

Thus is it invariably and inevitably; and hence you have in well-nigh every poem the breath of

world which to Herbert was only base and utterly indifferent, seemed to Keble, to use his own words, 'ennobled and glorified,' and awakened in his soul poetical emotions of the highest and purest kind." A footnote is added: "One of his biographers has discovered a solitary verse, on the faith of which he complacently assumes that Herbert 'was thoroughly alive to the sweet influences of nature'" (p. 444). Conceding to this writer (Mr. J. Hutchison) that "Herbert's strong point was spiritual anatomy," and pleased that he admits the "genuine kind" of our Worthy's "poetic talent" (albeit "talent" is a singularly ill-chosen term), it seems a bounden duty to protest against the serene ignorance of Herbert's "Temple" herein exhibited. If Mr. Hutchison had really given a couple of open-eyed hours to the study of Herbert's poetry, such as he has to Mr. Tennyson's, with good results, he would have been astonished by the "special knowledge" of the "sights and sounds of Nature" shown by him. Indeed, his own description of Keble (from which none will seek to abate) is an accurate one of Herbert. Nothing is more profoundly false than that Herbert regarded this present world "as only base and utterly indifferent." His was too spacious a soul, and he was too whole-hearted for such sentimentalism of misanthropy. The footnote reference to a "solitary verse" is simply ludicrous and blundering. Mr. Hutchison's foolish criticism was very well disposed of in the same periodical for November 1873 in a Paper by Georgiophilus, entitled "George Herbert as a Lover of Nature;" and our examples confirm all stated therein.

the cool rural air, the gleam of the green fields, the sparkle of rain and infinite radiance of dew, the "dark and shadie grove" and sky beyond, the "sweet surprise" of woodland and wayside flowers in "momentanie bloom," or "green and gay," or autumn-stained, or twined in quick-fading "posie," and "tender grasse," and bud, "nipt blossome," and fruit; the bird in its nest or on the wing, or lifting its little head after sipping a drink, the "nightingale," and "lark," and "sweet Dove," of changeful plumage; the clouds, the stars' "noiseless spheres," light, and lightning—God's "golden spear,"—wind and wave, "rolling waves," the tossing yet straight-steered "boat," the limpet on the rock, the "bubble" iridescent and fragile, the snow, the flooded meadow, the "secret cave," the "ringing" woods, the sunbeam reaching up like a golden stair from earth to heaven, the rainbow, light "watrish" or flashing; bees, the "worm" ("griev'd for a worm on which I tread"), dogs, the horse —in fine, *bits* of nature comparable with the landscape backgrounds of our greatest portrait painters —behind the portraits, yet cunningly and inestimably done. Herbert indeed actualised William Blake's "Auguries of Innocence:"

> "To see a world in a grain of sand,
> And a heav'n in a wild flower,
> Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
> And eternity in an hour."

Only one who found "a heav'n in a wild flower," one to whom his Parsonage-garden was a very Garden of Eden, would thus have cried out:

> "Rain, *do not hurt my flowers*, but gently spend
> Your hony-drops: presse not to smell them here;
> When they are ripe their odour will ascend,
> And at your lodging with their thanks appeare."
> ("Providence," ll. 117-120.)

Only one, too, who was "all eare," as ever Shakespeare was, could thus have "imagined:"

> "All must appeare,
> And be dispos'd, and dress'd, and tun'd by Thee,
> Who sweetly temper'st all. IF WE COULD HEARE
> THY SKILL AND ART, WHAT MUSICK WOULD IT BE!"
> ("Providence," ll. 37-40.)

This latter especially shows how vocal to him was the "physical world," to which critics have supposed he was "utterly indifferent," or regarded as "only base." There is within it, too, as often, a subtle doubling of the thought, in its earthly and divine side—a subtlety that comes out in the very first stanza of "The Church Porch," wherein "delight" itself becomes consecrate with the awfulness of "sacrifice."

Dr. Macdonald has pointed out another element of Herbert's imaginativeness and originality in his "use of homeliest imagery for highest thought." This, he justly thinks, "is in itself enough to class him with the highest *kind* of poets." He proceeds: "If my reader will refer to 'The Elixir,' he will see an instance in the third stanza, 'You may look at the glass or at the sky'—'You may regard your action only, or that action as the will of God.' Again, let him listen to the pathos and simplicity of this one stanza from a poem he calls 'The Flower.' He has been in trouble; his times have been evil, he has felt a spiritual old age creeping upon him; but he is once more awake:

> 'And now in age I bud again,
> After so many deaths I live and write;
> I once more smell the dew and rain,
> And relish versing: O, my onely Light,
> It cannot be
> That I am he
> On whom Thy tempests fell at night!'

Again:

> 'Some may dream merrily, but when they wake
> They dress themselves and come to Thee,'"
> ("Antiphon," p. 180.)

That vivid line, "I once more smell the dew and rain," was the grateful sigh of one whose heart-delight was in Nature, even beyond his "versing," which, be it noted, comes after, not before, his celebration of return from the sick-chamber to his seat on the garden-meadow facing the Neddar.

The ORIGINALITY of Herbert is remarkable. His Sonnet (a double one) to his Mother—the Poem to the Queen of Bohemia by "G. H.," which I have reclaimed, with only slight hesitation, for him—and "The Parodie" bear the impress of Donne,[1] and prove that he was potential over him to the last; [2] and there are cadences and pauses and breaks of melody that tell us Shakespeare's folio was all but certainly one of the books for which he fasted that he might possess it. Thomas Tusser and Richard Barnfield have also much of his ethical teaching, and also his terseness—both yielding most interesting anticipatory parallels. But substantially he thought and felt and saw and sang for himself. Henry Vaughan thought more deeply, saw more magnificent visions (as of Eternity's "great ring" of Light), felt perhaps more passionately, looked more widely, sang with a fuller music and a more absolute spontaneity; but George Herbert was autochthonal after a remarkable type, alike in his thinking and imaginativeness, and wording and art. His "The Rose" and "Sunday" attest this in their com-

[1] The "*Parody*" (vol. i. pp. 211, 212) is after Donne's Love-lyric (F. W. L. edn., vol. ii. pp. 235-36).

[2] The line quoted by Herbert in the "Church Porch" (st. xiv. l. 2) occurs in Donne's lines to "Mr. Tillman on his taking Orders. It is just *the* poem of his friend that we would have expected Herbert to turn to and value. It must have gone home to him as he hesitated to accept Bemerton.

bined familiarity and newness.[1] I invite brief attention next to his—

4. *Wit and Humour*. Wit, in present meaning, is synonymous with "humour," as humour is with "wit." Formerly it designated much more, as elsewhere is shown.[2] I use it in the old sense of Wisdom, and in that George Herbert is affluent; while I combine it with humour, inasmuch as there is a delicate playfulness in his gravest wisdom that is to me infinitely winning. You cannot study "The Temple," or "A Priest to the Temple," or "Jacula Prudentum" without being struck with the *fulness* of sound common-sensed counsels on everyday duties and obligations, as well as on the higher and everlasting, or without perceiving that the Parson of Bemerton could unbend, and enjoy "pleasant laughter." His humour we should ill have spared, so gracious is it in itself, and so much more human and near to us does it make the Saint; for never was falser idea of Christ than the patristic legend of the Lord having wept but never laughed, as though He Who fashioned the "fount of tears" were not the same Who strung the risible nerves, and implanted in His most absolute and crowned men, a keen sense of the ludicrous, the incongruous, the odd, as "all things are big with jest." Yet is the "jest" ever that of a profoundly thoughtful man, as in "The Church Porch" (st. v. 1, 2), wherein he proclaims the levelling character in saint and sinner of "strong drink"—"When once it is within." Once let it pass

[1] I may be permitted to refer to my Essay on the "Life and Writings of Henry Vaughan" ("Works," vol. ii. pp. lxxviii.-xcvi.) for "His Relation to George Herbert." I have very little to even modify therein, except perhaps that I have allowed Vaughan's grandeur of imagination to overshadow the not less genuine imaginative faculty of Herbert, though it be on a humbler plane.

[2] See "Notes and Illustrations," *s. v.*

"within," and "grace" as "flesh" falls before it —surely a living word for to-day![1]

The wit, *id est* wisdom, of Herbert, is most of all revealed in "the simple but substantial and ever stately Church Porch." Here once more I draw upon that thoughtful Essay which has already yielded so much of value: "This ['The Church Porch'] consists of seven-and-seventy stanzas, full of clear sense concerning the common conduct of life, chastened worldly wisdom, and pure Christian morality, addressed to the Laertes or young son of the Church:

> 'Thou whose sweet youth and early hopes inhance
> Thy rate and price, and mark thee for a treasure.'

The neophyte is cordially, fervently, but above all sensibly, warned against lust, wine, and, especially, boastfulness and sensuality. It is roundly and grandly said of the boaster,

> 'He makes flat war with God, and doth defy
> With his poor clods of earth the spacious sky.'

Swearing, leasing, and idleness are next rebuked with as much *pungency as wit*. The very soldier is adjured to use a noble sedulity:

> 'Chase brave employment with a naked sword
> Throughout the world. Fool not; for all may have,
> If they dare try, a glorious life or grave.'

Constancy, frugality, regularity of living, love of solitude and thrift are all enforced with singular judgment. Hints about dress, play, conversation, quarrel, laughter, wit, the great, friendship, and general behaviour are spun into as many stanzas. At length there is more seriously inculcated the duty of respect for Sunday, the

[1] I searched Ryley's MS. Notes on "The Temple" for something quick; but found them dreary and empty and torpid, and unworthy of quotation.

Church, the Minister, and the institution of Prayer; all done with as much point as gravity; and with a most gallant ending, which will always please the wisest best:

'In brief, acquit thee bravely; play the man.
Look not on pleasures as they come, but go.
Defer not the least virtue; life's poor span
Make not an ell by trifling in thy woe.
  If thou do ill the joy fades, not the pains;
  If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains.'

That which strikes one most forcibly in all these preliminary stanzas is the practical sense that pervades them. One had thought Herbert a meek and innocent Church-mystic, and here one finds him a man of life and counsel. The saint approves himself a gentleman; the scholar a man of the world; the minister a citizen. The reader is reminded of Bacon's minor Essays; in some of the passages there is, here and there, a touch of pawky Benjamin Franklin; but such is the thoroughbred air of the whole 'Porch,' that the image of old Polonius bestowing wise and elegant advices on his son is more frequently suggested than either. These fits of easy association last only a moment now and then, however; for the most part the individuality of George Herbert is not to be lost sight of, for the fragrant breath of the Church is in the Porch. Besides, the style of the expression as well as the thought is remarkably idiosyncratic; it is quite as much so in this profane portion of the piece as it is within 'The Temple.' It is full of felicities." Further: "We would hasten into the sacred and equalising enclosure, but that we wish to point out a certain hidden significance in the construction of the 'Porch' before doing so. In this the prelude of the piece there is nothing set forth but manners and morality. Nothing truly sacred, nothing

that is spiritual is introduced. The inner life of the Church member is hardly hinted at; that life of Christ which is hid with God is religiously reserved for the interior of 'The Temple.' With how much care and touching simplicity is morality, pure and undefiled, kept separate and differentialised from Christianity by this poetic contrivance! Ethics, and even christianised ethics, which form 'the be-all and the end-all" here of certain ancient and modern codes, is the mere Perirrhanterium of the religion of Jesus. Beyond the endeavours and attainments of him 'whose life is in the right' there is a whole universe of higher, deeper, subtiller, tenderer, and more glorious experiences for the Christian. Morality is no part of Christianity proper; it is its best and likeliest preparative of the way, or it is its first and its necessary sign; but it is not an integral part of it, any more than health is part and parcel of morality, although it is one of its delightful consequences. The Christian is and must be moral; but he is not a Christian in virtue of his morality, he is a moral being in consequence of his Christianity. As it has been forcibly expressed by Coleridge, in his comment upon James i. 27, morality is the mere outer service or ceremonial of Christianity: it bears the same proportion and relation to the moral essence itself, as the external services of the tabernacle and the temple sustained to the faith and theopathic life of Moses and the fathers. It is a mere body, capable of subsisting by itself; but also capable of becoming informed and glorified by the new spirit of Christ. Now the reader of sensibility cannot fail to perceive that all this is enfolded in, or rather poetically adumbrated by, the very subject-matter and the treatment of the 'Porch,'

at which we have just been glancing. Nor can any one very well escape the feeling by way of inference that the author of so much plain good sense is a trustworthy guide to loftier themes. The priest has gained one's confidence on the threshold of his sacred home; and one advances full of trust in the candour of the wise young minister, not overawed even by those solemn words from the Superliminare:

> 'Avoid profaneness; come not here:
> Nothing but holy, pure, and clear,
> Or that which groaneth to be so,
> May at his peril further go.'"[1]

By the way, "Avoid profaneness" as=a counsel to the reader is the usual way of understanding this; but surely our reading "Avoid" as=" Avaunt, Profaneness!" is deeper. With all this wisdom and all his gravity there is ever and anon, as indicated, scintillation of humour. Take these among many:

> "God gave thy soul brave wings"—

is his awakening and grand clarion-call to the Sluggard in the face of the sun; but how quaint and sly follows this!—

> "Put not those feathers
> Into a bed, to sleep out all ill weathers."

Again, he has been holding interview in his parish with some stupid and obese squire; and his portrait goes into "The Church Porch;"

> "O England! . . . .
> . . . . fill thy breast with glory!
> Thy *gentry* bleats, as if thy native cloth
> *Transfused* a *sheepishness* into thy story."

Donne earlier and Cowper and Lamb later would

[1] Dr. Samuel Brown, as before, pp. 112-14, 115-17.

have "clapped hands" with warble of soft laughter over that. Again:

> "He's *a man of pleasure*,
> A kind of *thing* that's for itself too dear."

The scorn of "thing" here is almost terrible, yet is there gleam of humour in it. There is a "grave sad" humour too in this emblem-conception of death:

> "Therefore Thou dost not show
> This fully to us, till death blow
> The dust into our eyes;
> For by that powder Thou wilt make us see."

In this also, and something profounder still:

> "If, poor soul, thou hast no tears,
> *Would thou hadst no faults*, or fears;
> *Who hath these*, those ill forbears."

"The Quip" brims over with humour, and so too "Death" (personated as a skeleton). Even the grave "Church Militant" has flashes of playful seriousness that would be greatly relished at Weston.

It were easy to cull aphorisms of wisdom, succinct and condensed so as to be almost proverbial in their form, and to multiply, by puns and quips and playings on words and varying meanings, proofs of Herbert's humour, that inevitable element in the highest kind of Poet; but sufficient has been said for those willing to "search" for themselves. I have to notice now very briefly his—

5. *Sanctity*. Our analysis and interpretation of the life of Herbert has demonstrated that it was out of conflict and anguish, backsliding and tears, he grew up into the holy "divine" man he ultimately became, and is to the universal heart; but of that ultimate holiness and consecration there is not the shadow of a doubt. Few things consequently will more reward the student of human

nature than an earnest, vigilant reading and re-reading of the writings of our Worthy, so as to receive into his heart-of-hearts the sanctity of his Poetry as represented by "The Temple" and "A Priest to the Temple."[1]

The Christian will ever find in the Life and Writings of George Herbert at once motive and impulse, reproof and aspiration, and human evidence of how an imagined impossible ideal may become a living reality on earth, and how, the grand apostolic charge—at first sight more wasteful than to "gild refined gold," to "paint the lily," to "throw a perfume on the violet"—to "*adorn* the doctrine," may be done by men and women to-day. The Sanctity of the Life, and this Sanctity in the very substance of the Writings of Herbert, is a legacy to Christendom that arithmetic cannot estimate. We have finally—

v. *Early and later Estimates.*

The "Commendatory Verses" prefixed to some of the early editions of "The Temple" are very poor. The first, entitled "A Memorial to the Honourable George Herbert, author of the Sacred Poems, who died about anno 1635, is anonymous, and its "about anno 1635," when it would have been so easy to have given the correct year (1632-3), is an index of its carelessness. He sings:

> "Great saint, unto thy memory and shrine
> I owe all veneration, save divine,
> For thy rare poems; piety and pen
> Speak thee no less than miracle of men;"

and it is pleasing to read his closing testimony that he "lived and died without an enemy."

[1] I reluctantly leave out here an eloquent quotation from "Antiphon." (See Fuller Worthies' Library edition, as before, vol. ii. pp. cv.-cvii.)

"P. D. Esq." is quaint and loving, but unpoetic; his last couplet is:

"Here a divine, prophet, and poet lies,
That laid up mana for posterities."[1]

The lines on "The Church Militant," by "Adversus Impia, anno 1670," find their fitting place with that poem.[2] Paling all the verse-tributes is Richard Crashaw's little letter, "sent to a gentlewoman" along with a gift-copy of "The Temple," (his modest entitling of his own Poems "Steps to the Temple.")

They are charming lines. They are daintily wrought. They would have delighted the author. Walton was appreciative enough to add them to his Life; and they claim a place here inevitably:—

ON MR GEORGE HERBERT'S BOOKE INTITULED THE TEMPLE OF SACRED POEMS, SENT TO A GENTLE WOMAN

"Know you, faire, on what you looke?
Divinest love lyes in this booke
Expecting fier from your faire eyes,
To kindle this his sacrifice
When your hands untie these strings,
Thinke yo' have an angell by the wings,
One that gladly would be nigh,
To waite upon each morning sigh,
To flutter in the balmy aire
Of your well perfumed praier,
These white plumes of his hee'l lend you,
Which every day to Heaven will send you,
To take acquaintance of each spheare
And all your smooth faced kindred there
And though Herbert's name doe owe
These devotions, fairest, know
While I thus lay them on the shrine
Of your white hand, they are mine"[3]

Dean Duport, who first published the "Epigrams-Apologetical" in answer to "Anti-Tami-

[1] In Appendix to the annotated "Life of Herbert" by Walton (vol iii) I give these Commendatory Poems, and also Daniel Baker's

[2] F W L edn, pp. 239-240

[3] My edition of "Complete Works of Crashaw" in Fuller Worthies library, 2 vols., vol. i pp 139, 140.

Cami-Categoria," has several Latin poems commemorative of Herbert.[1]

The Preface-Memoir—discursive and somewhat verbose—of Barnabas Oley (1651), and the larger Life by Walton (1670), are full of personal admiration, but contain little of critical value, except as seen earlier, that the former drew a broad line of demarcation between the sacred poems of "The Temple" and his "Parentalia" and "Epigrams-Apologetical." The next noticeable mention of Herbert as a poet is by Richard Baxter, in the preface to his "Poetical Fragments" (1681). It runs as follows: "But I must confess, after all, that, next the Scripture Poems, there are none so savoury to me as Mr. George Herbert's. I know that Cowley and others far excel Herbert in wit and accurate composure; but as Seneca takes with me above all his contemporaries, because he speaketh things by words feelingly and seriously, like a man that is past jest, so Herbert speaks to God like a man that really believeth in God, and whose business in the world is most with God: heart-work and heaven-work make up his book."

Baxter elsewhere incidentally works in *bits* from "The Temple." He was related to the Danvers kindred, if I err not, and was introduced to Court by Sir Henry Herbert. Following Baxter comes Henry Vaughan, in his solemn and affecting preface to "Silex Scintillans," as follows: "The first that with any effectual success attempted a diversion of this foul and overflowing stream [of love-verse] was the blessed man Mr. George Herbert, whose holy life and verse gained many converts—of whom I am the least—and gave the first check to a most flourishing and admired wit

[1] See Fuller Worthies' Library edition as before, vol. ii. pp. cix.-cx. for translation of one, and vol. iii. for notices of others, by Duport.

of his time. After him followed diverse—*sed non passibus aequis:* they had more of fashion than force. And the reason of their so vast distance from him, besides differing spirits and qualifications—for his measure was eminent—I suspect to be, because they aimed more at verse than perfection, as may be easily gathered by their frequent impressions and numerous pages." These lowly and grateful words have been pushed far beyond their meaning and intention, traditional criticism ignorantly finding in them a profession of indebtedness to Herbert as a poet, while it was only spiritual good the Silurist owned. Accordingly in my edition of his Works[1] I have vindicated for Henry Vaughan not his originality merely, but his well-nigh infinite supremacy over Herbert in all that goes to constitute the aboriginal poet; and the more I study him the more I feel what an outrage it is to place "Silex Scintillans," "Olor Iscanus," and "Thalia Rediviva" beneath "The Temple." But while this is so, and while Henry Vaughan in almost every way bulks out a larger-souled, more nobly-dowered poet, it is very satisfying to find how our "sweet singer" ministered consolation and peace to him in that "valley of the shadow of death" from which he came up; as earlier the same "little volume" was a soothing companion to unhappy Charles [I.] in his prison;[2] and later to William Cowper,

[1] Our edition of Henry Vaughan's "Complete Works, Verse and Prose," 4 vols., Fuller Worthies' Library.

[2] Dibdin, in his "Library Companion," p. 702, says: "The second and best edition of Herbert's Poems appeared in 1633, in a slender duodecimo volume. I have seen more than one beautiful copy of the pious volume, which has brought as much as £4 4s., in a delicately ruled and thickly gilt ornamented condition; and in some such condition there is good reason to believe that Charles I. possessed it. Indeed his own copy of it, in blue morocco with rich gold tooling, was once, I learn, in the library of Tom Martin, of Palgrave." Sir Thomas Herbert, in his "Carolina Threnodia, or Remains of the

when he wrestled with despair and suicide, as he himself tells us in his fragment of autobiography, as follows:

"I was struck, not long after my settlement in the Temple, with such a dejection of spirits as none but they who have felt the same can have the least conception of. Day and night I was on the rack; lying down in horror, and rising up in despair. I presently lost all relish for those studies to which I had before been closely attached. The classics had no longer any charms for me; I had need of something more salutary than amusement, but I had no one to direct me where to find it. At length I met with Herbert's poems, and Gothic and uncouth as they were, I yet found in them a strain of piety which I could not but admire. This was the only author I had any delight in reading. I pored over him all day long; and though I found not here what I might have found—a cure for my malady—yet it never seemed so much alleviated as while I was reading him."

The writings of Herbert continued to be "in print" from generation to generation, and hence must have had a place in many homes and hearths. You come on not unfrequent citations from "The Temple" in more especially godly Nonconformist authors. Thus, in Dr. Bryan's "Dwelling with God, the Interest and Duty of Believers," 1670—that book which is one of the very few known by his autograph on a copy to have been in the library of John Bunyan—page on page is brightened with "apples of gold" from "The Temple's" "basket-work of silver;"[1] and it were not hard to multiply similar recognitions of Herbert in the way that Dr. Samuel Johnson pronounced to be the "highest compliment you could pay an author," viz. to quote him. But you do not meet with his name in the usual biographic and literary authorities. Far inferior names occur and recur; his does not. I have been specially struck with the absence of so much as one hearty sentence about

Two Last Years of Charles the First," names "Herbert's Poems" among the books which the monarch-prisoner read most frequently.

[1] See a Paper by me, in "Leisure Hour" (October, 1873), on "A Book that belonged to John Bunyan" (pp. 686-88).

him, or quotation from him, by a divine of his own church; and, curiously enough, the thing remains to-day very much the same. For while Coleridge has shown that the competent reader of Herbert must not only be a Christian, devout and devotional, as well as the subject of poetical sensibility and culture, but further (to give his own words) "must be an affectionate and dutiful child of the Church [of England], and from habit, conviction, and a constitutional predisposition to ceremoniousness in piety as well as in manners, find her forms and ordinances aids to religion, not sources of formality; for religion is the element in which he lives and the region in which he moves"—it is simple matter-of-fact that the only approaches to adequate critical estimates of George Herbert have been from the hearts and pens of Nonconformists. Witness the often-quoted essays of our own day, in Dr. Samuel Brown and Dr. George Macdonald, Professor Nichol and George Gilfillan, as compared with the *jejune* and captious notice of even such-an-one as Keble: of the last, more anon.

There is a gap between Baxter and Vaughan and further noticeable mention of George Herbert of fully a century. Headley's criticism was the first to break the long silence; and churchman though he was, it is an impertinence exceeded only by its characteristic shallowness; *e.g.* "'The Temple' is a compound of enthusiasm without sublimity, and conceit without ingenuity or imagination" ("Select Specimens," 2 vols. 8vo., 1810). Deplorable to say, across the Atlantic, Henry Neele is found indolently all but accepting the imbecile verdict ("Lectures on English Poets").

One cannot wonder that "The Temple" fell

out of sight comparatively during the eighteenth century; for as the "Christian Remembrancer" (as before, p. 106) observes: "His style was too abrupt and unadorned for their elaborately rounded periods, his religious aspirations too glowing for their decorous conventionalities, his theology too patristic for their latitudinarianism, and, we may add, his thoughts at once too profound and too rudely chiselled for their polished but superficial philosophy." To be read *cum grano salis*, seeing that Butler and Jonathan Edwards belong to the century: yet relatively true. Of its criticism the "Christian Remembrancer" (as before, p. 127) observes: "Warton, in a strange confusion of metaphors, speaks of Pope 'judiciously collecting gold from the dregs of Herbert, Crashaw,' &c. It would be nearer the mark to say that Pope had penetration to detect the rich unpolished ore strewn at random in Herbert's poems, and skill to give it new lustre by the charm of his elaborate workmanship." Who doubts this, let him read the "Church Porch" and "Essay on Man" in the light of each other.

It is not until our own time that George Herbert has received his due crown of praise. Hallam—as so often—has not a line to spare for George Herbert as a poet, and is wooden and unsympathetic on the one book of his which he glances at, although he turns aside to pay preposterous praise to a "friend" bearing the name of Herbert, for a poem yclept "Attilla;" others are supercilious and ignorant; and others feel repelled by the man's accusing sanctity. But Coleridge stooped his broad forehead to do honour to the poet and to the saint, and by sheer insistence talked many, who never would

have opened his pages, into studying him, and that sufficed; for if you once really read "The Temple" a spell is on you, and you are held captive, as were his listeners by the "Ancient Mariner." Passing the "lofty praise" of Dr. Samuel Brown and others by the necessities of our waning space,[1] I must content myself with the well-weighed summary of the "Christian Remembrancer" (as before):—

"We have been reluctant to quit a subject so fascinating. Men like George Herbert are rare. It is not his wide learning, nor his refined taste, nor his high spirit, nor his amiability, nor even his strictness of life; it is not any of these qualities singly that distinguishes him, but the rare combination in one person of qualities so diversely beautiful. He was 'master of all learning, human and divine.' So writes his brother, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and his Remains, few as they are, confirm this eulogy; yet his learning is not what strikes the reader most, it is so thoroughly controlled and subordinated by his lively wit and practical wisdom. He was exemplary in the domestic relations of life, 'tender and true,' as son, husband, friend; yet he seems to have lived as a 'home missionary' among his parishioners. He was a man of letters, yet ever condescending to the petty concerns of his poor ignorant clients; an ambitious man, yet he relinquished all worldly objects for the humble work of the ministry. He was, in a word, a man of extraordinary endowments, both personal and such as belonged to his rank—not lost in indolence nor wasted in trivialities, but all disciplined and cultivated to the

[1] In our full "Essay on the Life and Writings of Herbert" (vol. ii. pp. cxv.-cxxiii.) are tributes to Herbert from Dr. Samuel Brown, Professor Nichol, George Gilfillan, and others.

utmost, and then devoted to the highest purposes. Men of a less evenly-balanced genius may create a greater sensation in the world; as the eccentric course of a comet may attract more notice than steadier and less startling luminaries. But it may be questioned whether the influence of men like George Herbert is not wider and deeper, though less perceptible, in the end. From them come the hidden watercourses of thought and action that irrigate the world with ever fresh supplies of life and vigour by innumerable unnoticeable rills, preserving its morality from corruption and stagnation. The influence of those who possess Herbert's natural ability, combined with his solidity of character, cannot be measured by what we see. It is to men of this metal that England owes her greatness—men, like him, of high spirit, strict principle, genial practical energy —men who, over and above other fine qualities, are strong in that reality and earnestness on which we are apt to pride ourselves as peculiarly English" (p. 137). This also might have been added, that, while thoroughly a man of his age, George Herbert, even when at Court, partook of none of its stains. He would fain have won high place there; was not conscience-driven from it, as was Richard Baxter later when introduced by Sir Henry Herbert; yet was he pure and true:

"not mixt
With th' Age's torrent, but still clear and fixt;
As gentle oyl upon the streams doth glide,
Not mingling with them, though it smooth the tide;"[1]

so that, as William Bell sang of William Cartwright, "The priest may own all that the poet writ." Thus is it that these odd antique books

[1] Cartwright: "To the memory of Sir Henry Spelman," p. 310.

hold their own amid all ebbing and flowing of opinion and circumstance:

"though dumb
Thy picturesque old language, long outworn,
And spoken now by none of woman born,
. . . Thy work, like some naive early fresco, keeps
Its first quaint charm—its feelings fresh as morn:
Its mythic flowers, whose roots are in the deeps
Of Truth; and from which, though they seem t' adorn
Alone, deep inward meanings Wisdom reaps."[1]

One could as soon conceive the skylark's singing or the primrose's beauty to pall, as one stone of "The Temple" to be suffered to moss over or to go to decay. Their very modesty and unpretence secure the undyingness of Herbert's writings, and especially his verse:

"like the ivy, it grows
Around neglected things: to beautify
The commonplace, and touch with poesy
The Daily and the Homely—and it throws
Its large affections, tendril-like and close,
Round the familiar hopes and fears whereby
The household bosom of Humanity
Is touched, *as round the cottage-porch the rose.*"[2]

I would draw these Estimates to a close with (*a*) the "Christian Remembrancer's" comparison of Herbert and Keble; (*b*) Archbishop Leighton's notes in his copy of "The Temple;" (*c*) Coleridge's notes on Herbert; (*d*) Various Readings in the Williams MS.—gathering up the little all as we do filings of gold.

(*a*) George Herbert, John Keble, and Cowper.

"To compare Herbert with the colossal genius of Milton would be preposterous. He is more nearly on a par with the others whom we have mentioned. If he wants their polished and musical diction, and is comparatively deficient in the variety of natural imagery and the tenderness

[1] Henry Ellison: "To Herodotus,' p. 161. [2] *Ib.* "My Poetry."

of domestic pathos which belong to the poets of Olney and Hursley, he may be ranked above Keble in terseness and vigour, while his manly cheerfulness is a delightful contrast to the morbid gloom which throws its chilling shade over many of Cowper's most beautiful passages. In the general characteristics of profound and reflective philosophy, Herbert and Trench [Archbishop of Dublin] may be classed together. Between Herbert and Keble the resemblance is still more striking. The influence of the older poet is very perceptible throughout the 'Christian Year,'—here and there in the very words of it. It is interesting to trace the coincidences [?] of these kindred minds. In the 'Flower,' which Coleridge calls 'a delicious poem,' Herbert rejoices in the return of Spring to the earth, and of Spring-like feelings to his own heart, and proceeds:

> 'These are Thy wonders, Lord of power,
> Killing and quickning, bringing down to hell
> And up to heaven in an houre.
> We say amisse
> This or that is;
> Thy Word is all, if we could spell.'

In almost the same words, Keble exclaims:

> 'These are Thy wonders hourly wrought,
> Thou Lord of time and thought;
> Lifting and lowering souls at will,
> Crowding a world of good or ill
> Into a moment's vision.' (Sixth S. after Trinity).

In another place Keble expresses the longing, such as even heathen philosophers felt, for the glorious emancipation of the immortal nature of man from its earthly elements:

> 'Till every limb obey the mounting soul,
> The mounting soul the call by Jesus given:
> He, Who the stormy heart can so control,
> The laggard body soon will waft to heaven.'
> (Twenty-third S. after Trinity.)

The same thought occurs in Herbert:

'Give me my captive soul, or take
My body also thither!
Another lift like this will make
Them both to be together.'

In both poets alike we see a natural inclination towards the attractions of the world checked by self-discipline:

'I thought it scorn with Thee to dwell,
A hermit in a silent cell,
While, gaily sweeping by,
Wild Fancy blew his bugle strain,
And marshalled all his gallant train
In the world's wondering eye.
I would have joined him, but as oft
Thy whispered warnings kind and soft
My better soul confest.
"My servant, leave the world alone;
Safe on the steps of Jesus' throne
Be tranquil and be blest."' (First S. after Trinity.)

So in 'The Quip,' which we have already referred to:

'The merrie World did on a day
With his train-bands and mates agree
To meet together where I lay,
And all in sport to jeer at me.'

And the 'merrie World,' in the person of his representatives, 'Beauty,' 'Money,' 'Wit,' tries all his allurements, but in vain. Herbert writes, in his poem on 'Giddinesse:'

'Surely, if each one saw another's heart,
There would be no commerce,
No sale and bargain passe: all would disperse
And live apart.'

Keble has expressed the same idea more fully in his beautiful lines for the Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity:

'Or, what if Heaven for once its searching light
Sent to some partial eye, disclosing all
The rude bad thoughts that in our bosom's might
Wander at large, nor heed love's gentle thrall.

> Who would not shun the dreary uncouth place?
> As if, fond leaning where her infant slept,
> A mother's arm a serpent should embrace;
> So might we friendless live, and die unwept.'

In both poets the consecutiveness of the ideas is often far from obvious, and must be sought beneath the surface. In Herbert there is less periphrasis in the expression of devotional feelings. Such outbursts as—

> 'Oh! my dear God, though I am clean forgot,
> Let me not love Thee, if I love Thee not,'

cannot be paralleled in Keble; they are characteristic of Herbert and of his age.

"These parallel passages are interesting as marking the similarity of character which subsists in great and good men, even of very distinct individualities. The admirers of the 'Christian Year' will find much in 'The Temple' to remind them of their favourite passages. If 'The Temple' is never likely to exercise the extraordinary influence of the 'Christian Year'—an influence on the religious mind of England greater than has ever been exercised by any book of the kind,—an influence extending itself imperceptibly even to quarters seemingly most alien—still it is a book to make a deep impression, when it impresses at all; and its influence is of a kind to percolate through the few to the many.

"The resemblance between Herbert and Cowper is fainter; or rather, a strong resemblance is qualified by equally strong traits of difference. Both poets have much in common with Horace, strange as any comparison may appear at first sight between them and the pagan poet of the licentious court of Augustus. They have no small share of his lyrical fervour, his adroitness in the choice of words, and in the adaptation of

metres; and in satire, the same light touch, the same suppressed humour, the same half-sportive, half-pensive strictures on the anomalies of life. Both Herbert and Cowper love to dwell on the transitoriness of earthly pleasures; but there is this difference: Herbert oftener adds that man may enjoy them in moderation while they last:

'Not that he may not here
Taste of the cheer,
But as birds drink, and straight lift up their head,
So must he sip, and think
Of better drink
He may attain to after he is dead.'

"Both poets complain alike of times of religious depression; but Herbert's lyre is more often tuned to joy and thankfulness for refreshment and relief. He was naturally of a more hopeful temperament. But there are other causes to account for the difference. That distrustful dread of alienation from the favour of Heaven, which, in religious minds of Cowper's school, seems even to overcloud the sense of reconciliation through the Cross, was no part of Herbert's creed. On the contrary, it was the very essence of his faith, a source of unfailing strength, to regard himself and his fellow-Christians as having all the privileges of adoption within reach freely to enjoy. Again, while poor Cowper's mental vision was for ever introverted on himself, and busied with that dissection of transient phases of feeling which paralyzes the healthy action of the soul, Herbert's glance was oftener turned to the great objective truths of Christianity, deriving from them support in the consciousness of infirmity. Here is the secret of the cheerfulness of his poetry. The vivid realisation of the great external facts of Christianity is what distinguishes him from the 'erotic school'

of Germany. But for this he might be classed with many of the poets of the 'Lyra Germanica.' But his poetry, though instinct with the same glow of seraphic love, is more definite, more practical, less sentimental. There is in it more substance for the mind to take hold of, more suggestiveness of something beyond, less evaporation into mere transports of emotion. His expressions of devout love, however eager and impulsive, are always (as in a short poem called 'Artillerie') profoundly reverential. Love and obedience, faith and duty, are with him inseparable. This habitual attitude of mind toward the Deity, this filial feeling of love tempered by awe, is beautifully apparent in the closing lines of another poem:

'But as I grew more fierce and wild,
At every word
Methought I heard one calling "*Childe!*"
And I replied, "My Lord!"' (pp. 131-134.)

I venture to add, that in the ending of one of the "Parentalia" poems there is a fine parallel with the last quotation, as thus:

". . . . Tandem prehensa comiter lacernula
Susurrat aure quispiam,
Haec fuerat olim potio Domini tui
Gusto proboque dolium." (p. 393.)

With reference to Cowper and Keble, it is very satisfying to have the former's almost adoring expression of indebtedness to "The Temple"— as given already; while it is disappointing, if not more, with all our veneration for the latter, that he had nothing more to say of Herbert than to transfer to him his own pervading fault of "a constant flutter of his fancy, for ever hovering round and round the theme" (Prælectiones Aca-

demicæ, xx. 12)—a fault instinctively dealt with by the Church everywhere, by excision—as of the "flutter of fancy" in opening his truly sweet and beautiful hymn, instead of bursting out at once as Herbert would have done—"Sun of my soul!" The "Christian Year" is infinitely indebted within and on the surface, in its thinking and emotion and wording, to "The Temple;" and one reads the poor criticism of the "Prælectiones" with a pain correspondent to that with which one reads Campbell's condemnation of Henry Vaughan—while pilfering from him. I must also be permitted to demur to the closing remarks on the imagined non-objective character of Cowper's poetry in relation to the *Cross* and cognate doctrines. Personally, the dark shadow of insanity held him in subjective misery and hopelessness certainly; but the peculiarity is, that through all, his eye saw clearly the grand outstanding facts. Be it remembered that, as Cowper wrote it (not as hymn-book compilers mutilate), "There is a fountain filled with blood" reads gloriously and gratefully thus:

"The dying thief rejoiced to see
That Fountain in his day;
And there *have I*, though vile as he,
Wash'd all *my* sins away"

His subjective anguish Cowper kept to himself. His poetry is all radiant with the light of the objective, and is as definite and articulate as Herbert's, or any of our poets.

(*b*) ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON'S NOTES ON HIS COPY OF "THE TEMPLE."

Dr. Burgon, in his "Life of Patrick Fraser Tytler," in giving an account of that historian's visit to the Leighton Library at Dunblane, makes

the following statement: "This visit, I remember, delighted him much; and he brought away an interesting memorial of it by transcribing the abundant notes with which Leighton has enriched his copy of Herbert's Poems."[1] It is not to be wondered at that such an intimation as "*abundant notes*" by so preëminent and like-minded a man as Leighton on so congenial a "little book," excited interest in all Christian and literary circles. Investigation very soon dispelled the pleasing hope of a real addition to that most covetable of our book treasures, "Marginalia," after the type of Selden long ago, and Coleridge recently. Memory ("I remember" is the biographer's phrase) must have given a larger meaning to Tytler's spoken words than those warranted. At least Leighton's copy of "The Temple" (the edition of 1634, and the only early one that ever belonged to the Library) does not contain a single note in the proper sense of the term, *id est*, on George Herbert. Yet are his jottings of patristic quotations and references, suggested to the good bishop as he read, worthy of permanent record; the more especially as, after a first loss and recovery of the volume, it has again disappeared—surely through culpable negligence of the trustees of the Leightonian Library.[2] The following details

[1] The Portrait of a Christian Gentleman: a Memoir of P. F. Tytler, 1859; p. 250.

[2] The Letters referred to are from the Rev. James Boe, of the Kirk of Scotland, Dunblane, and are dated 24th November and 21th December, 1859; and to the *Times*, December 24th, 1879. The volume was then in the Library, and the Notes were transcribed by the late Mr. Boe (who died in 1860), with praiseworthy carefulness, indeed in facsimile, so as to authenticate the handwriting as Leighton's own. Now, on repeated inquiries, the volume is not to be found. Surely the representatives of Mr. Boe ought to be communicated with. In all likelihood it was inadvertently retained among his own books. Dr. Walter C. Smith of Glasgow, in ignorance of Mr. Boe's letter to the *Times*, has this pungent note to "The Bishop's Walk:" "Mr. Burgon states in his 'Life of P. F. Tytler,' that a copy of

are derived from private letters and public addressed to B. H. Beedham, Esq., Ashfield House, Kimbolton, and to the *Times*, with which I have been favoured. As stated above, the edition was that of 1634 ("the Third"), and on the blank page, fronting the first verses of "The Church Porch," are these two quotations in Greek from Gregory Nazianzen:

> τέχνῃ γλυκαζων το πικρὸν τῶν ἐντολῶν. NAZ
>
> το τερπνον οἶμαι τοῦ καλοῦ ποιουμενοι ὄχημα καὶ τυποῦντες ἐκ μελῶν τροπους NAZ.

These are connected with stanza i. ll. 5, 6, by a cross mark in each case.

> "A verse may find him who a sermon flies,
> And turn delight into a sacrifice"

In the former it will be seen that the old Father, having previously spoken of the persuasive influence of verse over certain classes of persons, in leading them to the practice of what is worthy and profitable, represents the versifier as "skilfully sweetening the bitter or unacceptable parts of his moral precepts by presenting them in an agreeable or attractive form." In the latter, having adduced the example of the ancients and of even not a few of the authors of the books of Holy Scripture, who composed their writings in verse, he suggests the following reason: "Those

Herbert's Poems, with notes by Leighton, once existed in the Library at Dunblane It certainly is not there now, and I take this opportunity of again advertising all whom it may concern, that if they do not return it, all literature will *persecute* them" (p 138). The loss of Herbert's Poems recalls a wish of Mr Allen, of Prees, Shrewsbury, "that those volumes which contain Leighton's notes (not as I believe, a very large number) could be carefully catalogued by themselves, and put under closer restrictions as to loan than the other volumes that could be easily replaced." Certainly the Trustees of the Leightonian Library owe it to themselves—(1) to spare no effort to recover Leighton's Herbert's Poems, (2) to show a more adequate appreciation of the inestimableness of the Leighton-noted books in their custody.

persons, as I imagine, making that which is pleasant the vehicle of that which is excellent, and teaching morals by means of verses or of acceptable songs." The apostolic words, "being crafty I caught you with guile" (2 Cor. iv. 16), and that he "might by all means save some" (1 Cor. ix. 22), adumbrate the principle. Other jottings are on the fly-leaves, without mark or reference, as follow:

(1) *μικρὸν καὶ πάντα λέλασται.*
(2) *οἴκοι γενοίμην.*
(3) Eripe me his, invicte, malis.

The last of these, which is found in several of Leighton's books, was suggested no doubt by the "evil days" on which his meek spirit was fallen. Others have been scratched out and are illegible. Besides these small notes, round pencil-marks (dots) abound; but it is impossible to say whether they were made by Leighton. If it be disappointing that for "abundant notes" we must be content with those very slight things, it is satisfactory to have all that really exists (or existed). But the published works of Archbishop Leighton contain a number of allusive quotations from Herbert that it seems well to bring together. There are these from the Commentary upon the First Epistle of St. Peter. (1) "This is the form and life of actions, that by which they are earthly or heavenly. Whatsoever be the matter of them, the spiritual mind hath that alchemy indeed of turning base metals into gold, earthly employments into heavenly" (c. ii. 18-20). The tacit reference is to "The Elixir:"

"This is the famous stone
  That turneth all to gold;
For that which God doth touch and own
  Cannot for less be told."

(2) "What is all knowledge but painted folly in comparison of this? Hadst thou Solomon's faculty to discourse of all plants, and hadst not the right knowledge of this Root of Jesse; wert thou singular in the knowledge of the stars and of the course of the heavens, and couldst walk through the spheres with a Jacob's staff [= Cross Staff], but ignorant of this Star of Jacob; if thou knewest the histories of all time, and the life and death of all the most famous princes, and could rehearse them all, but dost not spiritually know and apply to thyself the death of Jesus as thy life,—thou art still a wretched fool, and all thy knowledge with thee shall quickly perish" (c. ii. 24). The entire passage recalls the opening of "The Agony:"

"Philosophers have measured mountains,
Fathomed the depths of seas, of states and kings,
Walked with a staff to Heaven, and tracèd fountains:
But there are two vast, spacious things
The which to measure it doth more behove,
Yet few there are that sound them—Sin and Love."

(3) "He who sends oftenest out those "ships of desire," who makes the most voyages to that land of spices and pearls, shall be sure to improve his stock most, and have most of heaven upon earth" (c. iv. 7). So Herbert calls prayer itself "the land of spices" (19. Prayer). (4) "In this lower world it is man alone that is made capable of showing the glory of God, and of offering Him praises. He expresses it well who calls man 'the World's High Priest;' all the creatures bring their oblations of praise to him, to offer up for them and for himself, for whose use and comfort they are made" (c. v. 11). Leighton had thus singled out Herbert's "Providence," where we read:

> "Man is the world's High-Priest; he doth present
> The sacrifice for all; while they below
> Unto the service mutter an assent,
> Such as springs use that fall, and winds that blow."

The Sermons and Lectures also give these: (5) "This He does infallibly and uncontrolably, yet in such a way as there is nothing distorted or violenced. *Fortiter et suaviter*—strongly and sweetly, all is so done" (on Jeremiah x. 23-25). So Herbert apostrophises "Providence:"

> "O sacred Providence, who from end to end
> Strongly and sweetly movest."

Both followed the Vulgate (Sap. viii. 1): "Attingit a fine usque ad finem *fortiter*, et disponit omnia *suaviter*." (6) "He is admirable in all: the very lowest and smallest creatures have their wonders of Divine wisdom in their frame more than we are able to think. *Magnus in minimis*—He is great in the least of His works" (Exp. Lect. on Psalm viii.). So again in "Providence:"

> "Thou art in small things great, not small in any;
> Thy even praise can neither rise nor fall;
> Thou art in all things One, in each thing many;
> For Thou art infinite in one and all."

(7) "The sea fitted for navigation . . . and the impetuousness of it, yet confined and forced to roll in its channel so that it cannot go forth; the small sands giving check to the great waters" (ibid.). So once more in "Providence:"

> "Thou hast made poor sand
> Check the proud sea, even when it swells and gathers."

(8) "Thou mindest him in all these things; the works above him, even in the framing of these heavens, the moon and the stars, designing his good; Thou makest all attend and serve him" (ibid.). So in "Man:"

> "Man is one world, and hath
> Another to attend him."

(9) "The Church of Rome hate it for their common shift; they have shut out the heart from this employment, where it hath most interest, by praying in an unknown tongue; and this defect they make up with long continuance and repetition of *Pater-nosters*, with a devotion as cold and dead as the beads they drop" (Exp. of the Lord's Prayer). This reminds of Herbert's "only beads" (Glossary, *s.v.*). (10) "This [Sunday] is the loveliest, brightest day in all the week to a spiritual mind. These *rests* refresh the soul in God, that finds nothing but turmoil in the creature. Should not this day be welcome to the soul, that sets it free to mind its own business, which is on other days to attend the business of its servant, the body? And these are a certain pledge to it of that expected freedom, when it shall enter into an eternal sabbath, and rest in Him for ever, Who is the only rest of the soul" (Exp. of the Ten Commandments.) This was inspired by

"O Day most calm, most bright!"

With these jottings and references before us, it will be felt that most fitting it is that in "The Bishop's Walk" Leighton should be introduced as reading (among others) George Herbert, thus:

"Two hundred years have come and gone
Since that fine spirit mused alone
On the dim walk, with faint green shade
By the light-quivering ash-leaves made,
And saw the sun go down
Beyond the mountains brown.

"Slow-pacing, with a lowly look,
Or gazing on the lettered book
Of Taylor, or a-Kempis, or
Meek Herbert with his dulcimer,
In quaintly pious vein
Rehearsing a deep strain."[1] (p. 13.)

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[1] There are other tacit reminiscences of Herbert in Leighton's Works; but both read in the same line and were of kindred head and

(c) Notes by S. T. Coleridge on Herbert's Poems.

From Pickering's edition of 1835.

G. Herbert is a true poet, but a poet *sui generis*, the merits of whose poems will never be felt without a sympathy with the mind and character of the man. To appreciate this volume, it is not enough that the reader possesses a cultivated judgment, classical taste, or even poetic sensibility, unless he be likewise a *Christian*, and both a zealous and an orthodox, both a devout and a *devotional* Christian. But even this will not quite suffice. He must be an affectionate and dutiful child of the Church, and from habit, conviction, and a constitutional predisposition to ceremoniousness, in piety as in manners, find her forms and ordinances aids of religion, not sources of formality; for religion is the element in which he lives, and the region in which he moves.

The Church—say, rather, the Churchmen of England under the first two Stuarts—has been charged with a yearning after the Romish fopperies and even the papistic usurpations; but we shall decide more correctly, as well as more charitably, if for the Romish and papistic we substitute the *patristic* leaven. There even was (natural enough, from their distinguished learning and knowledge of ecclesiastical antiquities) an overrating of the Church and of the Fathers for the first five or even six centuries: the lines on the Egyptian monks, "Holy Macarius and great Anthony" supply a striking instance and illustration of this.

Vol. i. p. 21, st. xlviii. I do not understand this stanza.

P. 52, l. 25. "My flesh begun unto my soul in pain." Either a misprint or a noticeable idiom of the word "began"? Yes! and a very beautiful idiom it is; the first colloquy or address of the flesh.

P. 57, l. 43. "With an exact and most particular trust." I find few historical facts so difficult of solution as the continuance, in Protestantism, of this anti-scriptural superstition.

P. 65, l. 19. "This verse marks that," &c. The *spiritual* unity of the Bible = the order and connexion of organic forms, in which the unity of life is shown, though as widely dispersed in the world of the mere sight; as the text.

P. 65, l. 21. "Then, as dispersed herbs do *watch* a potion." Some misprint. [See our Notes and Illustrations.]

P. 99, l. 10. "A *box* where," &c. Nest.

P. 103, l. 39. "Distinguished." I understand this but imperfectly. Distinguished they form an island? and the next lines refer perhaps to the then belief that all fruits grow and are nourished by water? but then how is the ascending sap "our cleanliness"?

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heart. It was to the present writer a sad stern duty to expose the well-meant but practically worthless edition of Archbishop Leighton's writings, edited by the Rev. William West, of Nairn. His laboriousness and enthusiasm are neutralized by the pervading corruption of his author's text, under a delusion of "improvement." A concluding volume of sermons is a curiosity of literature in its enforced enumeration of (literally) hundreds on hundreds of departures from Leighton's own words in the preceding volumes. *Certes*, here is our revenge, if revenge had been sought, as it was not. The long tale of admitted errors and alterations is our ample vindication for the severest things said by us.

P. 154, l. 21. "But He doth bid us take His blood for wine." Nay, the contrary; take wine to be blood, and *the* blood of a man who died 1800 years ago. This is the faith which even the Church of England demands; for Consubstantiation only *adds* a mystery to that of Transubstantiation, which it implies.

Pp. 190-92. "The Flower." *A delicious poem.*

P. 190, l. 4. "The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring."

⏑ - - -   - ⏑ ⏑   - ⏑

Epitritus primus + Dactyl + Trochee + a long monosyllable, which together with the pause intervening between it and the preceding trochee, equals ⏑ ⏑ ⏑, form a pleasing variety in the Pentameter Iambic with rhymes. Ex. gr.

Thĕ lāte pāst frōsts | trĭbūtēs ŏf | plĕāsure brīng,

N.B. First, the difference between — ⏑ | — and an amphimacer — ⏑ — | and this not always or necessarily arising out of the latter being one word. It may even consist of three words: yet the effect be the same. It is the pause that makes the difference. Secondly, the expediency, if not necessity, that the first syllable both of the Dactyl and the Trochee should be short by quantity, and only long by force of accent or position — the Epitrite being true *lengths*. Whether the last syllable be long or short, the force of the rhymes renders indifferent.

P. 190, l. 7. "As if there *were no such cold thing.*" Had been no such thing.

P. 196, l. 5. "*That* choice," &c. Their.

P. 199, l. 18. "E'en in my *enemies*' sight." Foemen's.

P. 216, l. 7. "That they in *merit* shall excel." I should not have expected from Herbert so open an avowal of Romanism in the article of *merit*. [A misprint "here" for "hear" misled Coleridge. See our Notes and Illustrations *in loco*.] In the same spirit is *holy* Macarius and great Anthony.

Besides these Notes-proper, Coleridge has passing tributes elsewhere to Herbert as Poet as well as Man: *e.g.* in "The Friend" (vol. i, p. 53): "Let me add, that the quaintness of some of his thoughts, not of his diction, than which nothing can be more pure, manly, and unaffected, has blinded modern readers to the general merits of his poems, which are for the most part exquisite in their kind." Similarly in "Biographia Literaria," he speaks of the "weight, number, and compression of Herbert's thoughts, and the simple dignity of the language:" and he wrote to his friend Collins the Painter: "Read 'The Temple,' if you have not read it." Again: "The characteristic of our elder poets is the reverse of that which distinguishes more recent versi-

fiers; the one (Herbert and his school) conveying the most fantastic thoughts in the most correct and natural language; the other, in the most fantastic language conveying the most trivial thoughts. The latter is a riddle of words, the former an enigma of thoughts."

(*d*) Various Readings from the Williams Library and the Bodleian MSS.

Earlier I give an account of the two Manuscripts whence the following Various Readings, with occasionally considerable additions—none hitherto printed—are drawn. The order of the successive poems as given in the MS. is followed; but the number prefixed to each corresponds with that in our text, so that the given poem can readily be turned up thereby. It seemed expedient to adhere to the order of the MS. in giving its various readings, especially as at the same time it shows the sequence as well as the contents of the MS. Except in a few noticeable instances mere differences of orthography are passed over; but the opening stanza of "The Church," which is headed "The Dedication" in the two MSS., from the Williams MS., may be here given as a specimen of its orthography. The italicised letters show the differences as compared with 1632-3 texts and later:

The Dedication.

" Lord, my first fruits present themsel*u*es to thee:
Yet not *myne* neither, for from thee they came
And must *returne*: accept of them and mee,
And make *vs* stri*u*e who shall sing best thy name.
Turn*e* their eyes hither, who shall make a gaine;
Theirs who shall hurt themsel*u*es or me, refrain."

It will be observed that the pronoun is spelled "me" and "mee;" and so throughout arbitrarily, and also in the addition or non-addition of a final

e and *y* for *i*, and *i* for *y*. Those in the Bodleian MS. follow the Williams.

II. THE CHURCH PORCH.

St. i. l. 2, "The price of thee . . . ."
" ii.-iv.:

"Beware of Lust (startle not), O beware,
It makes thy soule a blott: it is a rodd
Whose twigs are pleasures, and they whip thee bare:
It spoils an Angel: robs thee of thy God.
How dare those eyes vpon a bible looke,
Much lesse towards God, whose Lust is all their book?

"Abstaine or wedd: if thou canst not abstaine,
Yet Wedding marrs thy fortune, fast and pray:
If this seeme Monkish, think wch brings most paine,
Need or Incontinency: the first way,
If thou chuse brauely & rely on God,
He'ele make thy wife a blessing, not a rodd.

"Let not each fancy/motion make thee to detest
A Virgin-bed, wch hath a speciall crowne
If it concurr with vertue: doe thy best,
And God will show thee how to take the towne,
And winn thy selfe: Compare the ioyes, & so
If rottennes haue more, Lett heauen goe.

"Drink not the third glass," &c.

In the third stanza above, "motion" is originally written, and "fancy" placed over it (erased) by Herbert himself, who has also in second stanza, l. 2, corrected "mares" into "marrs."

St. v. ll. 5, 6:

"The Drunkard forfeits man, & doth devest
All worldlie right saue what hee hath by Beast."

St. vi. l. 2, "his rains:" Herbert erases "his," and writes above, "the."

St. vi. l. 3, "kinds" for "kinde"—which I have adopted.

Ib. ll. 5, 6:

"Hee that has ill, & can haue no good
Because no knowledg, is not earth, but mudd."

St. vii. l. 4, "A paine in that:" "of" is originally written, and "in" put above it (erased) by Herbert.

St. x. l. 3, "cheating" for "avarice."

" xiv. l. 3, "If those be all thy day . . ."

" xv. l. 3, "chawes" for "jawes." See Bodleian MS. readings at close of these Williams MS. readings.

St. xv. l, 4, "employment" for "employments"—which I have adopted.

After xv. is this stanza, not hitherto printed:

> "If thou art nothing, think what thou wouldst bee:
> Hee that desires is more then halfe ye way:
> But if thou coole, then take some shame to thee,
> Desire and shame will make thy labour play.
> This is Earth's language, for if heauen come in,
> Thou hast run all thy race ere thou beginn."

St. xvi. l. 1, "O England, full of all sinn, most . ."

St. xvii. l. 4, "All that is left . . . ."

" xx. l. 3, "sowre" for "stowre." See Notes and Illustrations in the place. I adopt "sowre."

St. xx. l. 6, "And though hee bee a ship, is his owne shelf:" adopted. Hitherto "What nature made a ship, he makes a shelf."

St. xxii. l. 2, "Tast all, but feed not. If thy stomach call . . . ."

St. xxiii. l. 2, "does" for "doth."

Ib. l. 4, "thou" for "you."

St. xxviii.:

> "Yett in thy pursing still thy self distrust,
> Least gaining gaine on thee, & fill thy hart:
> Wch if it cleaue to coine, one common rust
> Will canker both, yett thou alone shallt smart:
> One common waight will press downe both, yet so
> As that thy self alone to hell shall goe."

St. xxx. l. 4, "clothes" for "cloth"—which I adopt.

Ib. l. 5. See Notes and Illustrations.

St. xxxiv. l. 2, "Learn this it hath" originally: Herbert erases "it," and writes "that."

St. xxxviii. l. 6, "cleanly, is fame's interest."

„ xxxix. l. 4, "thou thy mirth inhance."

„ xliii. l. 1, "respectfull" for "respective."

„ xlv. l. 1, "base menace" for "basenesse is."

„ xlvi. l. 5, "art" for "way"—which I adopt; albeit "way" as = the road of life which friends travel together, gives a good meaning. But "art" is finer and deeper, and suggests the culture and consideration needed.

St. xlvii. l. 3, "nor:" originally written "not," corrected by Herbert into "nor."

St. xlix. l. 4, "at" for "in"—which I adopt. It must be borne in mind, however, that Herbert may have been looking to symmetry in his "*in*." We have "by . . . . by" in line above, and here "in . . . in." Still, "at" is preferable.

St. liii. ll. 5, 6:

> "that Bow doth hitt
> No more then passion, when shee talkes of it."

St. lv. l. 2, "Need and bee glad, and wish thy presence still."

St. lviii. ll. 5, 6. In l. 5 originally, "I give those for gone:" Herbert erases "those," and inserts it before "I give." Line 6 reads:

> "They dye in holes where glory never shone."

St. lix. l. 2, "the greatest:" l. 3, "thy" for "thine:" line 4:

> "As swords cause death, so may a litle sting."

I adopt "sting" for "sling." It might be argued that agreement must be regarded, and one reading not taken without the other. That is, a "sword" is a thrusting, wounding weapon, there-

fore "sting" is its minimum. A "gun" is the acme of projectile weapons, and of these the rudest is a "sling." Still I prefer the varying of the metaphor.

After st. lxi. is the following new stanza:

> "Leave not thine owne deere country-cleanlines
> For this french sluttery, wch so currant goes:
> As if none could be brave but who profess
> First to be slovens, & forsake their nose:
> Let thy minds sweetnes have his operation
> Vpon thy body, cloths & habitation."

St. lxiv. l. 6, "they" for "both."

" lxvi. l. 1, "that" for "the"—which I adopt.

" lxviii. l. 5, "stockings" for "stocking"—which I do not adopt. The phrase is evidently modelled on the style of a proverbial saying, and "kneeling . . . stocking" has more of that form than "stockings."

St. lxix. l. 5, "Our blessings from vs . . . ."

" lxx. l. 2, "thy" for "thine"—which I adopt.

Ib. ll. 5, 6:

> "others' comlines
> Turns all their beauty to his vglines."

St. lxxi. l. 1, "vaine and" for "or"—which I adopt.

St. lxxvi. l. 1, "that" for "by"—which I adopt.

III. SUPERLIMINARE.

The first four lines in the Williams MS. is headed "Perirranterium," the second four "Superliminare"—each having a page to itself. See Notes and Illustrations *in loco*.

IV. THE CHURCH.

1. The Altar, l. 16: "onely" is originally written, and Herbert erasing it writes "blessed" above. Perhaps "onely" had been better. 2. The Sacri-

fice. In 1632-3, after st. ii. it runs "Was ever grief," &c. So also partially in the Williams MS.; but I have printed it in full. In l. 3 Herbert has filled in "that," inadvertently dropped. In l. 57 the MSS. and 1632-3 alike have "prieste," not "priests" as usually: as = High-priest, which is preferable. Line 79 is originally "To whose power Thunder is but weake and slight:" Herbert erases, and writes above "And onely am the Lord of Hosts & might." Line 119, "doth" dropped: "heaven" in full. Line 123, "But not their harts, as I by proofe doe try." Line 130, "vp" originally: Herbert erases, and writes "wth." In line 129, "him" for "me," and l. 131, "he" for "I." Line 169, "gaue mee heretofore" for "gave to me before." Line 171, "issue to the poore"—perhaps better. Lines 177-8:

> "Yet since in frailty, cruelty, shrowd turns,
> All scepters, Beads: Cloths, Scarlet: Crowns are Thorns,
> I, who am Truth, turne into truth their scorns."

See Notes and Illustrations in the place. Lines 181-2, ". . . . my Face, Whom Angells . . . . ." Line 187, "Wth stronger blows strike mee as I came out." Line 199: I have not hesitated to adopt the Williams MS. reading for the usual text (as in 1632-3), "The decreed burden of each mortall saint." Line 210, "share" for "part." Line 214, "thou art well pleas'd." Line 217, "My soule is full of shame, my flesh of wound." Line 223: again I adopt the Williams MS. instead of 1632-3, "for you to feel." 3. The Thanksgiving. Lines 1 and 3, "Oh" is not in MS.; l. 3, "King of all Grief," and originally "I shall I:" Herbert erases "I" and writes "how." Line 11: I have adopted the Williams MS. here for 1632-3, "skipping thy dolefull"—very inferior. Line 20, "in" for "by" mis-adopted; but "by," in its formerly common

sense of "through," is the more correct and prettier. He returns the wealth back to God, who gave it him, through the poor, making them the intermediate holder—a variant on giving to the poor, and lending to the Lord. To give it back "in" the poor is vague and unidiomatic English, nor does it call up as clearly as the other the enriching of the poor and the ultimate interest of God in it. Line 26, "teare:" originally "ripp:" Herbert erases, and writes "teare." Line 36, "a" inserted in error in 1632-3 before "fashion:" removed as in our MS. Line 45, "him" for "move:" and l. 46, "thy love therein." 4. The Second Thanksgiving. I adopt this from the Williams MS. in preference to "The Reprisall," simply as in 1632-3. It is the further poem promised in ll. 29, 30 of the previous one. Line 14, "Thy" for "the." I have in text adopted "Thy" for "the:" but reflection shows "the" to be preferable. "Thy" conquest is God's conquest; but when Herbert says, By doing so, so I will come into (*i. e.* take part in, have my part in) *the* conquest, he implies by "the" that which is the whole thought of the poem, viz. that if he cannot conquer God, as acknowledged in the previous part, he will join forces with Him, and be able to say of God's conquest over the old man, We fought together, and I reap of the glory. 7. Good Friday. In the Williams MS. the first half of this poem is wanting here, though given onwards, but without variations; the second half is headed "The Passion," and commences thus:

"Since nothing, Lord, can bee so good
To write Thy sorrows in as blood,
My . . . ."

Line 7, "*he* may say:" Then:

"Sinn being gone, o, doe Thou fill
The place, and keep possession still:
For by the writings all may see
Thou hast an ancient claime to mee."

It were pity to lose these various readings.

8. Redemption. This, in the Williams MS., follows the above second half of "Good Friday," and is entitled, like it, The Passion. In ll. 10, 11 the MS. reads originally:

"Sought him in Citties, Theaters, resorts,
In gruttos, gardens, Palaces & Courts."

Herbert erases, and writes as we have printed after 1632-3. 10. Easter. This, in the Williams MS., follows 6, entitled The Sinner (which in l. 9 spells "quinessence," and in l. 11 "hundred"). The first half of Easter has no variants, but the second is much more daintily touched than the text of 1632-3. It will be found in its place, pages 60-1. In st. i. l. 4, originally it is "And brought:" Herbert erases, and writes "Bringinge." 11. Easter Wings. Lines 8, 9 originally:

"As Larks doe by degree,
And sing this day thy sacrifice."

Herbert erases, and writes as in printed text. Lines 12-14: originally "Yet thou . . . . Dayly didst . . . . Till . . . . ." Herbert erases, and writes as in printed text. Line 18, "this day," not in MS. 12. Holy Baptisme. The first poem on this subject offers large variation throughout, and must here be given in full:

H. BAPTISME.

"When backward on my sins I turne mine eyes,
And then beyond them all my Baptisme view,
As he yt heaven beyond much thicket spyes:
I pass ye shades, & fixe vpon the true
Waters aboue ye Heauens: O sweet streams,
You doe prevent most sins, & for yr rest
You give vs tears to wash them: lett those beams,
Wch then wind wth you, still meet in my brest,

And mend, as rising starres and rivers doe.
In you Redemption measures all my tyme,
Spredding ye plaister equal to ye cryme.
You taught ye book of life my name, that so
Whatever future sinns should mee mis-call,
Yor first acquaintance might discreditt all"

"Wind" is a favourite word with Herbert and Vaughan for the movements of the stars.

13. Holy Baptisme. Line 11, "Though y^t. . . :" l. 13, "but keep her first . . . . ." 22. Love. This in the MS. comes after 13. Line 4, I adopt "in" for "on." Line 5, "does" for "doth." Following this is the first of the six new English Sacred Poems of the MS. not before printed. See it under the heading of "Lilies of the Temple." 36. Church Musick. Then follows the new poem. The MS. gives a new (third) stanza, as follows, in Church Musick after the printed second:

"O what a state is this wch never knew
Sicknes, or shame, or sinn, or sorrow:
Where all my debts are payd, none can accrue,
Wch knoweth not what means too morrow."

23. The Temper. This succeeds preceding, and is entitled "The Christian Temper," and so also 24. Line 5, "a hundred heavens." Line 25, "Whether I Angell it on . . . ." 19. Prayer. This follows the second part of The Christian Temper. Line 5, "fort:" l. 7, "Transposer of y^e world, wonder's resort." The first part of 20. Holy Communion is not in the MS. The second, which is headed Prayer, follows 19. Prayer. The last stanza reads:

"But wee are strangers grown, O Lord,
Lett Prayer help our Losses:
Since thou hast taught vs by thy word
That wee may gaine by crosses."

37. Church Lock and Key. In the Williams MS. it is headed "Prayer," and follows 20, also headed

"Prayer." A new second stanza is found in the MS. as follows:

> "If either Innocence or fervencie
> did play their part,
> Armies of blessings would contend and vye,
> Wch of them soonest should attaine my hart.
> Yet . . . .
> mending it . . . ."

and thus closes:

> "O make mee wholy guiltles, or at least
> Guiltles so farr,
> That Zele and purenes circling my request,
> May guard it safe beyond ye highest starr."

26. Employment. This succeeds the preceding. Lines 23, 24:

> "Lord, that I may the Sunn's perfection gaine,
> Give mee his speed."

28. Whitsunday. This follows 26. It commences:

> "Come, blessed Doue, charm'd wth my song,
> Display thy golden wings in mee:
> Hatching . . . .
> Till I . . . ."

Line 8, "W[th] livery-graces furnishing thy men." The following now stanzas take the place of the printed text's three closing ones:

> "But wee are falne from Heaven to Earth,
> And if wee can stay there, its well.
> He yt first fell from his great birth
> Wth out thy help, leads vs his way to Hell.
>
> "Lord, once more shake ye Heaven & Earth,
> Least want of Graves seeme thy thrift:
> For sinn would faine remoue ye dearth,
> And lay it on thy husbandry, for shift.
>
> "Show yt thy brests can not be dry,
> But yt from them ioyes purle for ever,
> Melt into blessings all the Sky,
> So wee may cease to sucke, to praise thee, never."

27. The Holy Scriptures. This follows preceding. Line 4, "to suple outward paine." Line 11, "enough" for "too much." Line 24, "And more then fancy" for "And comments on thee."

Line 28, "can spell eternall bliss." The second new poem ("Love") follows 27. "Lilies of the Temple." 33. Sinne. This succeeds the second new poem. Line 1, "a Sinn." 40. Trinitie Sunday follows 33. Line 1 is originally "made me Living mudd:" Herbert writes "rais'd me from the mudd." There comes next the third new poem ("Trinity Sunday"). See it as above. 17. Repentance. This succeeds the third new poem. Line 3, "momentary." Lines 9, 10:

> "Looking on this side, and beyond us all,
> Wee are born old."

Lines 28-30:

> "Melt and consume
> To a salt rheume,
> Fretting to death our other parts."

So originally: Herbert erases, and writes "to smoke and fume." 30. Praise. This succeeds 17. Line 5, "make me an Angell, I:" l. 7, "Or if I steale vp to:" stanza second is fourth in MS. In st. iii. l. 15, Herbert corrects "a," miswritten before "soule" instead of before "brave," and ll. 15, 16 read:

> "for to a poore
> It may doe more."

The last stanza quaintly ends thus in the MS.:

> "for if a Spider may
> Spin all ye day:
> Not flyes, but I, shall be his prey,
> Who doe no more."

14. Nature. This follows 30. Line 9 originally "bee all:" Herbert erases, and writes as in printed text. 29. Grace. This succeeds 30. Line 5, "If the Sunne still . . . :" l. 6, "Thy great house would a . . . ." Stanza iv. not in MS. Line 19 originally "O lett thy:" Herbert erases, and

writes as in printed text. A new (cancelled) stanza (fifth) is as follows:

> "What if I say thou seek'st delayes,
> Wilt thou not then my fault reprove?
> Prevent my Sinn, to thine owne praise,
> Drop from above"

32. Matteus succeeds 29. Line 14, "O richly" originally: Herbert erases, and writes "and." There comes next the fourth new poem ("Even-song")—which see as above. 54. Christmas-day follows this. Line 1, "riding on a day:" ll. 13, 14 read:

> "Furnish my soule to thee, yt being drest,
> Of better lodging thou mayest be possest"

35. Church Monuments follows the fourth new poem, and 44. Frailtie follows 35. Lines 6-8.

> "Misuse them all the day,
> And ever as I walk, my foot doth tredd
> Vpon their head."

Line 16, "Troubling:" Herbert erases, and writes as in printed text. 41. Content follows 44. Line 9, "flint" for "flints"—adopted. 42. The Quidditie is next, and headed "Poetry." Line 3, "Nor" for "no:" l. 8, "my" for "a." 16. Affliction follows 42. Line 6, I have adopted the MS. as a better rhyme for "gracious benefits." Lines 7, 8, "rich" for "fine," and l. 9, "bewitch" for "entwine:" and l. 10, "Into thy familie." ll. 15, 16:

> "I was preserved
> Before that I could feare."

Lines 29, 30:

> "I did not know
> That I did live but by a pang of woe."

Line 36, "thorough." Line 65, "King" for "God." 43. Humilitie comes next: then 48.

Sunday. In the former there are no variants; in the latter the following stanza (1st) reads:

> "O day so calme, so bright:
> The Conch of Tyme, ye balme of teares,
> Th' indorsement of supreme delight,
> The parter of my wrangling feares,
> Setting in order what they tumble:
> The Week were dark, but yt thy light
> Teaches it not to stumble."

Lines 23 and 25 "doth stand .... on either hand." Then ll. 26-28:

> "They are ye rowes of fruitful trees
> Parted wth alleys or wth grass
> In God's rich Paradise."

Lines 31, 32:

> "Make bracelets for ye spouse and wife
> Of the Imortall onely King."

In l. 35 "and" is originally miswritten: Herbert erases, and writes "then." 25. Jordan follows 48, and 53. Deniall thereafter. In the latter, l. 13, "hart and knees:" l. 16, "that thou" (adopted) instead of "thou that:" l. 29, "hart" erased by Herbert, and "soule" written above it, instead of usual "minde" (adopted). 55. Ungratefulnesse follows 53. Line 7, "hadst .... rich:" l. 9, "hast layd open." 52. Employment succeeds 55—the heading "Imploiment" being written by Herbert himself. Line 14, "sate" for "sat" (adopted). For the fifth stanza the MS. reads:

> "O, that I had the wing and thigh
> Of laden Bees:
> Then would I mount vp instantly,
> And by degrees
> On men dropp blessings as I fly."

A Wreath follows 52—no variants. 51. To all Angels and Saints succeeds. Line 16, "my" for "our" (adopted): l. 20, "your" for "a:" l. 22, "great:" l. 25, Herbert erases "garland," and writes "posy." 62. The Pearl follows 51.

Line 3, "purchased:" l. 4, the superfluous "and" of 1632-3 not in MS. (adopted): l. 22, Herbert erases "gustos," and writes "lullings:" l. 25, Herbert erases "twenty," and writes "many:" ll. 26-29:

"Where both their baskets are wth all their store,
The smacke of dainties and their exaltation:
What both ye stops and pegs of pleasure bee,
The ioyes of Company or Contemplation."

Lines 26-28 are marked out in the MS. Line 3, "seeled," which, as showing the sporting term, I adopt in preference to "sealed." 63. Tentation—Herbert's own heading—follows. I adopt "Tentation" before 1632-3, "Affliction" for heading. 57. The World succeeds 63. Line 10, "Quickly reformèd all wth menaces:" l. 19, I have adopted the reading of the MS. in preference to 1632-3, "But Love and Grace took Glorie by the hand." 58. Coloss. iii. 3 follows 57. 18. Faith succeeds 58. Lines 15, 16:

"wth no new score
My Creditour beleeu'd so too."

Line 19, "places:" l. 24, "My nature on Him wth the danger:" l. 31, "bow:" l. 35, Herbert erases "impart," and writes "Impute:" l. 36, "This shadows out what Christ has done." 60. Lent follows 18. Line 3, I adopt "a child" of MS. for "compos'd:" l. 29, so too "our" for "the:" l. 39, "*most* wages," which Herbert erases, and writes "*by* wages:" l. 45, "all vice." 64. Man succeeds 60. Line 2, "no man builds:" l. 8, "no" of 1632-3 text is a misprint for "mo," as revealed by the Williams MS. reading "more" here. "Mo" was probably adopted by Herbert, because there are other two "*mores*" in this and the next line. I read "mo" accordingly. Line 26, I have adopted the MS. instead of 1632-3, "The

earth doth rest, heau'n move, and fountains flow:" l. 36, "descent" I adopt for "ascent:" l. 41, "if one have beauty:" ll. 53, 54:

> "That as ye world to vs is kind and free,
> So we may bee to Thee."

65. Antiphon succeeds, and is headed "Ode." Line 19, "Lord, thou dost deserve much more:" l. 21, "Wee have no store." 71. Affliction comes next. 15. Sinne follows. Lines 13, 14:

> "Yet all these fences wth one bosome sinn
> Are blowne away, as if they nere had bin."

70. Charmes and Knots follows. Lines 3, 4 read thus:

> "A poore man's rod if thou wilt hire,
> Thy horse shal never fall or tire."

Line 8, "Doubles the night, & trips by day." Line 10, "hart" for "head." Lines 11, 12 follow the next couplet in MS. The following have never before been printed—the closing couplet being a variant of the usual closing one:

> "Who turnes a trencher, setteth free
> A prisoner crusht wth gluttonie.
>
> "Take one from ten, and what remains?
> Ten, if a Sermon goe for gains."

(Cf. ll. 15, 16.)

> "The world thinks all things bigg and tall;
> Grace turnes ye Optick, then they fall.
>
> "A falling starr has lost his place;
> The Courtier getts it that has grace.
>
> "In small draughts heauen does shine and dwell;
> Who dives on further, may find Hell."

66. Unkindnesse comes next. 72. Mortification succeeds. Line 1, "does." 74. Miserie comes next. It is headed in MS. "The Publican." Line 28, I adopt "wings" for "wing:" ll. 44-48:

"wth all his mind and might
For this he wondrous well doth know
They will be kind, and all his pains requite;
Making him free
Of that good companie."

Line 51, "Thou lyest warme:" ll. 65, 66:

"Ah, wretched man,
Who may thy follies span?"

Line 75, I adopt "a" for "the;" albeit "the" denotes "the" level at which a sight of bliss may be obtained. 76. Prayer comes next. Line 2, "Art thou, my blessed King:" l. 10, "silly" for "measur'd." 77. Obedience succeeds. Line 15, "shutt out" (adopted) for "exclude;" notwithstanding that he is speaking of the excluding effect of a document, in regard to which exclusion from participation we do not perhaps use the phrase "shut out." "Shut out" seems more poetical, less technical. 75a Jordan comes next, but is headed "Invention." Line 1, I adopt "verse" for "lines"—as a collective noun. Line 6, "Praising:" l. 14, "So I bespoke me much insinuation:" l. 16, "Whisper, how wide is all this preparation?" Line 18, "Copy out, there needs no alteration." 154. The Elixir comes next. It is headed "Perfection," and Herbert, without erasing it, adds "The Elixir"—which I adopt; 1632-3 spells "Elixer." Lines 1-4 thus read:

"Lord, teach mee to referr
All things I doe to thee,
That I not onely may not erre,
But allso pleasing bee."

Lines 5-8 not in MS. There is this in its stead—marked out:

"He that does ought for thee,
Marketh yt deed for thine:
And when the devel shakes ye tree,
Thou saist, this fruit is mine."

Lines 14 and 16: l. 14, originally "low," but

Herbert erases, and writes "meane:" l. 16, originally "to heauen grow," and Herbert writes "grow bright and cleane." Line 19, originally "a chamber," and Herbert erases, with "roome as." Another four lines follow—marked out:

"But these are high perfections.
Happy are they that dare
Lett in the light to all their actions,
And shew them as they are."

Herbert adds the closing stanza, "This is," &c. There come next the fifth and sixth new poems ("The Knell" and "Perseverance")—which see in "Lilies of the Temple." 156. Death succeeds. Thereafter 157. Doom's Day. Line 21, I adopt "bodies" for "bodie." 158. Judgment succeeds. 159. Heaven thereafter. Lastly comes 160. Love, with "Finis" at end. None of these has various readings. After five blank leaves comes "The Church Militant." There will be found some most interesting variations and additions. "L'envoy" in the MS. closes The Church Militant, and accordingly was intended to belong to it, not as ending of the volume at large. The various readings specially referred to in pp. 9, 42, 63, 70, 72, 94, 101, 106, 112, 114, 118, 120, 121, 127, 131, are all included in the preceding.

II. Bodleian MS. Various Readings.

These are very slight and unimportant. A few have been noted in preceding, as being confirmed by the Williams MS. Sancroft had evidently read and punctuated the MS. with some care. He corrects occasional misspellings. In st. xv. l. 3, "chawes" was written as in Williams MS.: he changes to "jawes." In st. xvi. l. 1, "but" is filled in, having been inadvertently

dropped. In st. xliii. l. 6, "y^{u}" for "thee." In st. xlix. l. 2, "courteous," is spelled "curteous," and "o" is inserted. In st. lxi. "thy" was miswritten "thine," and is corrected. In 2. The Sacrifice, ll. 130-132, it is "him," "his," and "He." In 25. Jordan, l. 14, "rime" was first miswritten "time:" altered to "rime." In 27. The Holy Scriptures, l. 11, the spelling is "Lidger." In 33. Sin, l. 10, the spelling is "perspectiue:" see Notes and Illustrations in the place. In 43. Humility, l. 3, the spelling is "foule," and l. 16, "in" for "on." In 48. Sunday, l. 11, the spelling is "worky." In 49. Avarice, l. 4, the spelling is "durty." In 55. Ungratefulness, l. 23, for "box" is "bone." In 60. Lent, l. 37, "that" for "*the* way." In 63. Affliction, l. 12, "pink" for "prick." In 86. Business, l. 29, "spare" for "space." 109. Church-Rents *or* Schisms for "and:" l. 18, "vaded" for "faded." These are all in any way noticeable in the Bodleian MS.

Finally: I envy not the man who can read the story of George Herbert's Life, as told by Izaak Walton and Barnabas Oley and ourselves, and as interwoven with his Verse and Prose, without thankfulness to the Great Giver for such a Life and such Writings. The Church of England has had many illustrious Sons, who hold a permanent place in the Theological Literature of Europe; but I do not know that she has had a finer intellect, a nobler spirit, a more lovable nature, a truer "Maker" than the "Country Parson" of Bemerton.[1] "Two years and three months may

[1] In the "Christian Remembrancer" we read. "The Poems seem to have been written before the 'Country Parson.' His preface to the latter is dated 1632, the year of his death, and its other name, by which it was more usually known at first, 'A Priest to the Temple,' seems to indicate that it was conceived in its Author's mind as a

seem a disproportionate space of time for his work in the ministry, after so long and so careful preparation for it. But it is not for us to call his death premature. To himself the old adage may safely be applied—'his wings were grown;' and, as for his work, it was ended. 'Non diu sed multum vixit.' His contemporaries complained that 'he lost himself in that humble way,' while devoting his energies to that obscure little parish. But his influence in forming the highest type of Christian character for laity as well as clergy, has been extended, by his example and writings, far beyond the narrow limits of that little parish on Salisbury Plain, with its 'twenty cottages' and 'less than a hundred and twenty souls,' far beyond the age in which he lived."[1] Our own generation has witnessed an Augustus Hare, in his little sequestered parish (also in Wilts), sustaining the Herbertian type of Life.

Such, then, is what we wished to say and furnish on the Life and Writings of George Herbert. Now that our Memorial-Introduction is finished, and we go back on it, its inadequateness pains us; yet there is this consolation, that perhaps our words may suggest Thought and allure Readers; and above all, it is our priceless privilege to present FOR THE FIRST TIME fully and worthily the Poems of one of the uncanonized Saints of the Church Catholic. For Leighton, of "The Bishop's Walk," I substitute the "Parson" of

companion volume to the already existing, though unpublished, collection of poems entitled 'The Temple'" (p. 105). I suspect that "the other name" was given by Oley in order to relate it to "The Temple," and that as not "The Temple" but "The Church" was Herbert's own title, so the "Country Parson" was probably his own. See account of the Williams MS.

[1] "Christian Remembrancer," as before, p. 115.

Bemerton; and as I turn and return on the Face, as reproduced in integrity from that of 1674, I find in its vivid portraiture our very own George Herbert. I cannot more fitly close our Essay than with it (slightly adapted):

"Slow-pacing with a downcast eye,
Which yet, in rapt devotion high,
Sometimes its great dark orb would lift,
And pierced the veil, and caught the swift
Glance of an angel's wing,
That of the Lamb did sing;

"And with the fine pale shadow, wrought
Upon his cheek by years of thought,
And lines of weariness and pain,
And looks that long for home again;
So went he to and fro,
With step infirm and slow.

"A frail slight form—no temple he
Grand for abode of Deity;
Rather a bush inflamed with grace,
And trembling in a desert place,
And unconsumed with fire,
Though burning high and higher.

"A frail slight form, and pale with care,
And paler from the raven hair
That folded from a forehead free,
Godlike of height and majesty—
A brow of thought supreme,
And mystic glorious dream." (pp. 14, 15)

NOTE.

I can only find room for a short quotation from Sir John Beaumont, promised in note 1, p. 108.

"Here shines no golden roofe, no iu'ry staire,
No King exalted in a stately chaire,
Girt with attendants, or by heralds styl'd,
But straw and hay inwrap a speechlesse child;
Yet Sabaes lords before this Babe vnfold
Their treasures, off'ring incense, myrrh and gold.
The cribbe becomes an altar; therefore dies
No oxe nor sheepe, for in their fodder lies
The Prince of Peace, Who thankfull for his bed,
Destroyes those rites, in which their blood was shed."

(Of the Epiphany, edition of Poems in Fuller Worthies' Library.)

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.



THE TEMPLE.



NOTE.

SUCCEEDING this are the two early title-pages of "The Temple":—

(*a*) The gift-copies [undated]: probably 1632.
(*b*) The first dated edition—1633.

On these, and others, see the Preface and Memoir. "The Printers to the Reader" Epistle, was written by Nicholas Ferrar, as noticed in the Memoir.—G.

THE
TEMPLE.

SACRED POEMS

AND

PRIVATE EJA-
CULATIONS.

By Mr. George Herbert,
Late Oratour of the Universitie.

Psal. 29.
*In his Temple doth every
man speak of his honour.*



Cambridge:
Printed by *Thomas Buck*
and *Roger Daniel:*
And are to be sold by *Francis
Green*, stationer in
Cambridge.

THE

TEMPLE.

SACRED POEMS

AND

PRIVATE EJA-

CULATIONS.

By Mr. GEORGE HERBERT.

PSAL. 29.
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CAMBRIDGE:
Printed by *Thom. Buck*,
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to the Univerſitie.
1633.



THE PRINTERS TO THE READER.

THE dedication of this work having been made by the Authour to the Divine Majestie onely, how should we now presume to interest any mortall man in the patronage of it! Much lesse think we it meet to seek the recommendation of the Muses for that which himself was confident to have been inspired by a diviner breath then flows from Helicon. The world, therefore, shall receive it in that naked simplicitie with which he left it, without any addition either of support or ornament more then is included in itself. We leave it free and unforestalled to every man's judgement, and to the benefit that he shall finde by perusall. Onely, for the clearing of some passages, we have thought it not unfit to make the common Reader privie to some few particularities of the condition and disposition of the Person.

Being nobly born, and as eminently endued with gifts of the minde, and having by industrie and happy education perfected them to that great height of excellencie, whereof his fellowship of Trinitie Colledge in Cambridge, and his Oratorship in the Universitie, together with that knowledge which the King's Court had taken of him,

could make relation farre above ordinarie. Quitting both his deserts and all the opportunities that he had for worldly preferment, he betook himself to the Sanctuarie and Temple of God, choosing rather to serve at God's altar then to seek the honour of State-employments. As for those inward enforcements to this course (for outward there was none), which many of these ensuing verses bear witnesse of, they detract not from the freedome, but adde to the honour of this resolution in him. As God had enabled him, so he accounted him meet not onely to be called, but to be compelled to this service: wherein his faithfull discharge was such as may make him justly a companion to the primitive saints, and a pattern or more for the Age he lived in.

To testifie his independencie upon all others, and to quicken his diligence in this kinde, he used in his ordinarie speech, when he made mention of the blessed name of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, to adde "My Master."

Next God, he loved that which God himself hath magnified above all things, that is, his Word: so as he hath been heard to make solemne protestation, that he would not part with one leaf thereof for the whole world, if it were offered him in exchange.

His obedience and conformitie to the Church and the discipline thereof was singularly remarkable: though he abounded in private devotions, yet went he every morning and evening with his familie to the Church; and by his example, exhortations, and encouragements drew the greater part of his parishioners to accompanie him dayly in the public celebration of Divine Service.

As for worldly matters, his love and esteem to them was so little, as no man can more ambitiously

seek then he did earnestly endeavour the resignation of an ecclesiastical dignitie, which he was possessour of. But God permitted not the accomplishment of this desire, having ordained him his instrument for re-edifying of the Church belonging thereunto, that had layen ruinated almost twenty years. The reparation whereof, having been uneffectually attempted by publick collections, was in the end by his own and some few others' private free-will offerings successfully effected. With the remembrance whereof, as of an especial good work, when a friend went about to comfort him on his death-bed, he made answer, "It is a good work, if it be sprinkled with the bloud of Christ" otherwise then in this respect he could finde nothing to glorie or comfort himself with, neither in this nor in any other thing.

And these are but a few of many that might be said, which we have chosen to premise as a glance to some parts of the ensuing book, and for an example to the Reader.

We conclude all with his own motto, with which he used to conclude all things that might seem to tend any way to his own honour,

"*Lesse than the least of God's mercies.*"





I. ¶ THE DEDICATION.

Lord, my first-fruits present themselves to Thee;
Yet not mine neither; for from Thee they came,
And must return. Accept of them and me,
And make us strive who shall sing best Thy Name.
Turn their eyes hither who shall make a gain;
Theirs who shall hurt themselves or me refrain.[1]

II. THE CHURCH PORCH.

PERIRRHANTERIUM.[2]

[I. Invitation to youth to read. II.-IV. Chastity. V.-IX. Temperance. X.-XII. Evil-speaking. XIII. Lying. XIV. XVI. Indolence. XVII.-XIX. Education. XX. Constancy. XXI. Sincerity. XXII. XXIII. Gluttony. XXIV.-XXX. Self-discipline. XXXI. XXXII. Dress. XXXIII. XXXIV. Gambling. XXXV.-XLII. Conversation. XLIII.-XLV. Behaviour to the great. XLVI. Friendship. XLVII.-XLVIII. Suretyship. XLIX.-LIV. Social intercourse. LV.-LIX. Purpose of life. LX. LXI. Foreign travel. LXII. Personal property. LXIII.-LXV. Almsgiving. LXVI.-LXXV. Public worship. LXXVI. Self-examination. LXXVII. Conclusion.[3]]

I.

THOU whose sweet youth and early hopes inhance
Thy rate[4] and price, and mark thee for a treasure, [chance
Hearken unto a Verser,[5] who may

[1] In the Williams MS. this "Dedication" occupies a page by itself; see the Memoir for its form in the Bodleian MS.; also for Various Readings throughout "The Temple," which are important.

[2] *i.e.* an instrument used for sprinkling holy water. In pre-Reformation times, a stoup or bowl of holy water (so-called) was placed at the entrance of churches to remind the worshipper to have his heart "*sprinkled* from an evil conscience:" in order "to serve the living God." (Heb. x. 22; ix. 14.) See III. Superliminare, and relative note. The "handful of advice" (moral) in "The Church Porch" prepares for the deeper spiritual truths of "The Temple," or, as he himself wrote, "The Church," as the other (symbolically) for entering the Church.

[3] These headings mark out the successive topics of "The Church Porch" made by me as an analysis of the poem.

[4] *i.e.* valuation. [5] Earlier form of Versifier and Versificator.

Ryme thee to good, and make a bait[1] of pleasure :
  A verse may finde him who a sermon flies,
  And turn delight into a sacrifice.[2]

II.

Beware of lust; it doth pollute and foul
Whom God in Baptisme washt with His own
    Bloud;
It blots thy lesson[3] written in thy soul;
The holy lines cannot be understood:
  How dare those eyes upon a Bible look,
  Much lesse towards God, whose lust is all their
    book!

III.

Wholly abstain, or wed. Thy bounteous Lord
Allows thee choise of paths; take no by-wayes,
But gladly welcome what He doth afford,
Not grudging that thy lust hath bounds and staies.
  Continence hath his joy; weigh both, and so,
  If rottennesse[4] have more, let Heaven go.

IV.

If God had laid all common,[5] certainly
Man would have been th' incloser; but since now

[1] Cicero *de Senect.* xiii. says "divine Plato" *escam malorum appellat voluptatem:* here Herbert would use "pleasure" to allure to "good."—LOWE. *i.e.* the "ryme" and the "pleasure" in reading it may be as a "bait" with a hook (in a good sense) to draw to its teaching.

[2] A paradox, because sacrifice requires pain and self-denial, which are opposite to delight. Youth like poetry, dislike sermons; our author offers them, through the medium of verse what is pleasant in the former, useful in the latter.—LOWE. See the Memoir, as before, for the deeper meanings here.

[3] One sense of "lesson" is that written or printed which has to be learnt, and so in this place. The writing is of The Spirit of God. In the best there is a conflict between "flesh and spirit" and The Spirit. Lust indulged "blots" out all. Dr. Lowe aptly cites "Hamlet" (i. 5):—

"Though to a radiant angel linked,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage."

See St. James' Epist. i. 15. Line 3 refers to the conscience, line 4 to the Bible.

[4] Proverbs xii. 4.

[5] The reference is not to the law of trespass (so Lowe), but of

God hath impal'd[1] us, on the contrarye
Man breaks the fence, and every ground will
plough.
O, what were man, might he himself misplace!
Sure, to be crosse,[2] he would shift feet and face.[3]

V.

Drink not the third glasse,[4]— which thou canst
not tame
When once it is within thee, but before
Mayst rule it as thou list,[5]—and poure the shame,
Which it would poure on thee, upon the floore.
It is most just to throw that on the ground
Which would throw me there if I keep the
round.[6]

VI.

He that is drunken, may his mother kill
Bigge with his sister:[7] he hath lost the reins,

appropriation: see "plough" in line 4. The enclosure of common lands was greatly complained of then and in preceding reigns, and gave rise to riots and insurrections. Hence Herbert's simile; but to make it exact, lines 3-4 must be understood as now explained—appropriation of lands to which others had right, whether in commonage or private.

[1] *i.e.* enclosed, fenced as within pales or palings.

[2] *i.e.* contrary. Cf. st. lxvi. l. 5.

[3] *i.e.* place the feet where the head ("face") is, and the head where the "feet" are. This reminds that the old-fashioned argument from design is still quick: Suppose the human body were to be made *de novo*, what change of "place" of any single member could be suggested as an advantage? None.

[4] The allusion is to one or other of various proverbial sayings, *e.g.* the first glass is—pleasure; a second—indulgence; the third—degradation: and 1, a man; 2, an ass; 3, a devil, and the like.

[5] *i.e.* choose, "may'st choose."

[6] *i.e.* keep partaking and passing the bottle "round." So in "Eastward Ho" (1605): ". . . to the health of Master Bramble. *Quicksilver*. I pledge it, sir; hath it gone *round*, captaine? *Sec.* It has, sweet Franck; and *the round* closes with thee." (iii. 2.) The Puritans (as Prynne) abound in denunciations of the "round" of drinking healths.

[7] Some such brutalities are related of Cambyses and of Nero. Reference may be made to the story of a youth whom Satan tempted to kill his mother. The horrible proposal was indignantly rejected. Then Satan tempted him to kill his sister, which was likewise spurned. Next he tempted him with drunkenness, and the youth yielded as to what he thought a venial offence, and he came home

Is outlawd by himselfe; all kinds of ill[1]
Did with his liquor slide into his veins.
The drunkard forfets Man, and doth devest[2]
All worldly right,[3] save what he hath by Beast.[4]

VII.

Shall I, to please another's wine-sprung[5] minde,
Lose all mine own? God hath giv'n me a measure
Short of his canne[6] and bodie; must I finde
A pain in that wherein he findes a pleasure?
Stay at the third glasse; [7] if thou lose[8] thy hold,
Then thou art modest,[9] and the wine grows bold.

VIII.

If reason move not gallants, quit the room—
All in a shipwrack shift their severall way;
Let not a common ruine thee intombe:
Be not a beast in courtesie, but stay,—
Stay at the third cup, or forgo the place:
Wine above all things doth God's stamp deface.

mad-drunk, and in his fury killed his mother, then with child of a daughter.—RYLEY. Cf. Brooks' "Precious Remedies" (Works, by me: vol. i. p. 20), where other references are given, and the strange association of the legend with Judas.

1 For example: Noah, Lot, Alexander, &c., &c.

2 *i.e.* put off: we unnecessarily say "divest *himself of*."

3 All right in the world, every privilege on earth.—LOWE.

4 So Shakespeare: "O, I have lost my reputation. I have lost the immortal part of myself. O, what remains is *bestial*." ("Othello," ii. 3.)

5 sprung: *i.e.* out of its place—a mind started aside or become warped by wine.

6 "that other's."

7 "These honest men did at Brentford dine
Having drunk every man his pint of wine."
When wine was served in "cannes" it might well be drunk from half-pint "glasses," of which two were enough.

8 A variant spelling of "loose." See the Memoir, as before, on this and like conceits.

9 Moral excellence requires due consideration of time, place, and person. Virtue out of season is not virtue. "Modesty," admirable at one time, may be cowardice at another. The timidity which does not resist, and is here called "modesty," should give place to a firm boldness before "the devil drunkenness."—LOWE.

IX.

Yet, if thou sinne in wine or wantonnesse,
Boast not thereof, nor make thy shame thy glorie.[1]
Frailtie gets pardon by submissivenesse;[2]
But he that boasts shuts that out of his storie;
He makes flat warre with God, and doth defie
With his poore clod of earth the spacious skie.

X.

Take not His Name, Who made thy mouth, in vain;
It gets thee nothing, and hath no excuse.
Lust and wine plead a pleasure, avarice gain;
But the cheap[3] swearer through his open sluce
Lets his soul runne for nought, as little fearing:[4]
Were I an Epicure,[5] I could bate[6] swearing.

XI.

When thou dost tell another's jest, therein
Omit the oathes, which true wit cannot need;
Pick out of tales the mirth, but not the sinne;
He pares his apple that will cleanly feed.

[1] Philippians iii. 19.

[2] *e. g.* the Prodigal in the Parable, who was welcomed home when he returned in penitent "submissivenesse." Pardon to a boaster of his sin is impossible.

[3] Cf. st. xii. line 2. The context shows that as a cheap seller, so the cheap swearer is he who readily parts with his oaths, as things of little or no value, and not only gets no value for his ware, but parts also with his soul for nought, or almost nothing, and on the most trifling temptation. The primary idea of bargaining is involved throughout.

[4] fearing [of God]: *i. e.* reverencing.

[5] *i. e.* one pursuing pleasure supremely, as in "Macbeth": "Then fly false thanes, and mingle with the English epicures" (v. 3). But besides this Herbert intended no doubt to express the vulgar conception of the ancient Epicureans, whom he thus (mis)represents as having no belief in providential judgments and as living only for sensual enjoyment. Suppose it had been so (as it is not, for Epicurus and his school were no such mere pleasure-seekers or sensualists), then the thought would have been to the point—"If I had no more belief in providential judgments than an Epicurean, I could bate swearing."

[6] bate: *i. e.* abate, subtract, not swear. "Bate me an ace quoth Bolton" is the well-known proverb used by Elizabeth.

Play not away[1] the vertue of that Name
Which is the best stake when griefs make thee
tame.

XII.

The cheapest[2] sinnes most dearly punisht are,
Because to shun them also is so cheap;
For we have wit to mark them, and to spare.[3]
O, crumble not away thy soul's fair heap!
If thou wilt die, the gates of hell are broad;
Pride and full sinnes have made the way a road.

XIII.

Lie not; but let thy heart be true to God,
Thy mouth to it, thy actions to them both:
Cowards tell lies,[4] and those that fear the rod;
The stormie-working soul[5] spits lies and froth.[6]
Dare to be true: nothing can need a ly;
A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby.

[1] The poet would say that the virtue or power of God's Name is a trump card, a stake not to be played away, but to be held in the hand, to win against all the sorrows and temptations of life. It is in the hour of grief that God's name rightly used in prayer will turn all to *triumphs*, or *trumps*, for the two words are the same.—LOWE. A very pretty thought, but it is not Herbert's, for the simple reason that a *stake* is the value wagered and is not a trump or any other card, to be retained in the hand. If the poet had meant a "card" he would have said so.

[2] Cf. on st. xi. l. 4. Opposed to "dearly," meaning "at the highest rate," as we say "to pay dearly for an error;" compare such expressions as "my dearest foe," "my father hated his father dearly;" and "shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death?" ("Julius Cæsar," iii. 1.) Benjamin Franklin has made the thing famous by his apologue of the Whistle. We have here the secondary meaning of "easy" derived from the thought of cheap or easy purchase.

[3] *i.e.* wit enough and to spare.—LOWE.

[4] "The great violation of the point of honour from man to man is giving the lie. ...The reason perhaps may be because no other vice implies a want of courage so much as telling a lie; and therefore telling a man he lies is touching him in the most sensible part of honour and indirectly calling him a coward."—*The Spectator*, No. 99.

[5] Two classes, says Herbert, tell lies: cowards, and those who in their passion would gain their ends by any means. The *former* he exhorts to be brave, "*dare* to be true;" to the latter he says, "nothing can need a lie."

[6] Cf. Isaiah lvii. 20.

XIV.

Flie idlenesse ;[1] which yet thou canst not flie
By dressing, mistressing, and complement.[2]
If those take up thy day, the sunne will crie
Against thee ; for his light was onely lent.[3]
God gave thy soul brave[4] wings ; put not those feathers
Into a bed, to sleep out all ill weathers.

XV.

Art thou a magistrate ? then be severe :[5]
If studious,[6] copie fair what Time hath blurr'd,
Redeem truth from his jawes : if souldier,
Chase[7] brave employment with a naked sword
Throughout the world. Fool not ; for all may have,
If they dare try, a glorious life, or grave.

XVI.

O England, full of sinne, but most of sloth !
Spit out thy flegme, and fill thy breast with glorie,

[1] Occupation is not work ; employment in vanity is only idleness. —LOWE.

[2] See the Memoir as before, on the quotation here from Dean Donne. "Mistressing" is dawdling in day-long attendance and obsequence on a lady love ; but it must be remembered that a young unmarried yet marriageable lady was called "Mistris" or "Mistress," not Miss as now, and that "mistressing" here does not carry its deteriorated sense.

[3] i. e. not given to us to do as we like with our own.—LOWE.

[4] i. e. high aspirations and instincts.

[5] So Shakespeare's Justice is "with eye severe" ("As You Like It," ii. 7) ; but severus not saevus.—LOWE. As "severe" is now restricted to stern, apt to punish, these parallel passages may interest :—

"Truth, wisdom, sanctitude, severe and pure"
MILTON, Paradise Lost, iv. 293.

"This grave rebuke,
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace." (Ib. ll. 844-5).

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe"
POPE, Essay on Man, ll. 379-80.

[6] The student's end is Truth.—LOWE.

[7] i. e. pursue. England had had a long peace through the reign of James I., and idleness is the soldier's temptation in such times.

Thy gentry bleats, as if thy native cloth[1]
Transfus'd a sheepishnesse into thy storie;
Not that they all are so,[2] but that the most
Are gone to grasse,[3] and in the pasture lost.

XVII.

This losse springs chiefly from our education:
Some till their ground, but let weeds choke their sonne;
Some mark a partridge,[4] never their childe's fashion;
Some ship them over,[5] and the thing is done.
Studie this art,[6] make it thy great designe;
And if God's image move thee not, let thine.[7]

XVIII.

Some great estates provide, but do not breed[8]
A mast'ring minde; so both are lost thereby.
Or els they breed them[9] tender, make them need
All that they leave; this is flat povertie:

[1] English wool and "native cloth" have ever been famous. In 1613 one John May writing of woollen clothing, says of England, "No kingdom can speak so happily of this benefit as this Realme. The quantitie so much as serveth all nations in the world, and the qualitie so good as it is chiefly desired of all." LOWE.

[2] Sir Henry Wotton, Lord Fulkland, John Hampden, are examples.—LOWE.

[3] *i. e.* they are slothful, wanting in work and energy, as is a horse turned out from work to grass. Cf. st. xviii.

[4] *i. e.* a technical term in sporting "game."

[5] *i. e.* send them abroad to see the world, as Cowper sarcastically sings in his "Progress of Error" (ll. 415-16). It is just possible that Herbert had also in his mind the "shipping" to the new colonies—Virginia, the Bermudas, and others.

[6] *i. e.* of education.

[7] If thy child does not excite thy reverent care, as being created in the image of God, regard it at least as being thine image—its parent's.—LOWE.

[8] *i. e.* bring up, train; as we say well-bred, ill-bred, of manners.—LOWE.

[9] The sense, not the grammar, must explain this: *them* refers to children implied; and so it does in the next clause, while *they* in the following line refers to parents.—LOWE.

For he that needs[1] five thousand pound to live
Is full as poore as he that needs but five.

XIX.

The way to make thy sonne rich is to fill
His minde with rest,[2] before his trunk[3] with riches:
For wealth without contentment climbes a hill,
To feel those tempests which fly over ditches;[4]
But if thy sonne can make ten pound his measure,
Then all thou addest may be call'd his treasure.

XX.

When thou dost purpose ought within thy power,
Be sure to doe it, though it be but small;
Constancie knits the bones, and makes us sowre[5]
When wanton pleasures becken, us to thrall.[6]
Who breaks his own bond forfeiteth himself;
And, though hee bee a ship, is his owne shelf.[7]

XXI.

Doe all things like a man, not sneakingly;
Think the king sees thee[8] still; for his King[9] does.

[1] Not *has* but *needs*. The man whose necessities require £5,000 per annum is as poor as he whose necessities are met by £5 per annum. Cf. last line of st. xix.—LOWE. See under st. xxx. l. 3.

[2] No doubt Herbert had in recollection St. Augustine's deep saying, "O Lord, Thou hast formed us for Thyself, and our souls are restless until they rest in Thee." ("Conf.") Cf. St. Matthew xi. 28.

[3] *i.e.* chest or portmanteau.

[4] Cf. Horace, Od. ii. x. 9. So Shakespeare:

"And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle."—*Cymbeline*, iii. 3.

[5] See longer Notes and Illustrations (*a*), at close of the volume, on the reading "sowre," adopted from the Williams MS.

[6] *i.e.* bond or slave.

[7] See longer Notes and Illustrations (*b*), as before, on "shelf."

[8] *i.e.* any superior.—LOWE. Milton more grandly:

"All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Task-master's eye."—Sonnet vii.

[9] *i.e.* King of kings.

Simpring[1] is but a lay-hypocrisie;
Give it a corner, and the clud undoes.[2]
Who fears to do ill sets himself to task;[3]
Who fears to do well sure should wear a mask.[4]

XXII.

Look to thy mouth;[5] diseases enter there.[6]
Thou hast two sconses:[7] if thy stomack call,
Carve, or discourse; do not a famine fear:
Who carves is kind to two;[8] who talks, to all.
Look on meat, think it dirt, then eat a bit,
And say withall,—"Earth to earth I commit."[9]

XXIII.

Slight those who say, amidst their sickly healths,[10]
"Thou liv'st by rule." What doth not so but man?
Houses are built by rule, and Common-Wealths.
Entice the trusty sunne, if that you can,
From his ecliptick line; becken the skie!
Who lives by rule, then, keeps good companie.[11]

[1] *i.e.* smiling, especially in a false or foolish way Smiles of pretended friendship are in the layman, the hypocrisy that pretended holiness is in the clerk.--LOWE

[2] See longer Notes and Illustrations (*c*), as before, on "clue undoes."

[3] *i.e* he searches into his motives, and judges his actions.—LOWE.

[4] If a man is afraid to do good, better than not to do it let him wear a mask and hide himself, as Nicodemus came by night; or even as Naaman received an implied sanction for worshipping in the house of Rimmon. The higher rule of the Gospel is, "Let your light so shine before men," &c. (St. Matthew v. 16).—LOWE.

[5] Proverbs xxiii. 2.

[6] *i. e.* By bad air, or by excessive or unwholesome food.--LOWE. Herbert places in the "Jacula Prudentum" these: "Whatsoever was the father of a disease, an ill diet was the mother:" "By suppers more have been killed than Galen ever cured."

[7] See longer Notes and Illustrations (*d*), as before, on "sconses."

[8] The host and the guest, for whom otherwise the host would carve; but see note on "sconses."

[9] We were made of the dust of the earth, and the first man was called Adam, *i.e.* red earth, and our food is all from the earth; "as for the earth out of it cometh bread." Besides, "unto dust shall we return:" and the thought of the end, as suggested by these words from the Burial Office, may restrain appetite.—LOWE.

[10] *i. e.* healths which they drink to the injury of health.

[11] He is here giving examples of living by rule—the commonwealth, the sun, the host of heaven. If you then live by rule, you keep good company, are in fellowship with the sun, stars, &c.

XXIV.

Who keeps no guard upon himself is slack,
And rots to nothing at the next great thaw.[1]
Man is a shop of rules, a well-truss'd pack,
Whose every parcell under-writes a law.[2]
Loose[3] not thyself, nor give thy humours way;
God gave them to thee under lock and key.

XXV.

By all means use sometimes to be alone;[4]
Salute thyself; see what thy soul doth wear;[5]
Dare to look in thy chest, for 'tis thine own,
And tumble up and down what thou find'st there:

[1] As soon as the tight hold of circumstances, which like frost keep a man from falling away, is relaxed, he drops to pieces under the influence of temptation, as ice in a thaw. We call a man who acts under no self-restraint *dissolute*. that is, one who has melted away. —LOWE. But query "tight hold" of reason, not circumstances? Dr. Lowe says, as "ice in a thaw," which makes man and his circumstances one. Herbert's idea is, he becomes slack and rots, as extraneous things preserved in ice rot when it thaws. The thought, like that in 107. The Size, l. 40, may have been suggested by the great frost of 1614.

[2] Man is made up of a series of qualities, a variety of faculties, each to be used for its own end, under its own rule; as in a shop each parcel of goods might have the name of its contents written under a rule directing their use. *Underwriting* is when one name is written under another, and so is applied to the form of insuring ships at Lloyd's In this passage it is used only in its precise etymological sense.—LOWE. Dr. Lowe errs (as too frequently) by going back on a thought already past, that of the shop. Herbert is now thinking of qualities, living parcels. Underwriting in insurance is not the writing of one name under another, but subscribing to a bond. The words "rules" and "law," and the mode of expression, sufficiently show that "under-write" is used by Herbert in a legal-literal sense—*i. e.* subscribes to a law, which law each parcel or quality of man is thus bound not to vary from or exceed.

[3] I have adopted this instead of the usual printed text "lose" from the Williams MS which is also confirmed by the Bodleian. There is, perhaps, here a reference to the "loose," *i. e.* to loosing of the arrow, the word being a technical term. See Note on s. vii. l. 5.

[4] See longer Notes and Illustrations (*e*), as before

[5] The graces and the virtues are the garments of the soul, the wedding-garments of the parable. As folks take so much care of their wardrobes, so let them look as carefully to the repairs and good order of their spiritual attire.—LOWE. But in our Lord's parable is the "wedding-garment"—not plural (St. Matthew xxii, 11), and the meaning is infinitely deeper than the "graces and virtues."

Who cannot rest till he good-fellows[1] finde,
He breaks up house, turns out of doores his
minde.

XXVI.

Be thrifty, but not covetous: therefore give
Thy need, thine honour,[2] and thy friend his due.
Never was scraper[3] brave man. Get to live;
Then live, and use it;[4] els it is not true
That thou hast gotten. Surely use alone
Makes money not a contemptible stone.

XXVII.

Never exceed thy income. Youth may make
Ev'n with the yeare; but Age, if it will hit,
Shoots a bow short, and lessens still his stake,
As the day lessens, and his life with it.
Thy children, kindred, friends upon thee call,
Before thy journey[5] fairly part with all.

XXVIII.

Yet[6] in thy thriving still misdoubt some evil,
Lest gaining gain on thee, and make thee dimme
To all things els. Wealth is the conjurer's devil,

[1] *i. e.* boon companions.

[2] "Spend on thine honour" . . . "as did Araunah and David" also: 2 Samuel xxiv. 23, 24. Lord Bacon says, "Riches are for spending: spending for honour and good actions." (Essays, xxviii.) —LOWE (shortened). Herbert was the friend and associate of Bacon. See the Memoir, as before.

[3] *i. e.* gatherer of money—still more and more, at all hazards, and with all meannesses.

[4] *i. e.* turn it to account by good deeds—not hide it in a napkin, nor necessarily spend it at will.—LOWE.

[5] *i. e.* the last journey, "from whence no traveller returns" ("Hamlet," iii. 1): "before they go hence, and be no more seen" (Job xvi 22: Psalm xxxix. 13).—LOWE.

[6] There being nothing in the preceding stanza about not thriving, "yet" is not used disjunctively, but as—continually, ever, still. The same sense of continuance is implied in "as yet" and in "while they were yet heathen," and the like; in fact, various of the usages of "still" branch out so parallel with those of "yet" that one may frequently be used to illustrate or gloss the other.

Whom when he thinks he hath, the devil hath
him.[1]
Gold thou mayst safely touch; but if it stick
Unto thy hands, it woundeth to the quick.[2]

XXIX.

What skills it,[3] if a bag of stones or gold
About thy neck do drown thee? Raise thy head;
Take starres for money,[4]—starres not to be told
By any art, yet to be purchasèd,
None is so wastfull as the scraping dame;
She loseth three for one,—her soul, rest, fame.

XXX.

By no means runne in debt: take thine own
measure:[5]
Who cannot live on twentie pound a yeare,
Cannot on fourtie;[6] he's a man of pleasure,
A kinde of thing that's for itself too deere.

[1] There have been many legends, beside those of Simon Magus and Dr. Faustus, of conjurors pretending to supernatural powers being carried away by the evil spirit they conjured with. Something such was the fate of the sons of Sceva (Acts xix. 14).—Lowe.

[2] i. e. sensitive or living parts

[3] i. e. what difference does it make? To *skill* was originally to distinguish, and so the skill of discrimination came to be the word for excellent practice in any art. The artist or the artificer who can best discriminate between perfection and imperfection is likely to be the most skilful in his art or craft.—Lowe. "Distinguish" is used so loosely in modern English, that it might be well to read above "originally to [separate] distinguish [between]." Suggested by St. Luke xvii. 1, 2.

[4] i. e. count the stars, not your coins. The righteous are to "shine as stars," and though they may be more numerous than we can count or "tell," yet can we purchase them, in obedience to the Gospel, by a right use of earthly goods. (St. Luke xii. 33).—Lowe. Not "count .... coins," but "take," "obtain" the coin or treasures of heaven in exchange for your goods, instead of obtaining and accumulating gold." See Note on 16. Affliction, ll. 11, 12.

[5] i. e. determine at what rate you will live within your income.—Lowe. Doubtless, though the sense is not the same, and though it is not in the "Jacula Prudentum," Herbert had in remembrance the proverb, "Cut your coat according to your cloth." In sparing or stinting himself, for the sake of ostentatious finery and changing fashions (faults of that day in apparel and of our own), he probably thought of the man's stinting his nobler self in his "curiousness of spending."

[6] See longer Notes and Illustrations (*f*), for a very full notice of the "fourtie."

The curious unthrift[1] makes his cloth too wide,[2]
And spares himself, but would his taylor chide.

XXXI.

Spend not on hopes.[3] They that by pleading-clothes
Do fortunes seek when worth and service fail,
Would have their tale beleevèd for their oathes,
And are like empty vessels under sail.
Old courtiers know this: therefore set out so,
As all the day thou mayst hold out to go.

XXXII.

In clothes, cheap handsomenesse doth bear the bell;[4]
Wisedome's a trimmer thing then shop e'er gave.
Say not then, "This with that lace will do well;"
But, "This with my discretion will be brave."
Much curiousnesse[5] is a perpetuall wooing
Nothing with labour, folly long a-doing.

[1] *i. e.* the prodigal who wastes his money on curious and fanciful objects. Unthrift is used substantively in "Richard II." ii. 3 where Bolingbroke speaks of "upstart unthrifts." So Dryden in "Hind and Panther" (pt. iii. ll. 295-7).

[2] The illustrations from the clothes may be an allusion to the ludicrous exaggeration in width of the trunk-hose worn in King James I.'s time.—Lowe. Extravagance in dress being such a vice of the age, Herbert makes it stand for all unthrift; but he speaks of clothes only, not of curious and fanciful objects. Curious is here—fanciful; and this sense is derived, as it were, from the two meanings of "curious," according as it refers to the agent or object—painstaking or over-busy, and strange or finished by art—over-busy in reference to curious fashions, fanciful. See on l. 5.

[3] The context shows this is—spend not in hopes of preferment,—not credit (so Lowe),—waste not your substance thus. I have put a hyphen in "pleading-clothes," as making the sense clearer and as it really is a compound word. See longer Notes and Illustrations (*g*), as before.

[4] See longer Notes and Illustrations (*h*), as before.

[5] Used for affectation in dress, always striving to produce a new effect, and so, like a perpetual courtship, never possessing the desired object. Polonius's advice is in part like Herbert's: "Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, but *not express'd in fancy;* rich, not gaudy" ("Hamlet," i. 3).—Lowe.

XXXIII.

Play not for gain, but sport.[1] Who playes for more
Then he can lose with pleasure, stakes his heart;
Perhaps his wive's too, and whom she hath bore:
Servants and churches also play their part.[2]
Onely a herauld,[3] who that way doth passe,
Findes his crakt name at length in the
church-glasse.

XXXIV.

If yet thou love game at so deere a rate,
Learn this, that hath old gamesters deerly cost:
Dost lose? rise up; dost winne? rise in that state:
Who strive to sit out losing hands are lost.
Game is a civil gunpowder,[4] in peace
Blowing up houses with their whole increase.

XXXV.

In conversation boldnesse[5] now bears sway:
But know, that nothing can so foolish be

[1] i. e. you may play a game, but not as gambling; for the game (i. e. sport), not to make or lose money.

[2] At the dissolution of the monasteries, many of the Church lands and buildings were gambled away at Court.—LOWE. And much later too: yet as Herbert speaks of "servants and churches," his meaning probably was, that as in gambling he lost not his own merely but his wife's and children's fortunes, so he also spent that due to his servants, and the alms and oblations due to his God. Hence, by a figure, he says that in playing away these the servants and churches play their part with him, go partners in his play, and with him lose their part.

[3] Reckless gambling will bring a man to such entire ruin, that no memory of his name or state will survive, except a fragment of his arms in a painted window in the church; and this will be understood only by a scientific herald, who shall be coming round, as was his custom, at intervals of about thirty years, under the authority of Royal Commissions, for the purpose of enquiring into all matters connected with the bearing of arms, genealogies, &c. The earliest visitation recorded was in 1413, the latest in 1686. Boutell's "Heraldry", article on Visitations, p. 132.—LOWE. But Dr. Lowe misses the hit in "crakt name," i. e. too poor to see it mended.

[4] Civil, i. e. domestic, as opposed to foreign. The Gunpowder-plot in 1605 [and its annual commemoration] would give special point to this illustration.—LOWE.

[5] The reference is to the bold impudence and self-assertion of gallants and other braggadocios The first line is the general theme, therefore I punctuate (:) and boldnesse (:) l. 3; but "get" is a repetition or re-enforcement of first assay, and l. 6, the parallel clause to "Then march." Hence worth (;), not as usually (:).

As empty boldnesse: therefore first assay
To stuffe thy minde with solid braverie;[1]
Then march on gallant: get substantiall worth:
Boldnesse guilds finely, and will set it forth.

XXXVI.

Be sweet to all. Is thy complexion[2] sowre?
Then keep such companie; make them thy allay;[3]
Get a sharp wife, a servant that will lowre:
A stumbler stumbles least in rugged way.
Command thy self in chief. He life's warre
knows,[4]
Whom all his passions follow as he goes.

XXXVII.

Catch not at quarrels.[5] He that dares not speak
Plainly and home is coward of the two.[6]
Think not thy fame at ev'ry twitch will break;
By great deeds shew that thou canst little do,—
And do them not;[7] that shall thy wisdome be:
And change thy temperance into braverie.

[1] *i. e.* handsomeness of apparel, and here used as applied to the apparel of the mind. This is shown by "march on gallant." But there is a secondary and somewhat humorous allusion to bravery in its other sense, the bold bravery of empty words. The secondary is the primary in st. xxxvii. l. 6, and the primary here the secondary.

[2] As we should say, *disposition*. In olden times men's characters were said to depend very much upon the composition of their humours, which physicians said were four; and as these humours will affect the complexion, it was taken for the disposition.—LOWE.

[3] *i. e.* alloy, used, as here, for anything which in combination abates or allays a predominant quality or humour. Dryden uses complexion and allay in like relation ("Stanzas on Oliver Cromwell" l. 25).

[4] *i. e.* skilled in. He is a skilled captain in Life's wars, whether those of internal mutiny or of social life.

[5] So Polonius:— "Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,
Bear 't, that th' opposer may beware of thee."
Hamlet, i. 3.

[6] *i. e.* you are not a coward for not taking up an affront that was only hinted: if an affront was meant he who was afraid to go beyond the hint is the coward, not you.

[7] The whole is, Catch not at quarrels, yet on occasion speak plainly and home. Be not ready to resent little slights, as though they injured your fame; do great deeds, and show by them you could do lesser, but such lesser as quarrelling on account of these slights, do them not. That shall be thy wisdom, &c.

XXXVIII.

If that thy fame with ev'ry toy be pos'd,[1]
'Tis a thinne web,[2] which poysonous fancies make.
But the great souldier's[3] honour was compos'd
Of thicker stuffe, which would endure a shake.
Wisdome picks friends; civilitie playes the rest:[4]
A toy shunn'd cleanly passeth with the best.[5]

XXXIX.

Laugh not too much; the wittie man laughs least;
For wit is newes only to ignorance.
Lesse at thine own things laugh, lest in the jest
Thy person share, and the conceit advance:
Make not thy sport abuses; for the fly
That feeds on dung is coloured thereby.

XL.

Pick out of mirth, like stones out of thy ground,
Profanenesse, filthinesse, abusivenesse;
These are the scumme, with which course wits abound:
The fine[6] may spare these well, yet not go lesse.

[1] See longer Notes and Illustrations (i), as before.
[2] *Ibid.* (j). [3] *Ibid.* (k).
[4] May be used in the Angler's sense, but play at games was so common, that allusions are constantly drawn from it; and it seems more probable, as more agreeable to the sense, that the phrase is drawn thence—he engages and sportively opposes with a cheerful civil courtesy all those whom wisdom does not choose as friends: civilly associates, yet as at tennis keeps a line of demarcation, or as at cards, is of the other side.
[5] *i. e.* the "toys of society" shunned so far as to receive no ill from them, is a thing that receives the esteem and approbation of the wisest and best, *i. e.* passes or receives the mark of their approval.
[6] *i.e.* that which is "fined" (a technical term in cookery, &c.), by removal of the scum. The word is therefore used in a conceitful or double sense, in contrast both with *scumme* and *course*, *i.e.* coarse (line 3).

All things are bigge[1] with jest; nothing that's plain
But may be wittie,[2] if thou hast the vein.

XLI.

Wit's an unruly engine, wildly striking
Sometimes a friend, sometimes the engineer;[3]
Hast thou the knack? pamper it not with liking;
But if thou want it, buy it not too deere.
Many affecting wit beyond their power
Have got to be a deare fool for an houre.

XLII.

A sad[4] wise valour is the brave complexion
That leads the van and swallowes up the cities.
The gigler[5] is a milkmaid, whom infection[6]
Or a fir'd beacon[7] frighteth from his ditties:

[1] Used here as in st. vi. for pregnant, its proper meaning; so in Cowper's hymn:—

"Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are *big* with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head."

The familiar use of "big" for large or great is incorrect.—LOWE. Where Dr. Lowe found his etymology I do not know. One incorrect usage is old enough. Chaucer tells of a "*big* bow." Does "great" also properly mean "pregnant," because we say "great with child"? We don't say a woman is "big," but "big with child," and this alone shows pregnant is not its original meaning.

[2] *i.e.* may be made matter of "wit" or jest. "Wittie" and "wit" are used as "wise" and "wisdom." The meaning is: Laugh not overmuch at thine own good things, lest, according to the axiom in line 2, it be thought thy wit is news to thy ignorance, and so wonder in the bystanders that so good a thing should come from so seemingly poor a wit, advance their appreciation of thy conceit or happy thought.

[3] "'Tis the sport to have the engineer hoist with his own petard." ("Hamlet," iii. 4.)

[4] See longer Notes and Illustrations (*l*), as before.

[5] The "gigler" is the man without reflection, or sense of responsibility, jesting on all that passes; such an one's weakness under trial, temptation, or affliction, shows him a Pistol or a Falstaff as against a brave Prince Hal. He is a braggart soldier, with no more courage than a milkmaid, and any threat of danger, or semblance of alarm, puts his mouth to silence.—LOWE. But see longer Note on "sad" (line 1).

[6] The Plague and other pestilences so frequent in London and England verify this use of "infection."

[7] *i.e.* a beacon kindled, as in cases of alarm through invasion of enemies.

Then he's the sport; the mirth then in him
rests,
And the sad man is cock[1] of all his jests.

XLIII.

Towards great persons use respective[2] boldnesse;
That temper gives them theirs,[3] and yet doth take
Nothing from thine; in service,[4] care or coldnesse
Doth ratably thy fortunes marre or make.
Feed no man in his sinnes; for adulation
Doth make thee parcell-devil[5] in damnation.

XLIV.

Envie not greatnesse; for thou mak'st thereby
Thyself the worse, and so the distance greater.
Be not thine own worm;[6] yet such jealousie[7]
As hurts not others, but may make thee better.

[1] When the "gigler" is thus discomfited, the grave man whom he may have flouted turns his ridicule upon him. The cock is used for a conqueror, as Swift says:—

"My schoolmaster called me a dunce and a fool,
But at cuffs I was always the cock of the school."—LOWE.

[2] i.e. boldness or independence tempered with the respect due to greatness.—LOWE. The Williams MS. has "respectful," but "respective" seems the finer word, as involving more clearly the thought of looking back on or considering the state of the person addressed. It is used by Shakespeare and others, but gradually fell into disuse.

[3] i.e. all that is their due; used absolutely, as *thine* in next line. -LOWE.

[4] But where you are a dependent, care or attention to your patron is needed, for in proportion to your alacrity or your indifference is the making or marring of your fortune.—LOWE.

[5] "Parcel" is the diminutive of part and means a share; so we say "parcel-gilt plate." The compound word here means one who goes shares with the devil by helping the ruin of the man who is flattered in his sins.—LOWE. "Flattered," as when a man who really is a drunkard is called "good fellow," or a spendthrift "generous," &c.

[6] The warning against envy fitly follows that against flattery, for, as another poet says, "Envy to small minds is flattery."—(YOUNG.) The rankling effects of envy have led all poets to speak of envy's tooth. Herbert puts the tooth into the worm which he would say the envious man takes into his heart *to eat* out his peace. Horace says, "Invidiâ Siculi non invenere tyranni Tormentum majus." ("Epist." I. ii. 58.)—LOWE. The source of Herbert's phrase was the emblems which represent Envy as feeding on her own snakes, that issue as hair from her head. [7] i.e. emulation. Cf. Hebrews v. 24.

Is a good spurre. Correct thy passions' spite;
Then may the beasts draw thee to happy
light.[1]

XLV.

When basenesse is exalted,[2] do not bate
The place its honour for the person's sake;
The shrine is that which thou dost venerate,
And not the beast that bears it on his back.[3]
I care not though the Cloth of State should be
Not of rich arras[4] but mean tapestrie.

XLVI.

Thy friend put in thy bosome;[5] wear his eies
Still in thy heart,[6] that he may see what's there.
If cause require thou art his sacrifice,
Thy drops of bloud[7] must pay down all his fear:
But love is lost, the art of friendship's gone,[8]
Though David had his Jonathan, Christ his
John.

[1] The sanctified passions become instruments of a blessing.—WILLMOTT.

[2] Cf. Psalm xii. 8, and St. Matthew xxiii. 2, 3.

[3] See longer Notes and Illustrations (*m*), as before.

[4] Arras was a superior kind of tapestry, so called from the French town where it was made. Tapestry is here used for any kind of common hangings, while arras would be such as was woven into rich devices. "The Cloth of State" is of value for what it represents, not for what it is. What would a broker give for Edward the Confessor's chair, on which the Sovereigns of England are crowned, if he valued it as an article of furniture only?—LOWE. See note on No. 147. The Forerunners, line 26.

[5] So "Hamlet" (i. 3):—

"The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel."

[6] The blessing of a true friend is to correct our evils: so take him into thy confidence, and let him know thee entirely.—LOWE. Yet must there ever be things revealable to God alone.

[7] Such was Antonio's friendship ("Merchant of Venice," iv. 1).

[8] Albeit, as shown by Scott in his "Fortunes of Nigel," there was this "decay," we must accept this lamentation with allowance. Elijah imagined he was left alone, while there were still thousands "true and faithful" (1 Kings xix. 10-18, and Romans xi. 2-4).

XLVII.

Yet be not surety,[1] if thou be a father:
Love is a personall debt,[2] I cannot give
My children's right, nor ought he take it: rather
Both friends[3] should die then hinder them to live.
Fathers first enter bonds to Nature's ends,
And are her sureties ere they are a friend's.

XLVIII.[4]

If thou be single, all thy goods and ground
Submit to love; but yet not more then all:
Give one estate, as one life. None is bound
To work for two, who brought himself to thrall.
God made me one man; love makes me no more,
Till labour come and make my weaknesse score.

XLIX.

In thy discourse, if thou desire to please,[5]
All such is courteous, usefull, new, or wittie:
Usefulnesse comes by labour,[6] wit by ease;
Courtesie grows at Court, news in the citie:
Get a good stock of these, then draw the card
That suites him best, of whom thy speech is heard.

[1] "Hamlet" (i. 3):—

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry."

Herbert is less absolute than Polonius.—LOWE. More scriptural too. See Psalms xxxvii. 26; cxii. 5; Proverbs xxii. 7.

[2] Love has to do only with the two persons it binds together. Whatever proceeds from any other source than the personal regard of these parties for one another is not love. In l. 4 of this stanza, "them" refers to children, not to friends.—LOWE. Dr. Lowe misunderstands this. Herbert's argument is, Love is only a personal debt: you cannot engage the welfare and rights of your children in it.

[3] *i.e.* your friend and yourself.

[4] See longer Notes and Illustrations (*n*), as before.

[5] "If..... please [take this rule], all pleasing discourse is, &c. The construction is abnormally elliptical and strong. Please (:), as usually, makes it stronger. To understand the construction, "all" must be taken as referring to the thought included in the previous sentence; that is, it refers not to "discourse," but to all "pleasing discourse." Such colloquialism occurs not unfrequently in our old writers.

[6] See longer Notes and Illustrations (*o*), as before.

L.

Entice all neatly[1] to what they know best;
For so thou dost thyself and him a pleasure;—
But a proud ignorance[2] will lose his rest,
Rather then shew his cards;—steal from his
treasure[3]
What to ask further: doubts well-rais'd do lock
The speaker to thee, and preserve thy stock.

LI.

If thou be master-gunner, spend not all
That thou canst speak at once, but husband it,
And give men turns of speech;[4] do not forestall
By lavishnesse thine own and others' wit,
As if thou mad'st thy will:[5] a civil guest
Will no more talk all then eat all the feast.

LII.

Be calm in arguing: for fiercenesse[6] makes
Errour a fault, and truth discourtesie.
Why should I feel another man's mistakes
More then his sicknesses or povertie?[7]
In love I should; but anger is not love,
Nor wisdome neither; therefore gently move.

[1] i.e. nicely, persuasively.
[2] See longer Notes and Illustrations (p), as before.
[3] *Ibid.* (q).
[4] "Let him be sure to leave other men their turns to speak. Nay, if there be any that would reign and take up all the time, let him find means to take them off, and bring others on: as musicians use to do with those that dance too long galliards." - BACON, *Essays*, xxxii. "Master-gunner" (l. 1) was the chief gunner of a place, army, or ship. He had charge of the ammunition, and it was his duty to serve it out in due proportion, and to see that it was used with due discretion, and not wasted all at once. The term is used by Shakespeare, Hall and Holinshed (cf. Richardson, *s. v.*).
[5] *i.e.* give not away thy whole stock as though thou madest thy "will." See Cowper's "Table Talk," on the proportion of conversation.
[6] *i.e.* fiercenesse makes as though your adversaries' error were a fault and makes your truth-telling a discourtesy. But calmness in argument and otherwise, is a thing of temperament and circumstance.
[7] See longer Notes and Illustrations (r), as before.

LIII.

Calmnesse is great advantage; he that lets
Another chafe, may warm him at his fire,
Mark all his wandrings, and enjoy his frets,
As cunning fencers suffer heat to tire.
Truth dwels not in the clouds;[1] the bow that's there
Doth often aim at, never hit the sphere.

LIV.

Mark what another sayes; for many are
Full of themselves, and answer their own notion.[2]
Take all into thee; then with equall care
Ballance each dramme of reason, like a potion.
If truth be with thy friend, be with them both,
Share in the conquest, and confesse a troth.[3]

LV.

Be useful where thou livest,[4] that they may
Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still.
Kindnesse, good parts,[5] great places, are the way
To compasse this. Finde out men's wants and will,
And meet them there. All worldly joyes go lesse
To the one joy of doing kindnesses.

[1] As heat engendereth clouds by exhalation, so anger obscureth controversy. Clouds are ever shifting, and truth, as being stable, cannot dwell there. Even the rainbow, though stretched as if aiming at the blue vaults above, never reaches it; for it drifts away with the clouds. It is the calm and cloudless weather which shows the blue sky above—the type of perpetual truth.—LOWE. Thomas Brooks, the old Puritan writer, somewhere speaks finely of the rainbow as "the Bow of God, to which He has given no string and furnished with no arrows of vengeance."

[2] *i.e.* attend to what others say, for many are full, not of argument but of their own conceits, and them you can listen to, and use if you will their own computation of their own position.

[3] Dr. Lowe's disquisition on Truth and Troth, as in very many other cases, is out of place, because Herbert simply uses Truth and Troth in their ordinary signification. If truth be with thy friend, do &c. and confess your belief in it.

[4] First, "Be useful," of use; not idle and of no good to any. Then, "Be useful *where* thou livest;" an appeal against non-residents—needed still.

[5] *i.e.* kindness, good parts, and rank and position, are those things which give the means of being useful where thou livest

LVI.

Pitch thy behaviour low,[1] thy projects high;
So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be:
Sink not in spirit; who aimeth at the sky
Shoots higher much then he that means [2] a tree.
  A grain of glorie mixt with humblenesse
  Cures both a fever and lethargicknesse.[3]

LVII.

Let thy minde still be bent, still plotting where
And when and how the businesse may be done.[4]
Slacknesse breeds worms;[5] but the sure traveller,
Though he alight sometimes, still goeth on.
  Active and stirring spirits live alone;
  Write on the others "HERE LIES SUCH A ONE."

LVIII.

Slight not the smallest losse, whether it be
In love or honour; take account of all:
Shine like the sunne in every corner: see
Whether thy stock of credit swell or fall.
  Who say "I care not," those I give for lost.
  And to instruct them 'twill not quit the cost.

LIX.

Scorn no man's love, though of a mean degree,[6]—
Love is a present for a mightie king;

[1] *i. e.* on the level or humbly, as glossed by "humble" (l. 2).

[2] Another example of Herbert's *curiosa felicitas*, an art so remarkable in Shakespeare. Means, *i. e.* intendeth at, or aimeth at; yet conveys by its sound the thought that the aim is comparatively "mean" or low. Cf. 182. The Answer, l. 9.

[3] Dr. Lowe is again in error here. Herbert does not refer to being perfect as God is perfect. If the perfection of God spoken of in St. Matthew (v. 48) had been that described in the text, "a behaviour low," &c., then the remarks and reference would be apposite, not otherwise.

[4] Once more Dr. Lowe is most irrelevant on this. Herbert simply says, When you have a business to do, do it with all your mind, and without slackness or delay.

[5] Alluding to the belief that worms, frogs, and the like are developed by spontaneous generation out of slimy stagnant mud.

[6] "A child's service is little, yet he is no little fool that despiseth it." ("Jacula Prudentum.") Cf. 70. Charms and knots, ll. 3, 4.

Much lesse make any one thine enemie:
As gunnes destroy, so may a little sting.
The cunning workman never doth refuse
The meanest tool that he may chance to use.

LX.

All forrain [1] wisdome doth amount to this,
To take all that is given, whether wealth,
Or love, or language ; nothing comes amisse ;
A good digestion turneth all to health :
And then, as farre as fair behaviour may,
Strike off all scores ; none are so cleare as they.

LXI.

Keep all thy native good,[2] and naturalize
All forrain of that name ; but scorn their ill;
Embrace their activenesse, not vanities :
Who follows all things, forfeiteth his will.
If thou observest [3] strangers in each fit,
In time they'l runne thee out of all thy wit.

LXII.

Affect in things about thee cleanlinesse,
That all may gladly board thee,[4] as a flowre.

[1] *i.e.* all the wisdom of foreign travel, all the precepts to be observed, are confined in this. The word "language" shows, that here, and in the next stanza, he is speaking of the rules which should guide one in that tour abroad which was then the necessary complement of a gentleman's education.

[2] "Hamlet," i. 3. "To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

But the man must in such case be "true." Let him be "false" and the more he is "true" to himself, the falser must he be all round.

[3] In the way of obsequiousness. So Polonius ("Hamlet," i. 3.) "Do not dull thy palm with entertainment of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade."—LOWE. Dr. Lowe has somewhat misunderstood this. Polonius is speaking, not of obsequiousness, but of too readily entertaining those who are obsequious; and secondly, he is speaking of entertaining individuals; while the whole context of Herbert shows that he is not alluding to obsequiousness to persons, but of being unduly obsequious, or observant in adopting without judgment all the fashions, manners, and customs of foreigners,—a folly then common, and spoken against by almost every writer of the age.

[4] *i.e.* welcome thee as an ornament to their table, not less graceful than flowers.—LOWE. French, *aborder*, to go or come side by side

Slovens take up their stock of noisomenesse[1]
Beforehand, and anticipate their last houre.
Let thy minde's sweetnesse have his operation
Upon thy body, clothes, and habitation.

LXIII.

In almes regard thy meanes and others' merit;[2]
Think heav'n a better bargain then to give
Onely thy single market-money[3] for it;
Joyn hands with God to make a man to live.
Give to all something; to a good poore man
Till thou change names,[4] and be where he began.

LXIV.

Man is God's image; but a poore man is
Christ's stamp to boot;[5] both images regard.
God reckons[6] for him, count the favour His;[7]
Write "So much giv'n to God:" thou shalt be heard.
Let thy almes goe before[8] and keep heav'n's gate
Open for thee; or both may come too late.[9]

with: hence it has the same etymology and meaning as accost (accoast, Fr. coste or côte): "accost her or front her, board her, woo her, assail her." ("Twelfth Night," i. 3.) As a resulting sense, the French *aborder* also means to become familiar with (Cotgrave).

[1] The traditional peck of dust which every one has to swallow: with the sub-thought of the noisomenesse of the decaying body in the grave.

[2] Herbert's maxims have now risen from morality to religion; yet as are all other religious acts, so is almsgiving a social, moral, and political virtue. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth." (Proverbs xi. 24). Herbert's own precept is but an English version of Cicero's: "ne major benignitas sit, quam facultates; tum, ut pro dignitate cuique tribuatur."—LOWE.

[3] To "give" personally, rather than merely "send," is often the measure of difference between bare "duty" and lovingkindness. A kind look, word, grasp of the hand, goes infinitely beyond the money amount, or, as Herbert means, the lowest price and nothing to boot.

[4] *i.e.* be a good poor man.

[5] *i. e.* in addition.—WILLMOTT. *Cf.* 2 Cor. viii. 9.

[6] Cf. St. Matthew, xviii. 10.

[7] Cf. St. Matthew, xxv. 40: Proverbs, xix. 17.

[8] Acts x. 4.

[9] A warning against death-bed charities.—LOWE. That is, when the "charities" are exclusively made there.

LXV.

Restore to God His due in tithe and time;
A tithe purloin'd[1] cankers the whole estate.
Sundaies observe; think when the bells do chime,[2]
'Tis angels' musick; therefore come not late.
God then deals blessings: if a king did so,
Who would not haste, nay give, to see the show?

LXVI.

Twice on that day His due is understood;[3]
For all the week thy food so oft He gave thee.
Thy cheere is mended; bate not of the food,
Because 'tis better, and perhaps may save thee.
Thwart not th' Almighty God: O, be not crosse![4]
Fast when thou wilt; but then 'tis gain, not losse.

LXVII.

Though private prayer be a brave designe,
Yet publick hath more promises, more love;
And love's a weight to hearts, to eies a signe.[5]
We all are but cold suitours; let us move

[1] I think I have seen an old book which went to show that no grandson inherited lands despoiled from the Church. Herbert may here refer to some similar idea or belief.

[2] Southey says beautifully of the chime, that "it is a music hallowed by all circumstances, which, according equally with social exultation and with solitary pensiveness, though it falls upon many an unheeding ear, never fails to find some hearts which it exhilarates, and some which it softens."—WILLMOTT.

[3] In ll. 1, 2, Herbert says, "Give God His due twice on Sunday," for all the week thy two ("main") meals are given by Him. Then in ll. 3—6 he proceeds to the receiving of the Holy Communion, the receiving of which he earnestly enforces in other poems, thus giving their full significance to all the phrases of ll. 3, 4, and to the "Thwart," of l. 5, and "fast" of l. 6: to "fast" where God intends you to feast is loss. "That" from the Williams MS. for "the" is adopted.

[4] i. e. contrary, opposed.

[5] i. e. an inducement or weighty argument to the heart, conveyed to it through the signs understood and exchanged by the eyes. So the sight of a vast congregation praying is a sign of love, which the eyes convey to the heart.—LOWE. This scarcely explains the text. The love that brings one and all to the House of God is a "sign" to the eyes, while the love shewn by the multitude, through the sympathy of feeling engendered by a multitude, increases or heightens the love

Where it is warmest: leave thy six and seven;[1]
Pray with the most, for where most pray is heaven.[2]

LXVIII.

When once thy foot enters the Church, be bare;[3]
God is more there then thou; for thou art there
Onely by His permission: then beware,
And make thy self all reverence and fear.
Kneeling ne're spoil'd silk stocking; quit thy state;
All equall are within the Churche's gate.

LXIX.

Resort to sermons, but to prayers most:
Praying's the end of preaching. O, be drest;
Stay not for th' other pin![4] Why, thou hast lost
A joy for it worth worlds. Thus Hell doth jest
Away thy blessings, and extreamly flout thee;[5]
Thy clothes being fast, but thy soul loose about thee.

in each individual heart. Throughout Herbert is thinking of the effect of a one-thinking multitude in intensifying the feelings of each component of the crowd." See Note on l. 5. See also the Memoir for remarks on prayer in relation to preaching.

[1] This, probably, was not chosen merely for the rhyme, but is an allusion to the saying "at sixes and sevens," then often written in the singular, *e. g.* Thomas Tusser

——"setteth his soul upon *six or on seven*,
Not fearing nor caring for hell nor for heaven."
Good Husbandly Lessons, 1558.

The effect of numbers is not only warmth, but more unanimity: hence "where most pray is Heaven:" where there are few it is colder, and each, uninfluenced by the sympathy of the multitude, is more apt to be thinking of his own concerns.

[2] If the prayer be really praying, and not saying merely. I don't know that prayer will hold the place in heaven which it does on earth. It will be a glorified thing, partaking more of praise. Herbert elsewhere uses prayer, = prayer and praise, or praise, = prayer.

[3] *i. e.* uncovered, or bare-headed.

[4] Sunday delays, through over-dressing, has always been, alas, one of the sins of Christians. Cf. Jac. Prud. "When prayers are done, my lady is ready."

[5] A common word in Herbert's time and Shakespeare's: probably only used familiarly, as it does not occur in the Bible. In Walton's

LXX.

In time of service seal up both thine eies,[1]
And send them to thy heart, that, spying sinne,
They may weep out the stains by them did rise:
Those doores being shut, all by the eare comes in.
Who marks in church-time others' symmetrie
Makes all their beautie his deformitie.

LXXI.

Let vain and busie thoughts have there no part;
Bring not thy plough, thy plots,[2] thy pleasures
thither.
Christ purg'd His temple; so must thou thy heart:
All worldly thoughts are but theeves met together
To couzin[3] thee. Look to thy actions well;
For churches are either our Heav'n or Hell.[4]

Angler we have "Phillida flouts me." Lord Bacon (Essay xxxii.) says, "Tell truly, was there never a flout or dry blow given?" Swift, at a later date, has:

> When you pertly raise your snout,
> Flear and gibe, and laugh and flout;"

and Carlyle speaks of the banner "flouting the wind."—LOWE.

[1] Cf. Ecclesiasticus xxxi. 13. "Seal" or "seel" (Fr. siller), a technical term for closing hawk's eyes by passing a thread or feather through the lids, until the bird has become more tractable.—NARES.

[2] From its relation to the "plough" immediately before, "plots" evidently means here "farms" or "lands;" *not* plans or contrivances. Old Thomas Tusser very frequently uses the word thus, *e.g.* :—

> (1) — "get good *plot*, to occupy
> And store and use it husbandly."
> *The Ladder to Thrift.*
>
> (2) "A *plot*, set down for farmer's quiet."
> *The Farmer's Daily Diet.*
>
> (3) "Chuse aptly thy *plot*."
> *January's Husbandry.*

[3] An old-fashioned word for to cheat. In the Anglo-Saxon version of the Lord's Prayer we have "ne gelædde thee us on costnung:" into cozening or specious temptation. The "theeves" here refer obviously to Christ's words when He purged the Temple: "Ye have made it a den of thieves." (St. Matt. xxi. 13.)—LOWE. The connection of "couzin" or cozen with "costnung" is doubtful. Rather it appears to come from the Dutch kosen, to fawn on, etc.

[4] So are all spiritual privileges: 2 Cor. ii. 16.—LOWE. Deeper

LXXII.

Judge not the preacher, for He is thy judge;[1]
If thou mislike him, thou conceiv'st Him not:
God calleth preaching folly:[2] do not grudge
To pick out treasures from an earthen pot:[3]
The worst speak something good; if all want sense,
God takes a text, and preacheth patience.

LXXIII.

He that gets patience, and the blessing[4] which
Preachers conclude with, hath not lost his pains.
He that by being at Church escapes the ditch
Which he might fall in by companions, gains.
He that loves God's abode, and to combine
With saints on earth, shall one day with them shine.

LXXIV.

Jest not[5] at preacher's language or expression:
How know'st thou but thy sinnes made him miscarrie?
Then turn thy faults and his into confession:
God sent him, whatsoe'er he be; O, tarry,

still—our "actions" (l. 5) are the expression of our inner character, or ought to be.

[1] I have given a capital H to "He" and "Him" (l. 2) in order to mark out the thought, the controlling thought of Herbert, that God is our judge, and will rejudge our judgments. It is not true that "the preacher" is our "judge." So too with "Him" in l. 2. Mislike of the servant springs often from mislike and mistrust of his Master. If I have a lofty and awful conception of God, I shall bring that with me to the hearing of His "ambassador." Cf. St. Matt. xix. 8.

[2] Herbert remembers 1 Cor. i. 21. God nowhere "calleth preaching folly." Men did; and the Apostle argues from their own terms. Or perhaps it might be maintained from 1 Cor. i. 17, "not with wisdom of words," that St. Paul, in i. 21, was thinking also of his own infirmity: "his bodily presence weak, and his speech contemptible" (2 Cor. x. 10), and that Herbert, adopting this, says of a poor preacher, God may alone call the preaching of man "folly," but that foolishness was able in St. Paul to bring the Gentiles to repentance and to God.

[3] "We have this treasure in earthen vessels." (2 Cor. iv. 7.)

[4] *i.e.* the Benediction at the close of service.

[5] *i.e.* misdirected criticism on the man, *i.e.* the preacher.

And love him for his Master; his condition,
Though it be ill, makes him no ill physician.

LXXV.

None shall in Hell such bitter pangs endure
As those who mock at God's way of salvation:
Whom oil and balsames kill, what salve can cure?
They drink with greedinesse a full damnation.
The Jews refusèd thunder, and we[1] folly;
Though God do hedge us in, yet who is holy?

LXXVI.

Summe up[2] at night what thou hast done by day,
And in the morning what thou hast to do;
Dresse[3] and undresse thy soul; mark the decay
And growth of it; if with thy watch[4] that too[5]
Be down, then winde up both: since we shall be
Most surely judg'd, make thy accounts agree.

[1] Herbert is here extremely elliptical: "The Jews refused thunder" [*i. e.* to obey the Law given in thunder on Mount Sinai]; "we" [refuse] folly [*i.e.* God's love and mercy in Christ crucified, which to the world is "folly" (1 Cor. i. 18-23)]. "Hedge us in." Cf. Job iii. 23, Lamentations iii. 7, Hosea ii. 6.

[2] So did the virtuous pagan Cato, whom Cicero makes say, "Quid quoque die dixerim, audierim, egerim, commemoro vesperi." Though such recollection were only to strengthen his memory, how shall not such an one rise with the Queen of Sheba and the men of Nineveh in judgment against the carelessness of this generation.—LOWE. Seneca also, and not to strengthen his memory. Chatterton puts the thing, in his "Bristowe Tragedy," in the mouth of Sir Charles Baudin:—

"And none can say but all my lyffe
I have the wordyes kept;
And summed the actions of the day
Eche night before I slept."

[3] "Put on the whole armour of God." (Ephesians vi. 11.) "To dress a soul for a funeral is not a work to be despatched at one meeting."—BP. TAYLOR's *Holy Dying*, c. v.

[4] Just about Herbert's time the manufacture of watches was improving greatly. It was about 1620 that watches of present form became general, instead of the strange devices of ducks, Ganymedes, death's-heads, etc., in which they had hitherto been fixed. Malvolio, in his dream of greatness, beholds himself a great man: "I frown the while, and perchance wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewels." ("Twelfth Night," ii. 5: [1607-14.]) Ben Jonson describes a dissolute minor waiting for the hour of his majority to arrive, with his watch upon the table. This watch was one that struck. ["Staple of News," 1625.]—LOWE.

[5] "That" refers to the soul.—LOWE.

LXXVII.

In brief, acquit thee bravely, play the man:[1]
Look not on pleasures as they come, but go;
Deferre not the least vertue: life's poore span
Make not an ell by trifling in thy wo.
If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains;[2]
If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains.

III. SUPERLIMINARE.[3]



THOU whom the former precepts have
Sprinkled,[4] and taught how to behave
Thy self in Church, approach and taste
The Churche's mysticall repast.

[5] AVOID,[6] PROFANENESSE! COME NOT HERE:
NOTHING BUT HOLY, PURE, AND CLEARE,
OR THAT WHICH GRONETH TO BE SO,
MAY AT HIS PERILL FURTHER GO.

[1] Cf. 1 Samuel iv. 9.

[2] Lines 5-6. In "Notes and Queries" (2nd series, vi. 87,) are the following lines by Bishop Shuttleworth, of Chichester, whose son thought he remembered his father saying at the time that the idea of them occurred in St. Chrysostom, or some of the early fathers. More probably the bishop copied after Herbert:—

"Do right; though pain and anguish be thy lot,
Thy heart will cheer thee when the pain's forgot;
Do wrong for pleasure's sake, then count thy gains—
The pleasure soon departs, the sin remains!"

See the Memoir for more on this.

[3] In the Williams MS. these four lines are headed Perirrhanterium and the succeeding four Superliminare. See on Perirrhanterium Note 2. As the lustral use of the instrument was a momentary act, it seems more fitting to limit the heading of Perirrhanterium to these four lines rather than to prefix it to the entire "Church Porch"; but as it has been so placed hitherto (from 1632-3) it is continued. "Superliminare" *i.e.* the transome, lintel, or upper door-post of the doorway. Herbert uses this and not *limen* the threshhold, having reference to Exodus xii. 2, and to the second stanza, on which see Note.

[4] Cf. Note 2, and Hebrews ix. x. 22.

[5] This was clearly intended to be read as an inscription. Thou in the same measure as the first, it is quite different in its rhy I print it accordingly in capitals.

[6] This is certainly equivalent to avaunt, not a counsel to "shun." So in "Eastward Ho" (1605): "I am deafe still, I say. I will neither yeeld to the song of the syren nor the voyce of the hyæna, the

IV. THE CHURCH.[1]

1. ¶ THE ALTAR.[2]

A broken Altar, Lord, Thy servant reares,
Made of a heart, and cemented with teares,
Whose parts are as Thy hand did frame;
No workman's tool hath touch'd the same.[3]
A heart alone
Is such a stone
As nothing but
Thy power doth cut.
Wherefore each part
Of my hard heart
Meets in this frame,
To praise Thy name:
That, if I chance to hold my peace,
These stones[4] to praise Thee may not cease.
O, let Thy blessèd Sacrifice be mine,
And sanctifie this Altar to be Thine![5]

teares of the crocodile, nor the howling o' the wolf. *Avoid* my habitation, monsters!" (Act v. sc. 1).

[1] This, not "The Temple," was Herbert's own title, in the Williams MS., Bodleian, &c. See the Memoir, as before.

[2] The reader has seen in "The Church Porch" and Superliminare how, in those days, classical thoughts were mingled with Jewish and Christian; and here, though the altar was a wooden table, and the allusion is to the unhewn stone altar of the Jews, the structural form of the verse imitates the pagan altar, and as in Anomos' Altar and Sacrifice to Disdain, in Davison's "Poetical Rhapsody," I have enclosed it in lines of that form. Herbert has a similar conceit in Easter Wings, and examples of pillars, pyramids, &c., may be seen in Puttenham's "Art of English Poetry," and in Joshua Sylvester's dedications before his "Du Bartas." Possibly (l. 1.) Herbert wished to represent a broken altar. Cf. 11. Easter Wings, and 92. Sinne's Round.

[3] Exodus xx. 25.

[4] St. Luke xix. 40.

[5] See the Memoir, as before, for Samuel Speed's copy after Herbert here.

2. ¶ THE SACRIFICE.[1]


ALL ye who passe by, whose eyes and minde
To worldly things are sharp, but to Me blinde—
To Me, Who took eyes that I might you finde:
Was ever grief like Mine?

The princes of My people make a head
Against their Maker:[2] they do wish Me dead,
Who cannot wish, except I give them bread:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Without Me, each one who doth now Me brave
Had to this day been an Egyptian slave;
They use that power against Me which I gave:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Mine own Apostle who the bag did beare,
Though he had all I had, did not forbeare
To sell Me also, and to put Me there:
Was ever grief like Mine?

For thirtie pence he[3] did My death devise
Who at three hundred did the ointment prize,
Not half so sweet as My sweet sacrifice:
Was ever grief like Mine?

[1] This is based on Lamentations i. 12, and St. Matthew xxvii. 39, 40. See the Memoir, as before, for various readings.

[2] The Genevan version of Psalm ii. 2 is, "The Kings of the earth band themselves together, and the Princes are assembled together against the Lord and against His Christ."

[3] Again (as in l. 13) "he" is Judas; but Herbert overlooks that "*he*" was not alone. Cf. St. Matthew xxvi. 9; St. Mark xiv. 5; St. John xii. 5.

Therefore My soul melts, and My heart's deare treasure
Dropsbloud, the only beads[1] My words to measure:
Oh, let this cup passe, if it be Thy pleasure:
Was ever grief like Mine?

These drops being temper'd with a sinner's tears,
A balsome are for both the hemispheres,[2]
Curing all wounds but Mine, all but My fears:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Yet My disciples sleep;[3] I cannot gain
One houre of watching; but their drowsie brain
Comforts not Me, and doth My doctrine stain:
Was ever grief like Mine?

"Arise! arise! they come!"[4] Look how they runne!
Alas, what haste they make to be undone!
How with their lanterns do they seek the sunne!
Was ever grief like Mine?

With clubs and staves they seek Me as a thief,
Who am the way of truth, the true relief,
Most true to those who are My greatest grief:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Judas, dost thou betray Me with a kisse?[5]
Canst thou finde hell about My lips, and misse
Of life just at the gates of life and blisse?
Was ever grief like Mine?

[1] This is a kind of tacit protest against the Roman Catholic *rosary* and its mechanical use—My blood the only beads [besides which there is none other].

[2] *i. e.* a prophetic saying as to the whole earth, the old hemisphere and the yet undiscovered new, the known and the antipodean. "Curing all wounds" confirms this view, as in heaven there are none to cure, none needing cure.

[3] St. Matthew xxvi. 40, 43.

[4] St. Matthew xxvi. 46, 57.

[5] St. Luke xxii. 48.

See, they lay hold on Me, not with the hands
Of faith, but furie; yet at their commands
I suffer binding, Who have loos'd their bands:
Was ever grief like Mine?

All My disciples flie; fear puts a barre
Betwixt My friends and Me: they leave the starre
That brought the wise men of the East from farre:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Then from one ruler to another, bound
They leade Me, urging that it was not sound
What I taught; comments would the text confound:
Was ever grief like Mine?

The Priest[1] and rulers all false witnesse seek
'Gainst Him Who seeks not life, but is the meek
And readie Paschal Lambe of this great week:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Then they accuse Me of great blasphemie,
That I did thrust into the Deitie,
Who never thought that any robberie:[2]
Was ever grief like Mine?

Some said that I the Temple to the floore
In three days raz'd, and raisèd[3] as before:
Why, He that built the world can do much more:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Then they condemne Me all, with that same breath
Which I do give them daily, unto death;

[1] 1632-3 have "Priest" and so the Williams MS. *i.e.* the High-Priest. Usually misprinted "priests," one of various errors drawn from the unauthoritative texts of 1674, 1679, 1708, and later. I adopt "Priest" as above, in preference to "priests" of St. Matthew xxvi. 59; St. Mark xiv. 55.

[2] Philippians ii. 6.

[3] St. John ii. 19. So Drummond of Hawthornden: "Towns razed, and raised victorious" ("Mæliades"): "Arches and stately temples which one age doth raise, doth not another raze"? ("Cypress Grove"). Cf. 24. The Temple, l. 7.

Thus Adam[1] my first breathing rendereth:
Was ever grief like Mine?

They binde and leade Me unto Herod; he
Sends Me to Pilate:[2] this makes them agree;
But yet their friendship is My enmitie:[3]
Was ever grief like Mine?

Herod and all his bands do set Me light,
Who teach all hands to warre, fingers to fight,
And onely am the Lord of hosts and might:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Herod in judgment sits, while I do stand,
Examines Me with a censorious[4] hand;
I him obey, Who all things else command:
Was ever grief like Mine?

The Jews accuse Me with despitefulnesse,
And vying[5] malice with My gentlenesse,
Pick quarrels with their onely happinesse:
Was ever grief like Mine?

I answer nothing, but with patience prove
If stony hearts will melt with gentle love:
But who does hawk[6] at eagles with a dove?
Was ever grief like Mine?

My silence rather doth augment their crie;
My dove doth back into My bosome flie,
Because the raging waters still are high:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Hark how they crie aloud still, Crucifie!
It is not fit He live a day! they crie,

[1] Thus Adam, *i.e.* his offspring in Adam's loins, returns My grant of breath to him. (Gen. ii. 7.) Cf. Hebrews vii. 9, 10.
[2] St. Luke xxiii. 12.
[3] *i. e.* of or towards Me.
[4] *i. e.* ready to (mis)judge.
[5] *i. e.* contending.
[6] *i. e.* as in the sport of "hawking."

Who cannot live lesse then eternally:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Pilate, a stranger, holdeth off; but they,
Mine own deare people, cry, Away, away!
With noises confusèd frighting the day:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Yet still they shout, and crie, and stop their eares,
Putting My life among their sinnes and fears,
And therefore wish My bloud on them and theirs:
Was ever grief like Mine?

See how spite cankers things!—these words,[1] aright
Usèd and wishèd, are the whole world's light;
But hony[2] is their gall, brightnesse their night:
Was ever grief like Mine?

They choose a murderer, and all agree
In him to do themselves a courtesie;
For it was their own cause who killèd Me:
Was ever grief like Mine?

And a seditious murderer he was;
But I the Prince of Peace,—peace that doth passe
All understanding more then heav'n doth glasse:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Why, Cesar is their onely king, not I.
HE[3] clave the stonie rock when they were drie,
But surely not their hearts, as I well trie:
Was ever grief like Mine?

[1] *i. e.* (l. 107.) "His blood be on us and on our children" (St. Matt. xxvii. 25). *Cf.* the infinitely deep as tender words of St. Peter to these same imprecators, in Acts of the Apostles, ii. 39.

[2] These similes suggested by the familiar incidents of the Crucifixion.

[3] This so seems to refer to Cæsar that it unpleasantly stops the reader. I therefore print HE.

Ah, how they scourge Me! yet my tendernesse
Doubles each lash: and yet their bitternesse [1]
Windes up My grief to a mysteriousnesse:
Was ever grief like Mine?

They buffet Me and box Me as they list,
Who grasp the earth and heaven with My fist,
And never yet whom I would punish miss'd:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Behold, they spit on Me in scornfull wise,
Who by My spittle[2] gave the blinde man eies,
Leaving his blindnesse to Mine enemies:
Was ever grief like Mine?

My face they cover, though it be divine:
As Moses' face was vailèd, so is Mine,
Lest on their double-dark souls either shine:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Servants and abjects flout[3] Me, they are wittie;
"Now prophesie who strikes Thee," is their dittie;
So they in Me denie themselves all pitie:
Was ever grief like Mine?

And now I am deliver'd unto death;
Which each one calls for so with utmost breath,
That he before Me well-nigh suffereth:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Weep not, deare friends, since I for both have wept,
When all My tears were bloud, the while you slept:
Your tears for your own fortunes should be kept:
Was ever grief like Mine?

[1] *i. e.* their bitterness finally cumulates in mysteriousness, the mystery of their redemption, by My taking the suffering for these their sins, for their other sins, and for those of the whole world.
[2] St. John ix. 6. See Glossary under "spittle."
[3] See Note on "The Church Porch," st. lxix. l. 5.

The souldiers leade Me to the common-hall:
There they deride Me, they abuse Me all;
Yet for twelve heav'nly legions I could call:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Then with a scarlet robe they Me aray,
Which shews My bloud to be the onely way,
And cordiall left to repair man's decay:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Then on My head a crown of thorns I wear;
For these are all the grapes Sion doth bear,
Though I My vine planted and watrèd there:
Was ever grief like Mine?

So sits[1] the Earth's great curse in Adam's fall
Upon My head; so I remove it all
From th' earth unto My brows, and bear the thrall:[2]
Was ever grief like Mine?

Then with the reed they gave to Me before
They strike My head, the rock from whence all store
Of heav'nly blessings issue evermore:
Was ever grief like Mine?

They bow their knees to Me, and cry, "Hail, King!"
What ever scoffes or scornfulnesse can bring,
I am the floore, the sink, where they it fling:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Yet since man's scepters are as frail as reeds,
And thorny all their crowns, bloudie their weeds,[3]

[1] Cf. Genesis iii. 18 with St. Matt. xxvii. 29. A very remarkable sermon, bringing out the thought here indicated suggestively, will be found in a little volume in memorial of a noble soul all too early removed from the Church below—John Maclaren. "Memoir of the Rev. John Maclaren.....including Selections from his Letters and Sermons." Glasgow (Ogle): pp. 293-307, from St. Matthew xxvii. 29.

[2] See Note on "The Church Porch," st. xx. l. 4.

[3] *i. e.* garments. The reference is to the soldier's cast-off cloak flung in mockery over His lacerated shoulders.

I, Who am Truth, turn into truth their deeds:
Was ever grief like Mine?

The souldiers also spit upon that Face
Which angels did desire to have the grace,
And prophets, once to see, but found no place:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Thus trimmèd forth they bring Me to the rout,
Who "Crucifie Him!" crie with one strong shout.
God holds His peace at man, and man cries out:
Was ever grief like Mine?

They leade Me in once more, and putting then
Mine own clothes on, they leade me out agen.
Whom devils flie, thus is He toss'd of men:
Was ever grief like Mine?

And now wearie of sport, glad to ingrosse
All spite in one, counting My life their losse,
They carrie Me to My most bitter crosse:
Was ever grief like Mine?

My crosse I bear My self, untill I faint:
Then Simon bears it for Me by constraint,—
The decreed[1] burden of each mortal saint:
Was ever grief like Mine?

O, all ye who passe by, behold and see:
Man stole the fruit, but I must climbe the tree,[2]—
The tree of life to all but onely Me:
Was ever grief like Mine?

[1] The Williams MS. reads "gladsome" for "decreed," and "a" for "each,"—the former written probably with reference to Heb. xii. 2; but in general, cross is used for persecution and burden, and Herbert doubtless changed his adjective because it was not really "gladsome" to Simon, who typifies the follower of Christ in suffering (St. Matthew xvi. 24), and because the word does not well accord with the thought and general tone of the poem. Similarly, and as Simon typifies in Herbert's view, the follower of Christ, "each" is preferable to "a."

[2] *i.e.* the Cross (Galatians iii. 13).

Lo, here I hang, charg'd with a world of sinne,
The greater world o' th' two;[1] for that came in
By words, but this by sorrow I must win:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Such sorrow as if sinfull man could feel,
Or feel his part, he would not cease to kneel
Till all were melted, though he were all steel:
Was ever grief like Mine?

But, O My God, My God, why leav'st Thou Me,
The Sonne in Whom Thou dost delight to be?
My God, My God——
Never was grief like Mine.

Shame tears My soul, My bodie many a wound;
Sharp nails pierce this, but sharper that confound,—
Reproches which are free, while I am bound:
Was ever grief like Mine?

" Now heal Thyself, Physician; now come down."
Alas, I did so, when I left My crown
And Father's smile,[2] to feel for you His frown:
Was ever grief like Mine?

In healing not Myself there doth consist
All that salvation which ye now resist;
Your safetie in My sicknesse doth subsist:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Betwixt two theeves I spend My utmost breath,
As he that for some robberie suffereth:
Alas, what have I stollen from you? death:
Was ever grief like Mine?

[1] *i.e. that* the created visible world, *this* the world of sin.
[2] I adopt from the Williams MS. the order "Father's smile, to feel for you," in preference to 1633-3, " for you to feel."

A king My title is, prefixt on high ;
Yet by My subjects am condemn'd to die
A servile death in servile companie :
Was ever grief like Mine ?

They gave Me vinegar mingled with gall,
But more with malice : yet, when they did call,
With manna, angels' food, I fed them all :
Was ever grief like Mine ?

They part My garments, and by lot dispose
My coat, the type of love, which once cur'd those
Who sought for help, never malicious foes :
Was ever grief like Mine ?

Nay, after death their spite shall further go ;
For they will pierce My side, I full well know ;
That as sinne came, so Sacraments[1] might flow :
Was ever grief like Mine ?

But now I die ; now all is finishèd ;
My wo man's weal, and now I bow My head :
Onely let others say, when I am dead,
Never was grief like Mine.

3. ¶ THE THANKSGIVING.



H King of grief—a title strange, yet
true,
To Thee of all kings onely due—
Oh King of wounds, how shall I grieve
for Thee,
Who in all grief preventest[2] me ?

[1] *i.e.* blood and water (St. John xix. 34).
[2] prevent = anticipate : *i.e.* goest before. Cf. 139. "Self-condemnation," l. 19.

Shall I weep bloud? why, Thou hast wept such store,
That all Thy body was one doore.[1]
Shall I be scourgèd, flouted,[2] boxèd,[3] sold?
'Tis but to tell the tale is told.
"My God, My God, why dost Thou part from Me?"
Was such a grief as cannot be.
Shall I, then, sing, neglecting[4] Thy sad storie,
And side with Thy triumphant glorie?
Shall Thy strokes be my stroking? thorns my flower?
Thy rod my posie?[5] crosse my bower?
But how, then, shall I imitate Thee, and
Copie Thy fair though bloudie hand?
Surely I will revenge me on Thy love,
And trie who shall victorious prove.
If Thou dost give me wealth, I will restore
All back unto Thee by[6] the poore.
If Thou dost give me honour, men shall see
The honour doth belong to Thee.
I will not marry; or, if she be mine,
She and her children shall be Thine.
My bosome-friend, if he blaspheme Thy name,
I will tear thence his love and fame.

[1] 1679 edition originated the after-continued misprint of "one gore"—an error which even so keen-eyed a critic as Dr. George Macdonald passed, and introduced into his quotation in "Antiphon" (p. 190).

[2] See Note on "The Church Porch," st. lxix. l. 5.

[3] *i.e.* struck with the clenched fists.

[4] I adopt "neglecting" from the Williams MS. as being the more harmonious, especially taken with the next line. 1632-3 and later read:—

"Shall I then sing, skipping, Thy doleful storie."

Herbert no doubt altered to "neglecting" from the double meaning of "skipping," *i.e.* passing over, or neglecting, and dancing. It is important to attend to Herbert's meaning, as the usual punctuation (skipping,) mistakes it, as though he spoke of David's singing and skipping, and destroys the sense.

[5] Bunch of flowers. "He was thinking of Aaron's rod, perhaps." ("Antiphon," p. 190.)

[6] The Williams MS. reads "in" for "by." See the Memoir, as before, on this.

One half of me being gone, the rest I give
    Unto some chapell, die or live.
As for Thy[1] passion—But of that anon,
    When with the other I have done.
For Thy predestination, I'le contrive
    That three years hence, if I survive,
I'le build a spittle,[2] or mend common wayes,[3]
    But mend mine own without delayes.
Then I will use the works of Thy creation,
    As if I us'd them but for fashion.
The world and I will quarrell; and the yeare
    Shall not perceive that I am here.[4]
My musick shall finde Thee, and ev'ry string
    Shall have his[5] attribute to sing;
That all together may accord in Thee,
    And prove one God, one harmonie.
If Thou shalt give me wit, it shall appeare,
    If Thou hast giv'n it me, 'tis here.
Nay, I will reade Thy Booke, and never move
    Till I have found therein Thy love,
Thy art of love,[6] which I'le turn back on Thee:[7]
    O my deare Saviour, Victorie!
Then for Thy Passion; I will do for that—
    Alas, my God, I know not what.

[1] 1679 misprints "my," and it has been unhappily perpetuated. Dr. Macdonald ("Antiphon," p. 191) so misreads, and adds in a footnote dormitatively, "To correspond to that of Christ."

[2] *i.e.* a spital, *i.e.* hospital. Herbert, nevertheless, would not have disagreed with the solemn warning of quaint old Thomas Adams, of Willington, as follows: "A man may have his name written in the chronicles, yet lost; written in durable marble, yet perish; written on a monument equal to a colossus, yet be ignominious; written on the *hospital gates*, yet go to hell." ("The Happiness of the Church," 1618.)

[3] Not a rare provision in old wills.

[4] Cf. Parentalia, xv.

[5] *i.e.* its, as before.

[6] In opposition to the Poets' Art of Love, as Ovid.

[7] I punctuate "Thee:" not (,) as usually—because having so turned back God's love on Him, he cries in accord with l. 18, his trying who will victorious prove (Genesis xxxii. 28):—

"O my deare Saviour, Victorie!"

But the cry is premature; there comes the Passion, and on it the cry of the conquered:—

"Alas, my God, I know not what."

4. ¶ THE SECOND THANKSGIVING,[1] OR THE REPRISALL.

I HAVE consider'd it, and finde
There is no dealing with Thy mighty
Passion ;
For though I die for Thee, I am behinde ;
My sinnes deserve the condemnation.

O, make me innocent, that I
May give a disentangled state and free ;
And yet Thy wounds still my attempts defie,
For by Thy death I die for Thee.

Ah, was it not enough that Thou
By Thy eternall glorie didst outgo me ?
Couldst Thou not Grief's sad conquests me allow,
But in all vict'ries overthrow me ?

Yet by confession will I come
Into Thy conquest. Though I can do nought
Against Thee, in Thee I will overcome
The man[2] who once against Thee fought.

[1] I adopt this heading from the Williams MS. in preference to that of 1632-3 and after editions, because (1) it binds on this with the previous as in the others : (2) it marks the fulfilment of the promise in the former (l. 29) ; (3) it opens with the words " I have considered it," in relation to ll. 29, 30 of the preceding. None the less is " The Reprisall " a very noticeable heading, inasmuch as it carries in it the fine thought that, since he cannot conquer God, he will, allied to God, make reprisals on and overcome another—the old man. It is possible, therefore, that Herbert himself, and not Ferrar, made the change, and hence I give it also as a secondary title.

[2] The old man in the heart, subdued by grace.—WILLMOTT. But the words " subdued by grace " are ambiguous and unnecessary. He, subdued by grace, overcame " the old man in the heart : " he did not overcome " the old man . . . . subdued by grace," *i. e.* The man—the old man in the heart. *Cf.* Col. iii. 9; Eph. iv. 22 ; Rom. vi. 6.

5. ¶ THE AGONIE.

PHILOSOPHERS have measur'd mountains,
Fathom'd the depths of seas, of states, and kings;
Walk'd with a staffe[1] to heav'n, and tracèd fountains:
But there are two vast, spacious things,
The which to measure it doth more behove;
Yet few there are that sound them,—Sinne and Love.

Who would know Sinne, let him repair
Unto Mount Olivet; there shall he see
A Man so wrung with pains, that all His hair,
His skinne, His garments bloudie be.
Sinne is that presse[2] and vice, which forceth pain
To hunt his cruell food through ev'ry vein.

Who knows not Love, let him assay
And taste that juice which, on the crosse, a pike
Did set again abroach;[3] then let him say
If ever he did taste the like.
Love is that liquour sweet and most divine,
Which my God feels as bloud, but I as wine.

[1] The following treatise furnishes abundant illustration of this old instrument: "The Description and Use of the Sector, Crosse, STAFFE, and other Instruments, with a Canon of artificiall Sines and Tangents . . . . By Edm. Gunter, 1636 (4°)." See Memoir, as before, for parallel from Leighton.

[2] Isaiah lxiii. 3.

[3] "Broach" is to tap; "abroach" is here an adverb, *i. e.* on tap. Hence to "set abroach" is equal to set running.

6. ¶ THE SINNER.

LORD, how I am all ague when I seek
What I have treasur'd in my memorie !
Since, if my soul make even with the week,
Each seventh note by right is due to Thee.

I finde there quarries of pil'd vanities,
But shreds of holinesse, that dare not venture
To shew their face, since crosse to Thy decrees :
There the circumference earth is, heav'n the centre.

In so much dregs the quintessence is small ;
The spirit and good extract of my heart
Comes to about the many hundredth part.
Yet, Lord, restore Thine image ; heare my call ;
And though my hard heart scarce to Thee can grone,
Remember that Thou once didst write in stone.[1]

7. ¶ GOOD-FRIDAY.

O MY chief good,
How shall I measure out Thy bloud ?
How shall I count what Thee befell,
And each grief tell ?

Shall I Thy woes
Number according to Thy foes ?

[1] Viz. the Law given by Moses (Exodus xxiv. 12).

Or, since one starre[1] show'd Thy first breath,
Shall all Thy death?

Or shall each leaf
Which falls in Autumne score[2] a grief?
Or cannot leaves, but fruit, be signe
Of the True Vine?

Then let each houre
Of my whole life one grief devoure,
That Thy distresse through all may runne,
And be my sunne.

Or rather let
My sev'rall sinnes their sorrows get,
That as each beast his cure doth know,[3]
Each sinne may so.



Since bloud is fittest, Lord, to write
Thy sorrows in and bloudie fight,.
My heart hath store, write there, where in
One box doth lie both ink and sinne:

That when Sinne spies so many foes,
Thy whips, Thy nails, Thy wounds, Thy woes,
All come to lodge there, Sinne may say,
"No room for me," and flie away.

Sinne being gone, O, fill the place,
And keep possession with Thy grace;
Lest sinne take courage and return,
And all the writings blot or burn.

[1] St. Matthew ii. 9, 10. [2] *i.e.* mark for or count as

[3] As the dog who knows his med'cinable herb; or as the weasel was said to seek 'rue' before encountering a mole; or the mingoos its herb when bitten by a snake—both erroneous, but the latter, until very lately, believed to be a well-proved fact.

8. ¶ REDEMPTION.


AVING been tenant long to a rich Lord,
Not thriving, I resolvèd to be bold,
And make a suit unto Him, to afford
A new small-rented lease, and cancell th' old.

In heaven at His manour I Him sought:
They told me there, that He was lately gone
About some land, which he had deerly bought
Long since on Earth, to take possession.

I straight return'd, and knowing His great birth,
Sought Him accordingly in great resorts—
In cities, theatres, gardens, parks, and courts:
At length I heard a raggèd noise and mirth

Of theeves and murderers; there I Him espied,
Who straight, "Your suit is granted," said, and died.

9. ¶ SEPULCHRE.


BLESSED bodie, whither art Thou thrown?
No lodging for Thee but a cold hard stone!
So many hearts on earth, and yet not one
Receive Thee!

Sure there is room within our hearts good store,
For they can lodge transgressions by the score;
Thousands of toyes[1] dwell there, yet out of doore
They leave Thee.

[1] i.e. trifles, as before.

But that which shews them large shews them unfit:
Whatever sinne did this pure rock commit
Which holds Thee now? who have indited[1] it
Of murder?

Where our hard hearts have took up stones to brain[2]
Thee,
And, missing this, most falsely did arraigne Thee,
Onely these stones in quiet entertain Thee,
And order.

And as of old the Law by heav'nly art
Was writ in stone; so Thou, which also art
The letter of the Word, find'st no fit heart
To hold Thee.

Yet do we still persist as we began,
And so should perish, but that nothing can,
Though it be cold, hard, foul, from loving man
Withhold Thee.

10. ¶ EASTER.

RISE, heart, Thy Lord is risen; sing His
praise
Without delayes,
Who takes thee by the hand, that thou
likewise
With Him mayst rise;
That, as His death calcinèd thee to dust,[3]
His life may make thee gold, and, much more, just.

[1] *i.e.* indicted, *i.e.* accused and summoned.
[2] To beat out the brains; hence comes the modern phrase, "to knock a scheme upon the head."—WILLMOTT. But while a cognate phrase, the latter is not derived from the former.
[3] Formed apparently on the thought in Romans vi. 67. Christ having died for our sins, we died unto sin in His death; and our hearts, the body of our sin, were calcined into dust, that as ore is burnt to ashes that the pure metal may flow out, so we, being purified, may rise to newness of life. Herbert seems to have mingled with the thought of the text quoted, one derived from the ancient

Awake, my lute, and struggle for thy part
With all thy art :[1]
The crosse taught all wood to resound His name
Who bore the same ;
His stretchèd sinews taught all strings what key
Is best to celebrate this most high day.

Consort[2] both heart and lute, and twist a song
Pleasant and long ;
Or, since all musick is but three parts vied
And multiplied,[3]
O, let Thy blessèd Spirit bear a part,
And make up our defects with His sweet art.

THE SONG.[4]

I got me flowers to straw Thy way,
I got me boughs off many a tree ;
But Thou wast up by break of day,
And brought'st Thy sweets along with Thee.

The sunne arising in the East,
Though he give light, and th' East perfume,
If they should offer to contest
With Thy arising, they presume.

mode of burning the body, a thought due to the classical proclivities of his age; the influence of which, in our modes of expression as to the dead and their ashes, has not yet died out.

[1] After ll. 7, 8, he goes on to explain why each part of the lute should awake and strive. Hence I punctuate art (:), not (.) as usually.

[2] Consort is the right word scientifically. It means the *fitting together* of sounds according to their nature. *Concert*, however, is not wrong. It is even more poetic than *consort*, for it means *a striving together*, which is the idea of all peace: the strife is *together*, and not of one against the other. All harmony is an ordered, a divine strife. In the contest of music, every tone restrains its foot and bows its head to the rest in holy dance.—Dr. George MacDonald ("Antiphon": on *Milton*, p. 205). To be read *cum grano salis*, seeing that *consort* was the then word and *concert* much later.

[3] Seems to be here used—for only heart, lute, and Holy Spirit are mentioned—as = multi-plicus, *i.e.* many-twisted.

[4] I give a new heading to notify that this is the song his heart and lute sing.

Can there be any day but this,
Though many sunnes to shine endeavour?
We count three hundred,[1] but we misse:
There is but one, and that one ever.

Another version, from the Williams MS.

I had preparèd many a flowre
To straw Thy way and victorie;
But Thou wast vp before myne houre,
Bringinge Thy sweets along with Thee.

The sunn arising in the East,
Though hee bring light and th' other sents,
Can not make vp so braue a feast
As Thy discouerie presents.

Yet though my fleurs be lost, they say
A hart can nevér come too late;
Teach it to sing Thy praise this day,
And then this day my life shall date.

[1] *i.e.* round numbers for those of the year. Or, *Is* there the sub-thought that we count the year exactly in its ordinary days, but forget the sacred fifty-two and "holy" days, to our loss ("misse")?



11. ¶ EASTER WINGS.[1]

Lord, Who createdst man in wealth and store,
Though foolishly he lost the same,
Decaying more and more,
Till he became
Most poore:

With Thee
O let me rise,
As larks, harmoniously,
And sing this day Thy victories:
Then shall the fall further the flight in me.

My tender age in sorrow did beginne;
And still with sicknesses and shame
Thou didst so punish sinne,
That I became
Most thinne.

With Thee
Let me combine,
And feel this day Thy victorie;
For, if I imp my wing on Thine,
Affliction shall advance the flight in me.

[1] For other examples of the conceit which makes the verse assume a form resembling the subject, see Note on 1. "The Altar."

12. ¶ HOLY BAPTISME.[1]

S he that sees a dark and shadie grove
Stayes not, but looks beyond it on the skie ;
So, when I view my sinnes, mine eyes remove
More backward still, and to that water flie

Which is above the heav'ns, whose spring and rent[2]
Is in my dear Redeemer's piercèd side.
O blessèd streams, either ye do prevent
And stop our sinnes from growing thick and wide,

Or else give tears to drown them, as they grow.
In you Redemption measures all my time,
And spreads the plaister equall to the crime :
You taught the Book of Life my name, that so,

Whatever future sinnes should me miscall,
Your first acquaintance might discredit all.

13. ¶ HOLY BAPTISME.

INCE, Lord, to Thee
A narrow way and little gate
Is all the passage, on my infancie
Thou didst lay hold, and antedate
My faith in me.

O, let me still
Write Thee "great God," and me "a childe ;"
Let me be soft and supple to Thy will,

[1] See the Memoir, as before, for Various Readings.
[2] *i. e.* fissure, cleft.

Small to myself, to others milde,
Behither[1] ill.

Although by stealth
My flesh get on; yet let her sister,
My soul, bid nothing, but preserve her wealth:
The growth of flesh is but a blister;
Childhood is health.[2]

14. ¶ NATURE.

ULL of rebellion, I would die,
Or fight, or travell, or denie
That Thou hast ought to do with me:
O, tame my heart;
It is Thy highest art
To captivate strongholds to Thee.

If Thou shalt let this venome lurk,
And in suggestions fume and work,
My soul will turn to bubbles straight,
And thence, by kinde,
Vanish into a winde,
Making Thy workmanship deceit.

O, smooth my rugged heart, and there
Engrave Thy rev'rend Law and fear;
Or make a new one, since the old
Is saplesse grown,
And a much fitter stone
To hide my dust then Thee to hold.

[1] On this side of, or except in anything evil.—WILLMOTT. Rather = By or bye hither—a strengthened form of hither, implying well or fairly on this side of.

[2] So St. Chrysostom: "The office of repentance is, when they have been made new, and then become old through sins, to free them from their oldness, and make them new; but it cannot bring them to their former brightness, for then the whole was good."—WILLMOTT.

15. ¶ SINNE.

LORD, with what care hast Thou begirt us round!
Parents first season us; then school-masters
Deliver us to laws; they send us, bound
To rules of reason, holy messengers,

Pulpits and Sundayes, sorrow dogging sinne,[1]
Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes,
Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in,
Bibles laid open, millions of surprises;

Blessings beforehand, tyes of gratefulnesse,
The sound of glorie ringing in our eares,
Without, our shame; within, our consciences;
Angels and grace, eternall hopes and fears.

Yet all these fences and their whole aray
One cunning bosome-sinne blows quite away.

16. ¶ AFFLICTION.

WHEN first Thou didst entice to Thee my heart,
I thought the service brave:
So many joyes I writ down for my part,
Besides what I might have
Out of my stock of naturall delights,
Augmented with Thy Grace's perquisites.[2]

[1] "Fear dread events that dog them both."—*Comus*, l. 405.

[2] I adopt the Williams MS. here instead of "benefits," as in 1632-3 onward. Its meaning is, matters unaccounted for to the lord or master, and which by custom become the gain of the office-holder, agent, or servant. Hence "Thy grace's perquisites" would most naturally mean, the perquisites due to God's grace; and it would be

I lookèd on Thy furniture so fine,
And made it fine to me;
Thy glorious houshold-stuffe did me entwine,
And 'tice me unto Thee;
Such[1] starres I counted mine: both heav'n and earth
Payd me my wages in a world of mirth.

What pleasures could I want, whose King I served,
Where joyes my fellows were?
Thus argu'd into hopes, my thoughts reserved
No place for grief or fear;
Therefore my sudden soul caught at the place,
And made her youth and fiercenesse seek Thy face.

At first Thou gav'st me milk and sweetnesses,
I had my wish and way;
My days were straw'd with flow'rs and happinesses;
There was no moneth but May.
But with my yeares sorrow did twist and grow,
And made a partie[2] unawares for wo.

My flesh begun[3] unto my soul in pain,
Sicknesses cleave my bones,
Consuming agues dwell in ev'ry vein,
And tune my breath to grones:
Sorrow was all my soul; I scarce beleeved,
Till grief did tell me roundly, that I lived.

hard, though not perhaps quite impossible, to obtain any other meaning from it. Seeing this, Herbert, I apprehend, altered it, giving a clear sense if a worse rhyme as now "perquisites" is pronounced.

[1] *i.e.* such and such. Cf. on ll. 11, 12, "The Church Porch," st. xxix. l. 3, "Take stars for money." This idea was perhaps one not unfrequent in those days, otherwise one might suppose that the brothers Grimm had read this passage, and from it written their household story of Star Dollars; for it glosses the phrase better than any mere explanation.

[2] Probably = side or faction (using faction without its deteriorated meaning), or as we say "party," when, as in politics, religion, law, &c., there is another opposite *pars* or party; "made a party or chentelege on the side of error."

[3] See on "begun" (by Coleridge and others) in longer Notes and Illustrations (*s*), as before.

When I got health, Thou took'st away my life,
And more,—for my friends die:
My mirth and edge was lost, a blunted knife
Was of more use then I:
Thus thinne and lean, without a fence or friend,
I was blown thorough with ev'ry storm and winde.

Whereas my birth and spirit rather took
The way that takes the town,
Thou didst betray me to a lingring book,[1]
And wrap me in a gown;
I was entangled in the world of strife
Before I had the power to change my life.

Yet, for I threatned oft the siege to raise,
Not simpring all mine age,
Thou often didst with academick praise
Melt and dissolve my rage:
I took Thy sweetened pill till I came neare;
I could not go away, nor persevere.

Yet lest perchance I should too happie be
In my unhappinesse,
Turning my purge to food, Thou throwest me
Into more sicknesses:
Thus doth Thy power cross-bias[2] me, not making
Thine own gift good, yet me from my ways taking.

[1] = causing to linger, in a twofold sense, because it kept him plodding or lingering over it during hours when he should be enjoying himself; and also and especially "lingering," because it kept him at study and at college during days and months of his youth when he might have been already in the world.

[2] An image taken from the bowling-green. So Donne, speaking of little sins leading a man to greater: "It is impossible to say where a bowl may lie that is let fall down a hill, though it be let never so gently out of the hand" (Sermons, cliii.)—WILLMOTT There is not the slightest reference to *bias*, much less to *cross-bias*, in this quotation from Donne. All he says is, Roll a bowl, or a cheese, or a stone down a hill, and you do not know where it will stop—an idea that is not hinted at in Herbert. A "bias" is an irregularity given to a bowl, or a slope in the ground, both leading to the same, namely, the curved or cross course of the bowl. So in drapery,

Now I am here, what Thou wilt do with me
None of my books will show:
I reade, and sigh, and wish I were a tree,—
For sure then I should grow
To fruit or shade; at least some bird would trust
Her houshold to me, and I should be just.

Yet, though Thou troublest me, I must be meek;
In weaknesse must be stout.
Well, I will change the service, and go seek
Some other master out.
Ah, my deare God, though I am clean forgot,[1]
Let me not love Thee, if I love Thee not.[2]

17. ¶ REPENTANCE.

LORD, I confesse my sin is great;
Great is my sinne: O, gently treat
With Thy quick[3] flow'r Thy momentanie[4] bloom,
Whose life still pressing
Is one undressing,
A steadie aiming at a tombe.

to cut on the bias is to cut not straight, but cross-wise The succeeding lines render it probable that here to cross-bias is to roll a (bias) bowl with a curved course, so as to strike the adversary's bowl sideways out of a winning position. Such a stroke would be useless to the player except as taking the other out of his lie

[1] In the Life of John Sharp, D.D., Lord Archbishop of York, by his son, Thomas Sharp, edited by Thomas Newcome (Lond. 1825, ii. 90), we read: "The last words he said were those of Mr. Herbert, 'Ah, my dear God, though I am clean forgot,' &c. He had these words often in his mouth while he was in health; but would add, that Mr. Herbert was much dispirited when he wrote them."

[2] Cf. 88. "Dulnesse," ll. 27-8; 99. "Love Unknowne," l. 59. Were it not that in all the MSS. and printed texts this line runs as in our text, I should have been strongly tempted to read "lose" for the first "love."

[3] Here, as elsewhere, "quick" is used in a double sense, but the primary one is, rapidly blowing, rapidly fleeting, and (secondarily as it were) in its life.

[4] Pickering and later, and Willmott, misprint "momentary." The

Man's age is two houres' work, or three;[1]
Each day doth round about us see.
Thus are we to delights, but we are all
To sorrows old,
If life be told
From what life feeleth, Adam's fall.

O, let Thy height of mercie, then,
Compassionate short-breathèd men;
Cut me not off for my most foul transgression:
I do confesse
My foolishnesse;
My God, accept of my confession.

Sweeten at length this bitter bowl
Which thou hast pour'd into my soul;
Thy wormwood turn to health, windes to fair weather:
For if Thou stay,
I and this day,
As we did rise, we die together.

When Thou for sinne rebukest man,
Forthwith he waxeth wo and wan;
Bitternesse fills our bowels, all our hearts
Pine and decay
And drop away,
And carrie with them th' other parts.

But Thou wilt sinne and grief destroy;
That so the broken bones[2] may joy,

meaning is about the same, but "n" is Herbert's own spelling in 1632-3, and in the Williams and Bodleian MSS. Archbishop Leighton uses it and also a kindred form, "presentany" from the Latin præsentaneus; as is momentany from momentaneus.

[1] *i.e.* brevity of life. In the next line the day is said to see round about us, to see our rise and fall (Psalm ciii. 15; Job xiv. 2), much as in 114. "The Discharge," Death is said to environ and surround our hour.

[2] Psalm li. 9.

And tune together in a well-set song,
Full of His praises
Who dead men raises.
Fractures well cur'd make us more strong.

18. ¶ FAITH.

LORD, how couldst Thou so much appease
Thy wrath for sinne, as when man's sight was dimme
And could see little, to regard his ease,
And bring by faith all things to him?

Hungrie I was, and had no meat:
I did conceit a most delicious feast,—
I had it straight, and did as truly eat
As ever did a welcome guest.

There is a rare outlandish root,[1]
Which when I could not get, I thought it here;
That apprehension cur'd so well my foot,
That I can walk to heav'n well neare.

I owèd thousands, and much more;
I did beleeve that I did nothing owe,
And liv'd accordingly; my creditor
Beleeves so too, and lets me go.[2]

Faith makes me any-thing, or all
That I beleeve is in the sacred storie;
And where sinne placeth me in Adam's fall,
Faith sets me higher in his glorie.

[1] See longer Notes and Illustrations (*t*), as before.
[2] See the Memoir, as before, for various readings.

If I go lower in the book,
What can be lower then the common manger?
Faith puts me there with Him Who sweetly took
Our flesh and frailtie, death and danger.

If blisse had lien in art or strength,
None but the wise or strong had gainèd it;
Where now by faith all arms are of a length,
One size doth all conditions fit.

A peasant may beleeve as much
As a great clerk, and reach the highest stature:
Thus dost Thou make proud knowledge bend and crouch,
While grace fills up uneven nature.

When creatures had no reall light
Inherent in them, Thou didst make the sunne
Impute a lustre, and allow them bright,
And in this shew what Christ hath done.

That which before was darkned clean
With bushie groves, pricking the looker's eie,
Vanisht away when Faith did change the scene;
And then appear'd a glorious skie.

What though my bodie runne to dust?
Faith cleaves unto it, counting ev'ry grain
With an exact and most particular trust,[1]
Reserving all for flesh again.

[1] See longer Notes and Illustrations (*u*), as before, for Coleridge on this.

19. ¶ PRAYER.


RAYER, the Churche's banquet,
Angels' age,[1]
God's breath in man returning to
his birth,
The soul in paraphrase, heart in pilgrimage,
The Christian plummet sounding heav'n and earth;

Engine against th' Almightie, sinner's towre,
Reversèd thunder, Christ-side-piercing spear,
The six-daies-world transposing in an houre,[2]
A kinde of tune which all things heare and fear;

Softnesse, and peace, and joy, and love, and blisse,
Exalted manna, gladnesse of the best,
Heaven in ordinarie, man well drest,
The milkie way, the bird of Paradise,

Church-bels beyond the stars heard, the soul's
bloud,
The land of spices, something understood.

20. ¶ THE HOLY COMMUNION.


OT in rich furniture or fine aray,
Nor in a wedge of gold,
Thou, Who from me wast sold,
To me dost now Thyself convey;
For so Thou shouldst without me still have been,
Leaving within me sinne:

[1] *i. e.* that by which angels count their age, prayer being used in its fuller sense of prayer and praise.
[2] See the Memoir, as before, for various readings.

But by the way of nourishment and strength,
Thou creep'st into my breast;
Making Thy way my rest,
And Thy small quantities my length,
Which spread their forces into every part,
Meeting Sinne's force and art.

Yet can these not get over to my soul,
Leaping the wall that parts
Our souls and fleshy hearts;
But as th' outworks, they may controll
My rebel flesh, and, carrying Thy name,
Affright both sinne and shame.

Onely Thy grace, which with these elements comes,
Knoweth the ready way,
And hath the privie key,
Op'ning the soul's most subtile[1] rooms;
While those, to spirits refin'd, at doore attend
Dispatches from their friend.

Give me my captive soul, or take
My bodie also thither.
Another lift like this will make
Them both to be together.

Before that sinne turn'd flesh to stone,
And all our lump to leaven,
A fervent sigh might well have blown
Our innocent earth to heaven.

For sure when Adam did not know
To sinne, or sinne to smother,
He might to heav'n from Paradise go,
As from one room t' another.

[1] The most fine, delicate, or retired feelings.—WILLMOTT.

Thou hast restor'd us to this ease
By this Thy heav'nly bloud,
Which I can go to when I please,
And leave th' earth to their food.

21. ¶ ANTIPHON.[1]

Cho.

LET all the world in ev'ry corner sing
My God and King.
Vers. The heav'ns are not too high,
His praise may thither flie;
The earth is not too low,
His praises there may grow.
Cho. Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing
My God and King.
Vers. The Church with psalms must shout,
No door can keep them out:
But above all, the heart
Must bear the longest part.
Cho. Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing
My God and King.

22. ¶ LOVE.

IMMORTALL Love, author of this great frame,
Sprung from that beauty which can never fade,
How hath man parcel'd out Thy glorious name,
And thrown it in[2] that dust which Thou hast made,

[1] *i. e.* the chant or singing of a choir in church, in which strain answers strain.—Willmott. Dr. Macdonald has used the word for title of his charming book on England's Sacred Poets.

[2] From Williams MS. instead of "on" of 1632-3, and later.

While mortall love doth all the title gain!
Which siding with Invention, they together
Bear all the sway, possessing heart and brain—
Thy workmanship—and give Thee share in neither.

Wit fancies beautie, beautie raiseth wit;
The world is theirs, they two play out the game,
Thou standing by: and though Thy glorious name
Wrought our deliverance from th' infernall pit,

Who sings Thy praise? Onely a skarf or glove
Doth warm our hands, and make them write of love.

II.

Immortall Heat, O let Thy greater flame
Attract the lesser to it; let those fires
Which shall consume the world first make it tame,
And kindle in our hearts such true desires

As may consume our lusts, and make Thee way:
Then shall our hearts pant Thee,[1] then shall our brain
All her invention on Thine altar lay,
And there in hymnes send back Thy fire again.

Our eies shall see Thee, which before saw dust—
Dust blown by Wit, till that they both were blinde:
Thou shalt recover all Thy goods in kinde,
Who wert disseizèd[2] by usurping lust:

All knees shall bow to Thee; all wits shall rise,
And praise Him Who did make and mend our eies.

[1] *i. e.* pant [towards] Thee. [2] *i. e.* dispossessed.

23. ¶ THE TEMPER.

OW should I praise Thee, Lord? how
should my rymes
Gladly engrave Thy love in steel,
If, what my soul doth feel sometimes,
My soul might ever feel!

Although there were some fourtie heav'ns or
more,
Sometimes I peere[1] above them all;
Sometimes I hardly reach a score,
Sometimes to Hell I fall.

O, rack me not to such a vast extent,
Those distances belong to Thee;
The world's too little for Thy tent,
A grave too big for me.

Wilt Thou meet arms with man,[2] that Thou dost
stretch
A crumme of dust from heav'n to hell?
Will great God measure with a wretch?
Shall he Thy stature spell?

O, let me, when Thy roof my soul hath hid,
O, let me roost and nestle there;
Then of a sinner Thou art rid,
And I of hope and fear.

[1] "And Hell itself will pass away, And leave her dolorous mansions to the *peering* day," (Milton, Ode on Nativity, l. 140).—WILLMOTT. See next Note on line 13. Perhaps the "fourtie heav'ns or more" (of l. 5) is a rough guess at the number wanted for the Ptolemaic epicycles.

[2] The allusion is to the refusal of nobles and gentlemen to "meet" any but their peers in combat. "Wilt Thou," says Herbert—and the conceit is made here curious and complicated in thought by the reference to the stretching as by racking—"wilt Thou stretch a crumb of dust, so that being made more Thy equal Thou mayst contend with him?"

Yet take Thy way; for sure Thy way is best:
Stretch or contract me, Thy poore debter;
This is but tuning of my breast,
To make the musick better.

Whether I flie with angels, fall with dust,
Thy hands made both, and I am there;
Thy power and love, my love and trust,
Make one place ev'rywhere.

24. ¶ THE TEMPER.

IT cannot be: where is that mightie joy
Which just now took up all my heart?
Lord, if Thou must needs use Thy dart,
Save that and me, or sin for both destroy.

The grosser world stands to Thy word and art;
But Thy diviner world of grace
Thou suddenly dost raise and race,[1]
And every day a new Creatour art.

O, fix Thy chair of grace, that all my powers
May also fix their reverence;
For when Thou dost depart from hence,
They grow unruly, and sit in Thy bowers.

Scatter or binde them all to bend to Thee;
Though elements change, and heaven move,
Let not Thy higher Court remove,
But keep a standing Majestie in me.

[1] The latter ("race") is thus spelled simply on account of its rhyme with "grace," but it is "*raze*." The evidence of the context l. 1, l. 5, ll. 8-10, is clear as to this, and Willmott's explanation in the place of "race" as "to set out" is a meaning of the verb to "race" which is (meo judicio) entirely unknown in England. The change of spelling is a licence indulged in by the old poets under the circumstances of the text. Cf. also 2, "The Sacrifice," l. 66, "ras'd" and "raised;" and our Sir Philip Sidney, Astrophel and Stella, xxxvi. vol. i. p. 25.

25. ¶ JORDAN.[1]

HO says that fictions onely and false hair
Become a verse? Is there in truth no beautie?
Is all good structure in a winding-stair?
May no lines passe, except they do their dutie
Not to a true, but painted chair?[2]

Is it not verse, except enchanted groves
And sudden arbours shadow coarse-spunne lines?
Must purling[3] streams refresh a lover's loves?
Must all be vail'd while he that reades divines,
Catching the sense at two removes?

Shepherds are honest people, let them sing:
Riddle who list, for me, and pull for prime,[4]
I envie no man's nightingale or spring;
Nor let them punish me with loss of rhyme,
Who plainly say, My God, my King.

[1] The title "Jordan" given to this and 75 by Herbert, has puzzled his critics and even admirers. It seems plain that he had a double thought: (*a*) That he was crossing into the Promised Land; (*b*) That thereupon and thenceforward Jordan was to be his Helicon the Lord, not the Nine Muses, the source of his inspiration. Nicholas Murford, in his "Fragmenta Poetica: or Miscellanies of Poetical Musings, Moral and Divine" (1650) in a verse invocation of the "Most High God" has this parallel:—

"A sacred heat inspires my soul to try
If Verse can give me what base earth deny:
A true content. Therefore, Lord, I'll think on
Thy Jordan, for my purest Helicon;
And for bi-forked Parnassus, I will set
My fancy on Thy sacred Olivet."

See further on 75, and the Memoir, as before.

[2] Comparing this with the preceding poem (l. 9) and with 81. "The British Church" (l. 16), "painted" is here = false, *i. e.* of false authority or dignity. A "painted" face is false as compared with the natural face. So the "chair" of grace filled by God is true compared with the "painted chair" of mere love-poets' pattern. See also 109, "Church Rents," l. 1, and 3. "The Pilgrimage," l. 36.

[3] See my Note (a full one) on this word in edition of Henry Vaughan, vol i. p. 275; also iv. p. 338.

[4] See the longer Notes and Illustrations (*v*), as before.

26. ¶ EMPLOYMENT.

F, as a flowre doth spread and die,
Thou wouldst extend me to some good,
Before I were by frost's extremitie
Nipt in the bud;

The sweetnesse and the praise were Thine,
But the extension and the room
Which in Thy garland I should fill were mine
At Thy great doom.

For as Thou dost impart Thy grace,
The greater shall our glorie be;
The measure of our joyes is in this place,
The stuffe with Thee.

Let me not languish, then, and spend
A life as barren to Thy praise
As is the dust to which that life doth tend,
But with delaies.[1]

All things are busie; onely I
Neither bring hony with the bees,
Nor flowres to make[2] that, nor the husbandrie
To water these.

I am no link of Thy great chain,
But all my companie is a weed.[3]
Lord, place me in Thy consort; give one strain
To my poore reed.

[1] = and spend, but with delays (only in delays), a life as barren, &c.
[2] This seems to be taken up again in l. 23.
[3] See the Memoir for a fine adaptation of this in Speed's "Prison Pietie," 1679.

27. ¶ THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

I.

H Book! infinite sweetnesse! let my heart
Suck ev'ry letter, and a hony gain
Precious for any grief in any part,
To cleare the breast, to mollifie all pain.

Thou art all health, health thriving till it make
A full eternitie; thou art a masse
Of strange delights, where we may wish and take.
Ladies, look here; this is the thankfull glasse,[1]

That mends the looker's eyes; this is the well
That washes what it shows. Who can indeare
Thy praise too much? thou art heaven's Lieger[2] here,
Working against the States of death and hell.

Thou art Joye's handsell: heav'n lies flat in thee,[3]
Subject to ev'ry mounter's bended knee.

II.

Oh that I knew how all thy lights combine,
And the configurations of their glorie!
Seeing not onely how each verse doth shine,
But all the constellations of the storie.

[1] = the glass that returns with interest or with benefits those that look into it, i.e. vouchsafed by the looker in.

[2] = leaguer or confederate. Willmott, in 1632-3, spells as in our text, "lieger;" the Williams MS "Lidger." Willmott confounds Ledger with Leaguer. Leaguer is in Johnson a camp; but Webster also gives "a confederate," which, however, seems to be a more modern sense from the verb league. Herbert's meaning is an ambassador.

[3] Herbert's probable meaning here is that the sphere of heaven is mapped out on a plain surface, according to geometrical principles, the next line being a thought suggested by the words "lies flat," but not otherwise coequal, nor connected with it.

This verse marks that, and both do make a motion
Unto a third, that ten leaves off doth lie:
Then as dispersèd herbs do watch [1] a potion,
These three make up some Christian's destinie.

Such are thy secrets, which my life makes good,
And comments on thee; for in ev'ry thing
Thy words do finde me out, and parallels bring,
And in another make me understood.

Starres are poore books, and oftentimes do misse;
This book of starres lights to eternall blisse.

28. ¶ WHITSUNDAY.


ISTEN, sweet Dove, unto my song,
And spread Thy golden wings in me;
Hatching my tender heart so long,
Till it get wing, and flie away with Thee.

Where is that fire which once descended
On Thy Apostles? Thou didst then
Keep open house, richly attended,
Feasting all comers by twelve chosen men.

Such glorious gifts Thou didst bestow,
That th' earth did like a heav'n appeare:
The starres were coming down to know
If they might mend their wages, and serve here.

[1] See longer Notes and Illustrations (w), as before, on "watch." On l. 19 Coleridge annotates: "The spiritual unity of the Bible = the order and connection of organic forms, in which the unity of life is shown, though as widely dispersed in the world of the mere sight as the text."

The sunne, which once did shine alone,
Hung down his head, and wisht for night,
When he beheld twelve sunnes for one
Going about the world and giving light.

But since those pipes of gold, which brought
That cordiall water to our ground,
Were cut and martyr'd by the fault
Of those who did themselves through their side wound,

Thou shutt'st the doore, and keep'st within;
Scarce a good joy creeps through the chink;
And if the braves[1] of conqu'ring sinne
Did not excite Thee, we should wholly sink.

Lord, though we change, Thou art the same,
The same sweet God of love and light:
Restore this day, for Thy great name,
Unto his ancient and miraculous right.

29. ¶ GRACE.

MY stock lies dead, and no increase
Doth my dull husbandrie improve:
O, let Thy graces, without cease
Drop from above!

If still the sunne should hide his face,
Thy house would but a dungeon prove,
Thy works, Night's captives:[2] O, let grace
Drop from above!

[1] = bravadoes? *i.e.* boasting, challenge, or defiance, such as that of G liath. So Lewis calls a similar speech by the Bastard "a brave" ("King John," v. 2).

[2] As when the sun is hid all becomes dark, so when the sun of God's grace is hid His house becomes a dungeon, and His works are "captives of Night," bound to darkness; without the illumining of grace, God's service is confinement in a dungeon, and His works,

The dew doth ev'ry morning fall;
And shall the dew out-strip Thy Dove,—
The dew, for which grasse cannot call,
Drop from above?

Death is still working like a mole,
And digs my grave at each remove;
Let grace work too, and on my soul
Drop from above.

Sinne is still hammering my heart
Unto a hardnesse void of love:
Let suppling grace, to crosse his art,
Drop from above.

O, come; for Thou dost know the way:
Or if to me Thou wilt not move,
Remove me where I need not say,
Drop from above.

30. ¶ PRAISE.

TO write a verse or two is all the praise
That I can raise:
Mend my estate in any wayes,
Thou shalt have more.

I go to church: help me to wings, and I
Will thither flie:
Or if I mount unto the skie,
I will do more.

Man is all weaknesse; there is no such thing
As prince or king:
His arm is short; yet with a sling
He may do more.

instead of being seen of men in their glorious goodness, appear as bond-slaves to darkness and despair. The thought is the reverse of their being lights shining in dark places. Cf. Hamlet in his despondency in *his* contemplation of Nature.

A herb distill'd[1] and drunk may dwell next doore,
On the same floore,
To a brave soul: exalt the poore,
They can do more.

O, raise me, then: poore bees, that work all day,
Sting my delay,
Who have a work as well as they,
And much, much more.

31. ¶ AFFLICTION.

KILL me not ev'ry day,
Thou Lord of life; since Thy one death for me
Is more than all my deaths can be,
Though I in broken pay[2]
Die over each houre of Methusalem's stay.

If all men's tears were let
Into one common sewer, sea, and brine,
What were they all compar'd to Thine?
Wherein, if they were set,
They would discolour[3] Thy most bloudy sweat.

Thou art my grief alone,
Thou, Lord, conceal it not: and as Thou art
All my delight, so all my smart:
Thy crosse took up in one,
By way of imprest,[4] all my future mone.

[1] The allusion is to the cordials in vogue and distilled from various herbs. Grace is like such a cordial, lifting the poor soul to the height of the soul rich in comfort.

[2] = paying the debt of death in fragmentary instalments.

[3] *i.e.* take somewhat from the brightness and fulness of the colour.

[4] A loan, or money in advance, given to the "imprest" soldier or sailor as binding him to his engagement. It has been derived from French *prest, prêt*, ready; the man being supposed to be ready when called upon; and "prest" is one form of the English word; but the better derivation is *prester, emprester*, i.e. *prêter*.

32. ¶ MATTENS.[1]



I CANNOT ope mine eyes,
But Thou art ready there to catch
My morning soul and sacrifice:
Then we must needs for that day make
a match.

My God, what is a heart?
Silver, or gold, or precious stone,
Or starre, or rainbow, or a part
Of all these things, or all of them in one?

My God, what is a heart,
That Thou shouldst it so eye and wooe,
Powring upon it all Thy art,
As if Thou hadst nothing els to do?

Indeed, man's whole estate
Amounts,[2] and richly, to serve Thee:
He did not heau'n and earth create,
Yet studies them, not Him by Whom they be.

Teach me Thy love to know;
That this new light, which now I see,
May both the work and workman show;
Then by a sunne-beam I will climb to Thee.[3]

[1] = morning worship.

[2] "Amounts (and richly) to serve Thee." This is a passage made difficult by Herbert's elliptical mode of expressing himself. As I take it, it is somewhat of a reversal of Hamlet's thought in his soliloquy (ii. 2). What is a heart? Dust and corruption. It is true indeed man's whole estate, according to his original creation, sums itself in this, the serving Thee, and richly was it so made—how noble in reason, how infinite in faculty = capable of admiring Thee and reaching to the First Great Cause through contemplation of himself and Thy works; yet though he created not the heavens, he studies them, but *not Thee*, the Creator of them, and of himself.

[3] Cf. Parentalia: iii. Fac radios, &c. (ll. 9-10).

33. ¶ SINNE.



THAT I could sinne once see!
We paint the devil foul,[1] yet he
Hath some good in him, all agree:
Sinne is flat opposite to th' Almighty, seeing
It wants the good of vertue and of being.

But God more care of us hath had;
If apparitions make us sad,[2]
By sight of sinne we should grow mad.
Yet as in sleep we see foul death, and live,
So devils are our sinnes in perspective.[3]

[1] Cf Burns' "Address to the Deil:"

"But fare you weel, auld Nickie-ben!
O wad ye tak a thought an' men'!
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a stake:
I'm wae to think upo' you den,
Ev'n for your sake."

Herbert's thought (see l. 5) is that in so far as they had life and intelligence, both direct gifts of the Almighty, and requiring His sustaining power, in so far there is some goodness in them. The problem came up later in John Howe as *he* was defended by Andrew Marvell (our edition of Marvell's Works, vol. iv. pp. 163-242).

[2] = serious.

[3] So in 1632-3; Bodleian and Williams' MSS. The modern reprint of "prospective" originated in 1674 edition. He alludes to those toys where the drawing or painting seems hap-hazard confusion till looked at at a particular angle or in a particular-shaped mirror, when it is resolved into a landscape or portrait. So devils are not so hideous as sins, but confused resemblances of what, if seen as they are, would drive us mad. Perhaps "perspective" also hints that "devils" are just what badmen will ultimately resemble in fate and character—this sense led probably to the reading "prospective."

34. ¶ EVEN-SONG.

BLEST be the God of love,
Who gave me eyes, and light, and power this day,
Both to be busie and to play:
But much more blest be God above,

Who gave me sight alone,
Which to Himself He did denie:
For when He sees my waies, I die;
But I have got His Sonne, and He hath none.

What have I brought thee home
For this Thy love? have I discharg'd the debt
Which this daye's favour did beget?
I ranne; but all I brought was fome.

Thy diet, care, and cost
Do end in bubbles, balls of winde;
Of winde to Thee whom I have crost,
But balls of wilde-fire to my troubled minde,

Yet still Thou goest on,
And now with darknesse closest wearie eyes,
Saying to man, 'It doth suffice;
Henceforth repose, your work is done.'

Thus in Thy ebony box
Thou dost inclose us, till the day
Put our amendment in our way,
And give new wheels to our disorder'd clocks.

I muse which shows more love,
The day or night; that is the gale, this th' harbour;
That is the walk, and this the arbour;
Or that the garden, this the grove.

My God, Thou art all love:
Not one poore minute 'scapes Thy breast,
But brings a favour from above;
And in this love, more then in bed, I rest.

35. ¶ CHURCH-MONUMENTS.


WHILE that my soul repairs to her devotion,
Here I intombe my flesh, that it betimes
May take acquaintance of this heap of dust,
To which the blast of Death's incessant motion,
Fed with the exhalation of our crimes,
Drives all at last. Therefore I gladly trust

My bodie to this school, that it may learn
To spell his elements, and finde his birth
Written in dustie heraldrie and lines;
Which dissolution sure doth best discern,
Comparing dust with dust, and earth with earth.
These laugh at jeat and marble, put for signes,

To sever the good fellowship of dust,
And spoil the meeting: what shall point out them,
When they shall bow, and kneel, and fall down flat
To kisse those heaps which now they have in trust?
Deare flesh, while I do pray, learn here thy stemme
And true descent, that, when thou shalt grow fat,

And wanton in thy cravings, thou mayst know
That flesh is but the glasse which holds the dust[1]
That measures all our time; which also shall
Be crumbled into dust. Mark here below
How tame these ashes are, how free from lust,—
That thou mayst fit thyself against thy fall.

36. ¶ CHURCH MUSICK.

SWEETEST of sweets, I thank you: when displeasure
Did through my bodie wound my minde,
You took me thence, and in your house of pleasure
A daintie lodging me assign'd.

Now I in you without a bodie move,
Rising and falling with your wings;
We both together sweetly live and love,
Yet say sometimes, "God help poore kings!"

Comfort, I'le die; for if you poste from me,
Sure I shall do so, and much more;
But if I travell in your companie, *
You know the way to heaven's doore.

37. ¶ CHURCH LOCK AND KEY.

I KNOW it is my sinne which locks Thine eares
And bindes Thy hands,
Out-crying my requests, drowning my tears,
Or else the chilnesse of my faint demands.

[1] The thought drawn from the hour-glass, often sculptured on these monuments.

But as cold hands are angrie with the fire,
And mend it still,
So I do lay the want of my desire
Not on my sinnes, or coldnesse, but Thy will.

Yet heare, O God, onely for His bloud's sake,
Which pleads for me:
For though sinnes plead too, yet, like stones,[1] they make
His bloud's sweet current much more loud to be.

38. ¶ THE CHURCH FLOORE.

MARK you the floore? that square and speckled stone,
Which looks so firm and strong,
Is PATIENCE:

And th' other black and grave, wherewith each one
Is checker'd all along,
HUMILITIE:

The gentle rising, which on either hand
Leads to the quire above,
Is CONFIDENCE:

But the sweet cement, which in one sure band
Ties the whole frame, is LOVE
And CHARITIE.

---

1 = stones in a stream check and cause the stream to "roar" louder or murmur musically.

Hither sometimes Sinne steals, and stains
The marble's neat[1] and curious veins;
But all is cleansèd when the marble weeps.
Sometimes Death, puffing at the doore,
Blows all the dust about the floore;
But while he thinks to spoil the room, he sweeps.

Blest be the Architect Whose art
Could build so strong in a weak heart!

39. ¶ THE WINDOWS.

ORD, how can man preach Thy eternall word?
He is a brittle crazie glasse;
Yet in Thy temple Thou dost him afford
This glorious and transcendent place,
To be a window through Thy grace.

But when Thou dost anneal[2] in glasse Thy storie,
Making Thy life to shine within
The holy preachers, then the light and glorie
More rev'rend grows, and more doth win;
Which else shows watrish, bleak, and thin.

Doctrine and life, colours and light, in one
When they combine and mingle, bring
A strong regard and aw; but speech alone
Doth vanish like a flaring thing,
And in the eare, not conscience, ring.

[1] = nice, delicate.
[2] = annealing is heating glass, that the colours may be fixed.—Willmott.

40. ¶ TRINITIE SUNDAY.

LORD, Who hast form'd me out of mud,
And hast redeem'd me through Thy blood,
And sanctifi'd me to do good,

Purge all my sinnes done heretofore;
For I confesse my heavie score,
And I will strive to sinne no more.

Enrich my heart, mouth, hands in me,
With faith, with hope, with charitie,
That I may runne, rise, rest with Thee.

41. ¶ CONTENT.

PEACE, mutt'ring thoughts, and do not grudge to keep
Within the walls of your own breast:
Who cannot on his own bed sweetly sleep,
Can on another's hardly rest.

Gad not abroad at ev'ry quest[1] and call
Of an untrainèd hope or passion;
To court each place or fortune that doth fall
Is wantonnesse in contemplation.

[1] Search, or act of searching. Milton uses the word in the "Arcades":—

"Fair silver-buskin'd Nymphs as great and good;
I know this *quest* of yours."

WILLMOTT. Rather asking, seeking, *i. e.* questing or requesting by another—here by each untrained hope or passion—of the help or companionship of such person.

Mark how the fire in flint doth quiet lie,
Content and warm t' it self alone ;
But when it would appeare to others' eye,
Without a knock it never shone.

Give me the pliant minde, whose gentle measure
Complies and suits with all estates ;
Which can let loose to a crown,[1] and yet with pleasure
Take up within a cloister's gates.

This soul doth span the world, and hang content
From either pole unto the centre ;
Where in each room of the well-furnisht tent
He lies warm, and without adventure.

The brags of life are but a nine-dayes wonder ;
And after death the fumes that spring
From private bodies make as big a thunder
As those which rise from a huge king.

Onely thy chronicle is lost: and yet
Better by worms be all once spent
Then to have hellish moths still gnaw and fret
Thy name in books which may not rent.

When all thy deeds, whose brunt thou feel'st alone,
Are chaw'd by others' pens and tongue,
And as their wit is, their digestion,
Thy nourisht fame is weak or strong,

Then cease discoursing, soul; till thine own ground;
Do not thyself or friends impórtune :
He that by seeking hath himself once found,
Hath ever found a happie fortune.

[1] Probably a reference to Charles V., whose story has been recently effectively told by Sir William S. Maxwell, of Keir. Though the primary sense of the perhaps intentionally ambiguous phrase, "let loose," is different from the historical reference, and refers to the "letting loose"—according to the technical phrase in archery—of an arrow (at any given mark), that is, which can aim at a crown, yet takes up with a cloister. Cf. use of "loose" in "The Church Porch," vii. 6 and note.

42. THE QUIDDITIE.[1]

MY God, a verse is not a crown,
No point of honour, or gay suit,
No hawk, or banquet, or renown,
Nor a good sword, nor yet a lute.

It cannot vault, or dance, or play,
It never was in France or Spain,
Nor can it entertain the day
With a great stable or demain.

It is no office, art, or news,
Nor the Exchange, or busie hall:
But it is that which, while I use,
I am with Thee: and "MOST TAKE ALL."[2]

43. ¶ HUMILITIE.

I SAW the Vertues sitting hand in hand
In sev'rall ranks upon an azure throne,
Where all the beasts and fowls, by
their command,
Presented tokens of submission:
Humilitie, who sat the lowest there,
To execute their call,
When by the beasts the presents tendred were,
Gave them about to all.

[1] Originally a school term for the nature or essence of a thing; but often used as a synonyme for a quip or quirk.—WILLMOTT. See the Memoir, as before, for various readings.

[2] This is written large in the Williams MS. It has the sound of some proverb; but I do not see its application here. Some misprint "must." Is the saying founded on St. Mark iv. 25? and Herbert's meaning: "Do Thou, Who art 'Most' [and Who already possesseth the most of me] take all of me"?

The angrie Lion did present his paw,
Which by consent was giv'n to Mansuetude;
The fearful Hare her eares, which by their law
Humilitie did reach to Fortitude;
The jealous Turkie brought his corall-chain,[1]
That went to Temperance;
On Justice was bestow'd the Foxe's brain,
Kill'd in the way by chance.

At length the Crow, bringing the Peacock's plume—
For he would not—as they beheld the grace
Of that brave gift, each one began to fume,
And challenge it, as proper to his place,
Till they fell out; which when the beasts espied,
They leapt upon the throne;
And if the Fox had liv'd to rule their side,
They had depos'd each one.

Humilitie, who held the plume, at this
Did weep so fast, that the tears trickling down
Spoil'd all the train: then saying, "Here it is
For which ye wrangle," made them turn their frown
Against the beasts: so joyntly bandying,[2]
They drive them soon away;
And then amerc'd them, double gifts to bring
At the next session-day.

[1] The conceit here is somewhat obscure. The calling the red ruff of a turkey a "*coral* chain" would seem to indicate some property common to both. In Lovell's "History of Animals and Minerals," it is said of the turkey: "The flesh is very pleasant and dainty . . . . recovereth strength, nourisheth plentifully, kindleth lust, and agreeth with every temper and complexion, except too hot or troubled with rheumes and gouts." And among the various virtues of "coral," it is said, "it exhilarates the heart . . . . also it maketh a man merry; but the black maketh melancholy."

[2] See the longer Notes and Illustrations (*x*), as before.

44. ¶ FRAILTIE.

LORD, in my silence how do I despise
What upon trust
Is stylèd honour, riches, or fair eyes,
But is fair dust!
I surname them guilded clay,
Deare earth, fine grasse or hay;
In all, I think my foot doth ever tread
Upon their head.

But when I view abroad both regiments,
The world's and Thine,—
Thine clad with simplenesse and sad events;
The other fine,
Full of glorie and gay weeds,
Brave language, braver deeds,—
That which was dust before doth quickly rise.
And prick mine eyes.

O, brook not this, lest if what even now
My foot did tread
Affront those joyes wherewith Thou didst endow
And long since wed
My poore soul, ev'n sick of love,—
It may a Babel prove,
Commodious to conquer heav'n and Thee,
Planted in me.

45. ¶ CONSTANCIE.[1]


HO is the honest man ?[2]
He that doth still and strongly good pursue ;
To God, his neighbour, and himself most true ;
Whom neither force nor fawning can
Unpinne, or wrench from giving all their due.

Whose honestie is not
So loose or easie, that a ruffling winde
Can blow away, or glitt'ring look it blinde ;
Who rides his sure and even trot,
While the world now rides by, now lags behinde.

Who, when great trials come,
Nor seeks nor shunnes them, but doth calmly stay,
Till he the thing and the example weigh :
All being brought into a summe,
What place or person calls for he doth pay.

Whom none can work or wooe
To use in any thing a trick or sleight,
For above all things he abhorres deceit ;
His words and works and fashion too
All of a piece, and all are cleare and straight.

[1] See Psalm xv.

[2] The original of this verse-portrait, vivid and memorable as any in Clarendon, was Sir John Danvers, the Poet's stepfather ; and Herbert's estimate may well outweigh the verdict of even Clarendon, and much more of later ultra-royalist writers. In the dedication of "The Standard of Equality," by Philo-Decæus (1647) to Sir John Danvers there is the following passage :—"Lighting casually on the poems of Mr. George Herbert, lately deceased (whose pious life and death have converted me to a full belief that there is a St. George), and therein perusing the description of a 'constant man,' it directed my thoughts unto yourself, having heard that the author in his life-time had therein designed no other title than your character in that description."

Who never melts or thaws
At close tentations : when the day is done,
His goodnesse sets not, but in dark can runne :
The sunne to others writeth laws,
And is their vertue, Vertue is his sunne.

Who, when he is to treat
With sick folks, women, those whom passions sway,
Allows for that, and keeps his constant way;
Whom others' faults do not defeat,
But though men fail him, yet his part doth play.

Whom nothing can procure,
When the wide world runnes bias [1] from his will,
To writhe [2] his limbs, and share, not mend, the ill.
This is the Mark-man,[3] safe and sure,
Who still is right, and prayes to be so still.

46. ¶ AFFLICTION.

MY heart did heave, and there came forth
'O God!'
By that I knew that Thou wast in the
grief,
To guide and govern it to my relief,
Making a scepter of the rod :
Hadst Thou not had Thy part,
Sure the unruly sigh had broke my heart.

[1] See Note on "bias," p. 67.

[2] = inclining, crooked. The metaphor is taken from the strange wild gestures of bowlers when they would, as it were, make a bowl one with themselves, and influence its motions by their own. An old drawing illustrating this is given in Strutt's "Sports," and the same may be seen in bowlers and curlers at the present day. There is some obscurity in the expression and some confusion in the thought, as must be expected in one so fond of far-fetched conceits. But the general meaning seems to be, that if the adversary's bowl, the world, runs bias from the mark, he does not follow it and strive, as it were, to make it go more bias for his own profit. This is intimated by the word "share."

[3] Modernly misprinted "marksman." I adhere to 1632-3 text and

But since Thy breath gave me both life and shape,
Thou know'st my tallies;[1] and when there's assign'd
So much breath to a sigh, what's then behinde:
Or if some yeares with it escape,
The sigh[2] then onely is
A gale to bring me sooner to my blisse.

Thy life on earth was grief, and Thou art still
Constant unto it, making it to be
A point of honour now to grieve in me,
And in Thy members suffer ill.
They who lament one crosse,
Thou dying daily, praise Thee to Thy losse.[3]

47. ¶ THE STARRE.


BRIGHT spark, shot from a brighter place,
Where beams surround my Saviour's face,
Canst thou be any where
So well as there?

onward; albeit "mark-man" is just the old form of "marksman." Curiously, no old dictionary gives either the one or the other: but Richardson says "mark-man or marksman," and gives an example of the former from "Romeo and Juliet" (i. 1), where the earlier editions read "mark-man" (4to. 1599; "mark-man," 4to. 1597): but the folios 3 and 4 alter it to "marksman."

[1] i.e. score or reckoning. "Thou knowest the number of my days, and what each is." A tally was a stick, cut to agree in shape with another stick, for the purpose of keeping accounts.

[2] Referring to the popular belief that the strength is impaired by sighing: so Shakespeare ("Hamlet," iv. 7):—

"And then this should is like a spendthrift sigh,
That hurts by easing."—WILLMOTT.

[3] = they who lament that Thou for our sins didst once suffer on the Cross, praise Thee insufficiently; for Thou makest our griefs Thine, and so diest daily.

Yet if thou wilt from thence depart,
Take a bad lodging in my heart;
For thou canst make a debtor,
And make it better.

First with thy fire-work burn to dust
Folly, and worse then folly, lust:
Then with thy light refine,
And make it shine.

So, disengag'd from sinne and sicknesse,
Touch it with thy celestial quicknesse.
That it may hang and move
After thy love.

Then with our trinitie, of light,
Motion, and heat, let's take our flight
Unto the place[1] where thou
Before did'st bow.

Get me a standing there, and place,
Among the beams which crown the face
Of Him Who dy'd to part
Sinne and my heart;

That so among the rest I may
Glitter, and curle, and winde as they:
That winding is their fashion
Of adoration.

Sure thou wilt joy by gaining me
To flie home, like a laden bee,
Unto that hive of beams
And garland-streams.

[1] Not, as might at first be supposed, Bethlehem, but its former place in heaven; ll. 1, 2, compared with ll. 21-4 and ll. 25-8 (rest and winding in their circuits), and ll. 29-32 (home, hive of beams, garland-streams).

48. ¶ SUNDAY.[1]

O DAY most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
Th' indorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a friend, and with His bloud;
The couch of Time, Care's balm and bay:
The week were dark but for thy light;
Thy torch doth show the way.

The other dayes and thou
Make up one man, whose face thou art,
Knocking at heaven with thy brow:
The worky-daies are the back-part;
The burden of the week lies there,
Making the whole to stoup and bow,
Till thy release appeare.[2]

Man had straight forward gone
To endlesse death; but thou dost pull
And turn us round to look on one
Whom, if we were not very dull,
We could not choose but look on still,
Since there is no place so alone
The which He doth not fill.

Sundaies the pillars are
On which heav'n's palace archèd lies;
The other dayes fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities:
They are the fruitfull beds and borders
In God's rich garden; that is bare
Which parts their ranks and orders.

[1] See the Memoir, as before, for Various Readings.
[2] =the release given by thee.

The Sundaies of man's life,
Thredded together on Time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternall glorious King:
On Sunday heaven's gate stands ope;
Blessings are plentifull and rife,
More plentifull then hope.

This day my Saviour rose,
And did inclose this light for His;
That, as each beast his manger knows,
Man might not of his fodder misse:
Christ hath took in this piece of ground,
And made a garden there for those
Who want herbs for their wound.

The rest of our creation
Our great Redeemer did remove
With the same shake which at His passion
Did th' earth and all things with it move.
As Samson bore the doores away,
Christ's hands, though nail'd, wrought our salvation,
And did unhinge that day.[1]

The brightnesse of that day
We sullied by our foul offence:
Wherefore that robe we cast away,
Having a new at His expense,
Whose drops of bloud paid the full price
That was requir'd to make us gay,
And fit for Paradise.

Thou art a day of mirth:
And where the week-dayes trail on ground,
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth.
O, let me take thee at the bound,

[1] Cf. "Passio Discerpta," xviii.; Terræ Motus.

Leaping with thee from sev'n to sev'n,
Till that we both, being toss'd from earth,
Flie hand in hand to heav'n ! [1]

49. ¶ AVARICE.

MONEY, thou bane of blisse and sourse
of wo,
Whence com'st thou, that thou art
so fresh and fine?
I know thy parentage is base and low,—
Man found thee poore and dirtie in a mine.

Surely thou didst so little contribute
To this great kingdome, which thou now hast
got,
That he was fain, when thou wert destitute,
To digge thee out of thy dark cave and grot.

Then forcing thee, by fire he made thee bright:
Nay, thou hast got the face of man ; for we
Have with our stamp and seal transferred our
right ;
Thou art the man, and man but drosse to thee.

Man calleth thee his wealth, who made thee rich ;
And while he digs out thee, falls in the ditch.

50. ANA {MARY / ARMY} GRAM.

HOW well her name an 'Army' doth
present,
In whom the 'Lord of Hosts' did
pitch His tent!

[1] See the Memoir, as before, for Leighton's reminiscences of this poem.

51. ¶ TO ALL ANGELS AND SAINTS.



H glorious spirits, who, after all your
bands,[1]
See the smooth face of God, without
a frown
Or strict commands;
Where ev'ry one is king, and hath his crown,
If not upon his head, yet in his hands;[2]

Not out of envie or maliciousnesse
Do I forbear to crave your speciall aid:
I would addresse
My vows to thee most gladly, blessèd Maid,
And Mother of my God, in my distresse:

Thou art the holy mine whence came the gold,
The great restorative[3] for all decay
In young and old;
Thou art the cabinet where the jewell lay;
Chiefly to thee would I my soul unfold.

But now, alas, I dare not; for my[4] King,
Whom we do all joyntly adore and praise,
Bids no such thing;
And where His pleasure no injunction layes—
'Tis your own case—ye never move a wing.

[1] If this means after your bonds, it can apply only to saints, and not to angels. Probably Herbert therefore means, according to all your orders of precedency; the nine orders of angels, of whom seraphim are nighest the throne and Presence, and among saints—apostles, prophets, martyrs, etc.

[2] *Imagery from Revelations, and the ceremonial of vassal princes doing fealty to their feudal superior; the kings in the court of the King of kings.*

[3] Gold was considered a strong restorative medicine. See Note in my edition of Dean Donne's Poems, vol. i. p 198.

[4] Usually "our," *i.e.* our common King—yours as well as mine of whom we are fellow-servants (Rev. xxii. 9). But I have preferred

All worship is prerogative, and a flower
Of His rich crown from Whom lyes no appeal
At the last houre:
Therefore we dare not from His garland steal,
To make a posie for inferiour power.

Although, then, others court you, if ye know
What's done on Earth, we shall not fare the worse
Who do not so;
Since we are ever ready to disburse,
If any one our Master's hand can show.

52. ¶ EMPLOYMENT.

HE that is weary, let him sit;
My soul would stirre
And trade in courtesies and wit,
Quitting the furre
To cold complexions[1] needing it.

Man is no starre, but a quick coal
Of mortall fire:
Who blows it not, nor doth controll
A faint desire,
Lets his own ashes choke his soul.

When th' elements[2] did for place contest
With Him Whose will
Ordain'd the highest to be best,
The earth sate still,
And by the others is opprest.

"my" from the Williams MS. as giving us one of the all too rare personal references found in Herbert—just as one prizes infinitely Cowper's "There *have* I, Though vile as he," beyond the later unauthorised generalization, "There may I," in the priceless hymn, "There is a fountain filled with blood."

[1] See previous Note on "The Church Porch," st. xxxvi. l. 1.

[2] See Notes on the "elements" in my editions of Southwell and Donne.

Life is a businesse, not good-cheer;
Ever in warres.
The sunne still shineth there or here;
Whereas the starres
Watch [1] an advantage to appeare.

Oh that I were an orenge-tree,[2]
That busie plant!
Then should I ever laden be,
And never want
Some fruit for him that dressèd me.

But we are still too young or old;
The man is gone
Before we do our wares unfold;
So we freez on,
Until the grave increase our cold.

53. ¶ DENIALL.

WHEN my devotions could not pierce
Thy silent eares,
Then was my heart broken, as was my verse;
My breast was full of fears
And disorder;

My bent thoughts, like a brittle bow,
Did flie asunder;
Each took his way; some would to pleasures go,
Some to the warres and thunder
Of alarms.

[1] See previous Note on "watch" in "Holy Scriptures," 27. l. 21.

[2] Because it has both blossoms and fruit on it at one and the same time. See the Memoir, as before, for Various Readings, etc., ll. 21-5.

As good go any where, they say,
As to benumme
Both knees and heart in crying night and day,
'Come, come, my God, O come!'
But no hearing.

O that Thou shouldst give dust a tongue
To crie to Thee,
And then not hear it crying! All day long
My heart was in my knee,
But no hearing.

Therefore my soul lay out of sight,
Untun'd, unstrung;
My feeble spirit, unable to look right,
Like a nipt blossome, hung
Discontented.

O, cheer and tune my heartlesse breast,
Deferre no time;
That so Thy favours granting my request,
They and my soule may chime,[1]
And mend my ryme.

54. ¶ CHRISTMAS.



LL after pleasures as I rid one day,
My horse and I, both tir'd, bodie and minde,
With full crie of affections, quite astray,
I took up in the next inne I could finde.

[1] Then his verse would not be broken, nor his thoughts fly asunder. Hence, "soule" from the Williams MS. is deeper and better than "minde" of 1633-3 onward.

There when I came, whom found I but my deare,
My dearest Lord, expecting till the grief
Of pleasures brought me to Him, readie there
To be all passengers' most sweet relief.

O Thou, Whose glorious yet contracted light,
Wrapt in Night's mantle, stole into a manger,
Since my dark soul and brutish, is Thy right,
To man, of all beasts,[1] be not Thou a stranger:

Furnish and deck my soul, that Thou mayst have
A better lodging than a rack or grave.



The shepherds sing; and shall I silent be?
My God, no hymne for Thee?
My soul's a shepherd too; a flock it feeds
Of thoughts and words and deeds:[2]
The pasture is Thy Word; the streams Thy grace,
Enriching all the place.

Shepherd and flock shall sing, and all my powers
Out-sing the daylight houres;
Then we will chide the Sunne for letting Night
Take up his place and right:
We sing one common Lord; wherefore he should
Himself the candle hold.[3]

[1] The allusion is to the "beasts" in the stable of Bethlehem. See for a remarkable parallel from Sir John Beaumont, the Memoir, as before.

[2] = not of other souls.

[3] There is some obscurity here. The context seems to show that "he should" (l. 11) refers to the sun, spoken of before, and included in "we"—I (Herbert) on earth, and the sun in his sphere; therefore "he should" not tire and let night usurp his place, but still continue to hold a candle. The previous "chide" (l. 9) and the whole sense of the after-lines prove this. The obscurity, rather than diffi-

I will go searching till I finde a sunne
Shall stay till we have done;
A willing shiner, that shall shine as gladly
As frost-nipt sunnes look sadly:
Then we will sing, and shine all our own day,
And one another pay:

His beams shall cheer my breast, and both so twine,
Till ev'n His beams sing, and my music shine.

55. ¶ UNGRATEFULNESSE.

LORD, with what bountie and rare clemencie
Hast Thou redeem'd us from the grave!
If Thou hadst let us runne,
Gladly had man ador'd the sunne,
And thought his god most brave,
Where now we shall be better gods then he.

Thou hast but two rare cabinets full of treasure,
The Trinitie and Incarnation;
Thou hast unlockt them both,
And made them jewels to betroth
The work of Thy creation
Unto Thyself in everlasting pleasure.

culty, arises from Herbert's doing what was very common in writing then, and is very common in conversation now, allowing the noun of the pronoun to be discovered among two or three by the sense. In all our early Poets examples abound of two pronouns of the same person, number, and gender, referring, one to one antecedent noun, and the other to another; and such is also done in ordinary speech, though grammarians now object to it in composition. From misunderstanding the passage very absurd punctuations have been suggested (see "Notes and Queries," 3rd Series, v. 70).

The statelier cabinet is the Trinitie,
   Whose sparkling light access denies:
      Therefore Thou dost not show
   This fully to us till death blow
      The dust into our eyes;
For by that powder[1] Thou wilt make us see.

But all Thy sweets are packt up in the other;
   Thy mercies thither flock and flow,
      That as the first affrights,
   This may allure us with delights;
      Because this box[2] we know,
For we have all of us just such another.

But man is close, reserv'd, and dark to Thee;
   When Thou demandest but a heart,
      He cavils instantly:
   In his poore cabinet of bone
      Sinnes have their box apart,
Defrauding Thee, Who gavest two for one.

56. ¶ SIGHS AND GRONES



DO not use me
   After my sinnes! look not on my desert,
   But on Thy glorie; then Thou wilt reform,
And not refuse me; for Thou onely art
The mightie God, but I a sillie worm.
      O, do not bruise me!

[1] This may be by way of miraculous contrast with the ordinary effect of dust so blown into the eyes; but it may refer to the blowing of powders, sugar of lead, sugar, etc. into the eyes of horses and dogs, when their eyes are dimmed by a film or partial opacity. I like to think of Herbert's noticing and being interested in such things as these.

[2] The Bodleian MS. "bone."

O, do not urge me;
For what account can Thy ill steward make?
I have abus'd Thy flock, destroy'd Thy woods,
Suckt all Thy magazens; my head did ake,
Till it found out how to consume Thy goods:
O, do not scourge me!

O, do not blinde me!
I have deserv'd that an Egyptian night
Should thicken all my powers, because my lust
Hath still sow'd fig-leaves to exclude Thy light;
But I am frailtie, and already dust:
O, do not grinde me!

O, do not fill me
With the turn'd[1] viall of Thy bitter wrath!
For Thou hast other vessels full of blood,
A part whereof my Saviour empti'd hath,
Ev'n unto death: since He died for my good,
O, do not kill me!

But O, reprieve me!
For Thou hast life and death at Thy command;
Thou art both Judge and Saviour, feast and rod,
Cordiall and corrosive: put not Thy hand
Into the bitter box; but, O my God,
My God, relieve me!

57. ¶ THE WORLD.

LOVE built a stately house, where Fortune came;
And spinning phansies, she was heard to say
That her fine cobwebs did support the frame,

[1] = upturned, that the dregs may be drunk. The word "fill" shows this is the allusion.

Whereas they were supported by the same;
But Wisdome quickly swept them all away.

Then Pleasure came, who, liking not the fashion,
Began to make balcónes,[1] terraces,
Till she had weaken'd all by alteration;
But rev'rend laws, and many a proclamation,
Reformèd all at length with menaces.

Then enter'd Sinne, and with that sycomore[2]
Whose leaves first sheltred man from drought and dew,
Working and winding slily evermore,
The inward walls and sommers[3] cleft and tore;
But Grace shor'd[4] these, and cut that as it grew.

Then Sinne combin'd with Death in a firm band
To rase the building to the very floore:
Which they effected, none could them withstand;
But Love took Grace and Glorie by the hand,[5]
And built a braver palace then before.

[1] The old, and not many years back the usual, pronunciation of "balconies."

[2] The sycamore fig, supposed by some to have been the "fig" mentioned early in Genesis. The Septuagint is φυλλα συκης, and the Hebrew is different from that for sycamore. The latter was commonly used for building in Palestine, as may be seen by the references, and it was a large shady tree. Under one the Holy Family is traditionally stated to have rested in Egypt (which is still shown there). Could the text refer to a belief that it served Adam and Eve as a shelter? or that they built their first hut or booth with it?

——— "laudis titulique cupido
Hæsuri saxis cinerum custodibus ad quæ
Discutienda valent sterilis mala robora ficus."

Juvenal, x. ll. 144-6.

[3] main or "master-beams" of a building (trabs); also, it is said, lintels. Usually printed with a capital S, which is misleading.

[4] = supported.

[5] See the Memoir, as before, for Various Readings.

58. OUR LIFE IS HID WITH CHRIST IN GOD.

Coloss. iii. 3.

MY words and thoughts do both expresse this notion,
That LIFE hath with the sun a double motion.
The first Is straight, and our diurnall friend;
The other HID, and doth obliquely bend.

One life is wrapt IN flesh, and tends to earth;
The other winds towards HIM, Whose happie birth
Taught me to live here so THAT still one eye
Should aim and shoot at that which Is on high;
Quitting with daily labour all MY pleasure,
To gain at harvest an eternall TREASURE.

59. ¶ VANITIE.

THE fleet astronomer can bore
And thred the spheres with his quick-piercing minde;
He views their stations, walks from doore to doore,
Surveys as if he had design'd
To make a purchase there; he sees their dances,
And knoweth long before
Both their full-ey'd aspects[1] and secret glances.

[1] = the "aspects" of the planets *inter se*. The aspects of the planets were their apparent positions in regard to one another as seen

The nimble diver with his side
Cuts through the working waves, that he may fetch
His dearly-earnèd pearl; which God did hide
On purpose from the venturous wretch,
That He might save his life, and also hers
Who with excessive pride
Her own destruction and his danger wears.

The subtil chymick can devest
And strip the creature naked, till he finde
The callow[1] principles within their nest:
There he imparts to them his minde,
Admitted to their bed-chamber before
They appeare trim and drest
To ordinarie suitours at the doore.

What hath not man sought out and found,
But his deare God? Who yet His glorious law
Embosomes in us, mellowing the ground
With showers and frosts, with love and aw,
So that we need not say, Where's this command?
Poore man, thou searchest round
To find out death, but missest life at hand!

60. ¶ LENT.

WELCOME, deare feast of Lent! who loves not thee,
He loves not temperance or authoritie,
But is a child of passion.
The Scriptures bid us fast: the Church says, 'Now[2]

from the earth, and were generally or mainly divided into five. Conjunction = when in the same sign. Sextile = when divided by two signs or 60°. Quartile = when 90° apart. Trine = when 120° In opposition, when 180° or in opposite signs—a position which denoted greatest enmity between the two influences.

[1] =, bare, unfledged. This is a Wiltshire word, and appears in Ackerman's "List of Wiltshire words." See 90: "Providence," l. 63.

[2] See Various Readings in the Memoir, as before.

Give to thy Mother what thou wouldst allow
To ev'ry corporation.'[1]

The humble soul, compos'd of love and fear,
Begins at home, and layes the burden there,
When doctrines disagree;
He sayes, 'In things which use hath justly got
I am a scandall to the Church, and not
The Church is so to me.'

True Christians should be glad of an occasion
To use their temperance, seeking no evasion,
When good is seasonable;
Unlesse authoritie, which should increase[2]
The obligation in us, make it lesse,
And power it self disable.

Besides the cleannesse of sweet abstinence,
Quick thoughts, and motions at a small expense,
A face not fearing light;
Whereas in fulnesse there are sluttish fumes,
Sowre exhalations, and dishonest rheumes,
Revenging the delight.

Then those same pendant profits,[3] which the Spring
And Easter intimate, enlarge the thing
And goodnesse of the deed;
Neither ought other men's abuse of Lent
Spoil our good use, lest by that argument
We forfeit all our creed.

[1] = obedience to rules and regulations. Corporation is corporate bodies generally, whether municipal or a company.

[2] ll. 16-18, = Unless Authority, which has the power of increasing the obligation. The sense is obscured to us by the peculiar use of "should." It is the reverse argument—fast at a seasonable time, yet not if Authority thinks fit to forbid that time.

[3] = the fruits which show in Spring, and intimate a gathering in due season.

It's true we cannot reach Christ's forti'th day;
Yet to go part of that religious way
Is better then to rest:
We cannot reach our Saviour's puritie;
Yet are we bid, "Be holy ev'n as He:"
In both let's do our best.

Who goeth in the way which Christ hath gone
Is much more sure to meet with Him then one
That travelleth by-wayes;
Perhaps my God, though He be farre before,
May turn, and take me by the hand, and more,
May strengthen my decayes.

Yet, Lord, instruct us to improve our fast
By starving sinne, and taking such repast
As may our faults controll;
That ev'ry man may revell at his doore,
Not in his parlour—banquetting the poore,
And among those, his soul.

61. ¶ VERTUE.

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridall of the earth and skie,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angrie and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its [1] grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My musick shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

[1] The Williams and Bodleian MSS. "his."

Onely a sweet and vertuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives;
But though [1] the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

62. ¶ THE PEARL.

Matt. xiii.


KNOW the wayes of Learning; both the head
And pipes that feed the presse, and make it runne;
What Reason hath from Nature borrowèd,
Or of itself, like a good huswife, spunne
In laws and policie; what the starres conspire,
What willing Nature speaks, what forc'd by fire;
Both th' old discoveries and the new-found seas,
The stock and surplus, cause and historie,—
All these stand open, or I have the keyes:
Yet I love Thee.

I know the wayes of Honour, what maintains
The quick returns of courtesie and wit;
In vies [2] of favours whether partie gains;
When glorie swells the heart, and moldeth it
To all expressions both of hand and eye;
Which on the world a true-love knot may tie,
And bear the bundle, wheresoe're it goes;
How many drammes of spirit there must be
To sell my life unto my friends or foes:
Yet I love Thee.

[1] Some late editions "when."
[2] See previous note on 10. "Easter," l. 15. Here there is probably an allusion to "vying" at cards, though the meaning being the same, it is quite intelligible without reference to such allusion.

I know the ways of Pleasure, the sweet strains,
The lullings and the relishes of it;
The propositions of hot bloud and brains;
What mirth and musick mean; what Love and Wit
Have done these twentie hundred years and more;
I know the projects of unbridled store:
My stuffe is flesh, not brasse; my senses live,
And grumble oft that they have more in me
Then He that curbs them, being but one to five:
Yet I love Thee.

I know all these, and have them in my hand:
Therefore not seelèd,[1] but with open eyes
I flie to Thee, and fully understand
Both the main sale and the commodities;
And at what rate and price I have Thy love,
With all the circumstances that may move:
Yet through the labyrinths, not my groveling wit,
But Thy silk-twist [2] let down from heav'n to me,
Did both conduct and teach me how by it
To climb to Thee.

[1] See Various Readings in the Memoir, as before. "Seeled," a technical term in hawking for drawing a thread through both eye-lids so as to close the eye. See previous note on "The Church Porch," st. lxx., l. 1. Cf. also Sir Philip Sidney (my edition, s. v.).

[2] Cf. with this Joseph Fletcher (my edition, p. 154) in "Christe's Bloodie Sweate":—

"Euen as a man that treades a wearie pace
In laborinthes, continually in doubt
To find the centre of the curious trace:
Once entred, still vncertaine to get out,
Before some skillful maister by a *twist*
Doth guide him in or out, or as he list."

= cord or clue, as in Herbert.

63. ¶ TENTATION.

BROKEN in pieces all asunder,
Lord, hunt me not,
A thing forgot,
Once a poore creature, now a wonder,
A wonder tortur'd in the space
Betwixt this world and that of grace.

My thoughts are all a case of knives,
Wounding my heart
With scatter'd smart,
As wat'ring-pots give flowers their lives;
Nothing their furie can controll
While they do wound and prick my soul.

All my attendants are at strife,
Quitting their place
Unto my face;
Nothing performs the task of life:
The elements are let loose to fight,
And while I live trie out their right.

Oh help, my God! let not their plot
Kill them and me,
And also Thee,
Who art my life; dissolve the knot,
As the sunne scatters by his light
All the rebellions of the night.

Then shall those powers which work for grief
Enter Thy pay,
And day by day
Labour Thy praise and my relief;
With care and courage building me
Till I reach heav'n, and, much more, Thee.

64. ¶ MAN.

Y God, I heard[1] this day
That none doth build a stately habitation
But he that means to dwell therein.
What house more stately hath there been,
Or can be, then is Man? to whose creation[2]
All things are in decay.

For Man is ev'ry thing,
And more: he is a tree, yet bears mo[3] fruit;
A beast, yet is, or should be, more:
Reason and speech we onely bring;
Parrats may thank us, if they are not mute,
They go upon the score.[4]

Man is all symmetrie,
Full of proportions, one limbe to another,
And all to all the world[5] besides;
Each part may call the farthest brother,
For head with foot hath private amitie,
And both with moons and tides.

Nothing hath got so farre
But Man hath caught and kept it as his prey;
His eyes dismount the highest starre;
He is in little all the sphere;
Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they
Finde their acquaintance there.

[1] Probably in some sermon by one of his curates.

[2] = not act of creation, but to his building up, for which animals are killed, trees felled, &c.

[3] "Mo" = more, from the Williams MS. The misreading "no" for "mo" is thus corrected. See the Memoir, as before, for Various Readings here and throughout.

[4] = They borrow or obtain on trust.

[5] According to a very favourite idea at that time that man had such analogy with all parts of the world as to be a world in little, a microcosm; see ll. 23 and 47, &c.

For us the windes do blow,[1]
The earth resteth, heav'n moueth, fountains flow ;
Nothing we see but means our good,
As our delight or as our treasure ;
The whole is either our cupboard of food
Or cabinet of pleasure.

The starres have us to bed,
Night draws the curtain, which the sunne withdraws ;
Musick and light attend our head,
All things unto our flesh are kinde
In their descent and being ;[2] to our minde
In their ascent and cause.

Each thing is full of dutie :
Waters united are our navigation ;
Distinguishèd,[3] our habitation ;
Below, our drink ; above, our meat ;
Both are our cleanlinesse.[4] Hath one such beautie ?
Then how are all things neat !

More servants wait on Man
Than he'l take notice of : in ev'ry path
He treads down that which doth befriend him
When sicknesse makes him pale and wan.
Oh mightie love ! Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.

Since then, my God, Thou hast
So brave a palace built, O dwell in it,
That it may dwell with Thee at last !
Till then afford us so much wit,
That, as the world serves us, we may serve Thee,
And both Thy servants be.

[1] See Various Readings in the Memoir, as before.
[2] See the longer Notes and Illustrations (*y*), as before.
[3] *Ibid* (*z*). [4] *Ibid* (*aa*). [5] *Ibid* (*bb*).

65. ¶ ANTIPHON.

Chorus.


RAISED be the God of love
Men. Here below,
Ang. And here above;
Chor. Who hath dealt his mercies so
Ang. To His friend,
Men. And to His foe;[1]

Chor. That both grace and glorie tend
Ang. Us of old,
Men. And us in th' end;
Chor. The great Shepherd of the fold
Ang. Us did make,
Men. For us was sold.

Chor. He our foes in pieces brake:
Ang. Him we touch,
Men. And Him we take.
Chor. Wherefore, since that He is such,
Ang. We adore,
Men. And we do crouch.

Chor. Lord, Thy praises should bee more.
Men. We have none,
Ang. And we no store;
Chor. Praisèd be the God alone
Who hath made of two folds one.

[1] ll. 5-6. There is no line without a rhyme, for these lines are, as may be seen from the last, parts in reality of one line.

66. ¶ UNKINDNESSE.

LORD, make me coy and tender to offend:
In friendship, first I think if that agree
Which I intend
Unto my friend's intent and end;
I would not use a friend as I use Thee.

If any touch my friend or his good name,
It is my honour and my love to free
His blasted fame
From the least spot or thought of blame:
I could not use a friend as I use Thee.

My friend may spit upon my curious floore;
Would he have gold? I lend it instantly;
But let the poore,
And Thou within them, starve at doore:
I cannot use a friend as I use Thee.

When that my friend pretendeth[1] to a place,
I quit my interest, and leave it free;
But when Thy grace
Sues for my heart, I Thee displace;
Nor would I use a friend as I use Thee.

Yet can a friend what Thou hast done fulfill?
O, write in brass, 'My God upon a tree
His bloud did spill,
Onely to purchase my good-will:'
Yet use I not my foes as I use Thee.

[1] = stretcheth forth, seeketh.

67. ¶ LIFE.

I MADE a posie[1] while the day ran by:
Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie
My life within this band;
But Time did becken to the flow'rs, and they
By noon most cunningly did steal away,
And wither'd in my hand.

My hand was next to them, and then my heart;
I took, without more thinking, in good part
Time's gentle admonition;
Who did so sweetly Death's sad taste convey,
Making my minde to smell my fatall day,
Yet sugring the suspicion.

Farewell, deare flow'rs; sweetly your time ye spent,
Fit while ye lived for smell or ornament,
And after death for cures.
I follow straight, without complaints or grief;
Since if my scent be good, I care not if
It be as short as yours.

68. ¶ SUBMISSION.

BUT that Thou art my wisdome, Lord,
And both mine eyes are Thine,
My minde would be extreamly stirr'd
For missing my designe.

[1] Posie is a contraction of poesy; here it means a wreath or cluster of flowers.—WILLMOTT. This is inexact. Posie here is = a nosegay.

Were it not better to bestow
   Some place and power on me?
Then should Thy praises with me grow,
   And share in my degree.

But when I thus dispute and grieve,
   I do resume my sight;
And pilfring what I once did give,
   Disseize Thee of Thy right.

How know I, if Thou shouldst me raise,
   That I should then raise Thee?
Perhaps great places and Thy praise
   Do not so well agree.

Wherefore unto my gift I stand,
   I will no more advise;
Onely do Thou lend me a hand,
   Since Thou hast both mine eyes.

69. ¶ JUSTICE.



CANNOT skill of these Thy wayes:
   Lord, Thou didst make me, yet Thou woundest me:
Lord, Thou dost wound me, yet Thou dost relieve me;
Lord, Thou relievest, yet I die by Thee;
Lord, Thou dost kill me, yet Thou dost reprieve me.

I do not think it is anywhere found as "a wreath." Minsheu, Cotgrave, and others give only "nosegay, bouquet, bunch of flowers" It was probably so called because the present of flowers was made by their symbolism or language to represent a posy, motto, or thought. For example of this see Perdita's gifts ("Winter's Tale," iv. 3), and compare also Ophelia's distribution of flowers ("Hamlet," iv. 5).

But when I mark my life and praise,
Thy justice me most fitly payes;
For I do praise Thee, yet I praise Thee not;
My prayers mean Thee, yet my prayers stray;
I would do well, yet sinne the hand hath got;
My soul doth love Thee, yet it loves delay;
I cannot skill of these my ways.

70. ¶ CHARMS AND KNOTS.

WHO reade a chapter when they rise,
Shall ne'ere be troubled with ill eyes.

A poor man's rod, when Thou dost ride,[1]
Is both a weapon and a guide.

Who shuts his hand hath lost his gold;
Who opens it hath it twice-told.

Who goes to bed and doth not pray
Maketh two nights to ev'ry day.

Who by aspersions throw a stone
At th' head of others, hit their own.

Who looks on ground with humble eyes
Findes himself there, and seeks to rise.

When th' hair is sweet through pride or lust,
The powder[2] doth forget the dust.

Take one from ten, and what remains?
Ten still, if sermons go for gains.

[1] = the high-seated can be frequently helped by the most humble.
[2] The hair powder here spoken of was gold dust, talc flakes, and the like, sprinkled so as to make the hair glisten.

In shallow waters heav'n doth show;
But who drinks on, to hell may go.[1]

71. ¶ AFFLICTION.

MY God, I read this day
That planted Paradise was not so firm
As was and is Thy floting Ark, whose stay
And anchor Thou art onely, to confirm
And strengthen it in ev'ry age,
When waves do rise and tempests rage.

At first we liv'd in pleasure,
Thine own delights Thou didst to us impart;
When we grew wanton, Thou didst use displeasure
To make us Thine; yet that we might not part,
As we at first did board with Thee,
Now Thou wouldst taste our miserie.

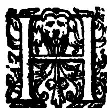
There is but joy and grief:
If either will convert us, we are Thine;
Some angels us'd the first; if our relief
Take up the second, then Thy double line
And sev'rall baits in either kinde
Furnish Thy table to Thy minde.

Affliction, then, is ours;
We are the trees, whom shaking fastens more;
While blustring windes destroy the wanton bowres,
And ruffle all their curious knots and store.[2]
My God, so temper joy and wo
That Thy bright beams may tame Thy Bow.

[1] See Various Readings from the Williams MS. in the Memoir, as before, finely elucidative of this couplet and context.

[2] No one seems to have noticed this word. It is still provincial for a "stake," and appears here in a collective sense. Perhaps of root, Fr. *estorer*, erect, raise, build.

72. ¶ MORTIFICATION.


OW soon doth man decay!
When clothes are taken from a chest of sweets
To swaddle infants, whose young breath
Scarce knows the way,
Those clouts are little winding-sheets,
Which do consign and send them unto Death.

When boyes go first to bed,
They step into their voluntarie graves;
Sleep binds them fast, onely their breath
Makes them not dead:
Successive nights, like rolling waves,
Convey them quickly who are bound for Death.

When Youth is frank and free,
And calls for musick, while his veins do swell,
All day exchanging mirth and breath
In companie,
That musick summons to the knell
Which shall befriend him at the house of Death.

When man grows staid and wise,
Getting a house and home, where he may move
Within the circle of his breath,
Schooling his eyes,
That dumbe inclosure maketh love
Unto the coffin that attends his death.

When Age grows low and weak,
Marking[1] his grave, and thawing ev'ry year,

1 = looking down to.

Till all do melt and drown his breath
When he would speak,
A chair or litter shows the biere
Which shall convey him to the house of Death.

Man, ere he is aware,
Hath put together a solemnitie,
And drest his hearse, while he has breath
As yet to spare;
Yet, Lord, instruct us so to die,
That all these dyings may be LIFE in DEATH.

73. ¶ DECAY.

SWEET were the days when Thou didst lodge with Lot,
Struggle with Jacob, sit with Gideon,
Advise with Abraham; when Thy power could not
Encounter Moses' strong complaints and mone:
Thy words were then, "Let Me alone."

One might have sought and found Thee presently
At some fair oak, or bush, or cave, or well:
'Is my God this way?' 'No,' they would reply;
'He is to Sinai gone, as we heard tell;
List, ye may heare great Aaron's bell.'

But now Thou dost Thyself immure and close
In some one corner of a feeble heart;
Where yet both Sinne and Satan, Thy old foes,
Do pinch and straiten Thee, and use much art
To gain Thy thirds [1] and little part.

[1] Sin, Satan, and God, being each in possession, had each a third.

I see the world grows old, when, as the heat
Of Thy great love,—once spread,—as in an urn
Doth closet up itself, and still retreat,
Cold Sinne still forcing it,—till it return,
And calling Justice, all things burn.

74. ¶ MISERIE.

LORD, Let the angels praise Thy name,
Man is a foolish thing, a foolish thing;
Folly and sinne play all his game;
His house still burns, and yet he still doth sing—
Man is but grasse,
He knows it—'Fill the glasse.'[1]

How canst Thou brook his foolishnesse?
Why, he'l not lose a cup of drink for Thee:
Bid him but temper his excesse,
Not he: he knows where he can better be—
As he will swear—
Then to serve Thee in fear.

What strange pollutions doth he wed,
And make his own! as if none knew but he.
No man shall beat into his head
That Thou within his curtains' drawn[2] can'st see:
'They are of cloth,
Where never yet came moth.'

The best of men, turn but Thy hand
For one poore minute, stumble at a pinne;

[1] The reference is to the saying of the parable: "Take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry."—St. Luke xii. 19.
[2] Ps. cxxxix. 2.

They would not have their actions scann'd,
Nor any sorrow tell them that they sinne,
Though it be small,
And measure not their fall.

They quarrell[1] Thee, and would give over
The bargain made to serve Thee; but Thy love
Holds them unto it, and doth cover
Their follies with the wings of Thy milde Dove,[2]
Not suff'ring those,
Who would, to be Thy foes.

My God, man cannot praise Thy name:
Thou art all brightnesse, perfect puritie;
The sunne holds down his head for shame,
Dead with eclipses, when we speak of Thee:
How shall infection
Presume on Thy perfection?

As dirtie hands foule all they touch,
And those things most which are most pure and fine,
So our clay-hearts, ev'n when we crouch
To sing Thy praises, make them less divine:
Yet either this
Or none Thy portion is.

Man cannot serve Thee: let him go
And serve the swine—there, there is his delight:
He doth not like this vertue, no;
Give him his dirt to wallow in all nights:
'These preachers make
His head to shoot and ake.'

[1] Found as a verb active in the elder poets. Ben Jonson ("Every Man in his Humour") has it:—
"And now that I had quarrelled
My brother purposely."—WILLMOTT.

[2] ll. 28, 50, 75; see Various Readings in the Memoir, as before.

O foolish man! where are thine eyes?
How hast thou lost them in a crowd of cares!
Thou pull'st the rug, and wilt not rise,
No, not to purchase the whole pack of starres:
'There let them shine;
Thou must go sleep, or dine.'

The bird that sees a daintie bowre[1]
Made in the tree, where she was wont to sit,
Wonders and sings, but not His power
Who made the arbor; this exceeds her wit.
But Man doth know
The spring whence all things flow:

And yet, as though he knew it not,
His knowledge winks, and lets his humours reigne;
They make his life a constant blot,
And all the bloud of God to run in vain.
Ah, wretch! what verse
Can thy strange wayes rehearse?

Indeed, at first Man was a treasure,
A box of jewels, shop of rarities,
A ring whose posie[2] was 'My pleasure;'
He was a garden in a Paradise;
Glorie and grace
Did crown his heart and face.

But sinne hath fool'd him; now he is
A lump of flesh, without a foot or wing
To raise him to a glimpse of blisse;
A sick-toss'd vessel, dashing on each thing,
Nay his own shelf:
My God, I moan myself.

1 That made by the leafing of Spring.

2 *i.e.* motto. So in Cartwright's "Love's Conquest," iv. 8, p. 159:
"My rings shall all b' engrav'd with holy *posies*
As 'constant until death'—'Endless as this'—
'So is my love'—'Not hands but hearts.'"

75. ¶ JORDAN.[1]

WHEN first my verse of heav'nly joyes made mention,
Such was their lustre, they did so excell,
That I sought out quaint words and trim invention;
My thoughts began to burnish,[2] sprout, and swell,
Curling with metaphors a plain intention,
Decking the sense as if it were to sell.

Thousands of notions in my brain did runne,
Off'ring their service, if I were not sped:
I often blotted what I had begunne—
This was not quick enough, and that was dead;
Nothing could seem too rich to clothe the sunne,
Much lesse those joyes which trample on his head.

As flames do work and winde when they ascend,
So did I weave myselfe into the sense;
But while I bustled I might hear a friend
Whisper, 'How wide is all this long pretence!
There is in love a sweetnesse ready penn'd;
Copie out onely that, and save expense.'

[1] See on 25. "Jordan:" and the longer Notes and Illustrations (*rr*), as before.
[2] See longer Notes and Illustrations (*dd*), as before.

76. ¶ PRAYER.


F what an easie quick accesse,
My blessèd Lord, art Thou! how suddenly
May our requests thine ears invade!
To show that State dislikes not easinesse,
If I but lift mine eyes my suit is made;
Thou canst no more not heare then Thou canst die.

Of what supreme almightie power
Is Thy great arm, which spans the east and west
And tacks the centre to the sphere!
By it do all things live their measur'd houre;
We cannot ask the thing which is not there,
Blaming the shallownesse of our request.

Of what unmeasurable love
Art Thou possest, Who, when Thou couldst not die,
Wert fain to take our flesh and curse,
And for our sakes in person sinne reprove;
That by destroying that which ty'd Thy purse,
Thou mightst make way for liberalitie!

Since, then, these three wait on Thy throne,
Ease, Power, and Love, I value Prayer so,
That were I to leave all but one,
Wealth, fame, endowments, vertues, all should go;
I and deare Prayer would together dwell,
And quickly gain for each inch lost an ell.

77. ¶ OBEDIENCE.

MY God, if writings may
Convey a lordship any way
Whither the buyer and the seller please,
Let it not Thee displease
If this poore paper do as much as they.

On it my heart doth bleed
As many lines as there doth need
To passe itself and all it hath to Thee;
To which I do agree,
And here present it as my speciall deed.[1]

If that hereafter Pleasure
Cavill, and claim her part and measure,
As if this passèd with a reservation,
Or some such words in fashon,
I here shutt out the wrangler from Thy treasure.

O, let Thy sacred will
All Thy delight in me fulfill!
Let me not think an action mine own way,
But as Thy love shall sway,
Resigning up the rudder to Thy skill.

Lord, what is man to Thee,
That Thou shouldst minde a rotten tree!
Yet since Thou canst not choose but see my actions,
So great are Thy perfections,
Thou mayst as well my actions guide as see.

[1] Herbert's "Country Parson" is to be all to his parish, and not only a pastor, but a lawyer also (c. xxiii.); here he adopts the legal expression for a conveyance—"I deliver this as my act and deed."—WILLMOTT.

Besides, Thy death and bloud
Show'd a strange love to all our good;
Thy sorrows were in earnest, no faint proffer,
Or superficial offer
Of what we might not take or be withstood.

Wherefore I all forego:
To one word onely I say, No;
Where in the deed there was an intimation
Of a gift or donation,
Lord, let it now by way of purchase go.

He that will passe his land,
As I have mine, may set his hand
And heart unto this deed, when he hath read,
And make the purchase spread
To both our goods, if he to it will stand.

How happie were my part,
If some kinde man would thrust his heart
Into these lines, till in heav'n's Court of Rolls
They were by wingèd souls
Entred for both, farre above their desert!

78. ¶ CONSCIENCE.

PEACE, pratler, do not lowre:
Not a fair look but thou dost call it foul,
Not a sweet dish but thou dost call it sowre;
Musick to thee doth howl.
By list'ning to thy chatting fears
I have both lost mine eyes and eares.

Pratler, no more, I say;
My thoughts must work, but like a noiselesse sphere;
Harmonious peace must rock them all the day,
No room for pratlers there.
If thou persistest, I will tell thee
That I have physick to expell thee.

And the receit shall be
My Saviour's bloud: whenever at His board
I do but taste it, straight it cleanseth me,
And leaves thee not a word;
No, not a tooth or nail to scratch,
And at my actions carp or catch.

Yet if thou talkest still,
Besides my physick know there's some for thee;
Some wood and nails to make a staffe or bill [1]
For those that trouble me:
The bloudie crosse of my deare Lord
Is both my physick and my sword.

79. ¶ SION.

LORD, with what glorie wast Thou serv'd of old,
When Solomon's temple stood and flourishèd!
Where most things were of purest gold,
The wood was all embellishèd
With flowers and carvings mysticall and rare;
All show'd the builders crav'd the seer's care.

[1] *i. e.* the favourite weapon of the English soldiery, which watchmen afterwards continued to carry—a bill-hook set on a staff battle-axe fashion. An engraving of a watchman so armed is given in "Boswell's Malone Shakespeare," vol. vii. p. 86.

Yet all this glorie, all this pomp and state,
Did not affect Thee much, was not Thy aim:
  Something there was that sow'd debate;
  Wherefore Thou quit'st Thy ancient claim,
And now Thy architecture meets with sinne,
For all Thy frame and fabrick is within.

There Thou art struggling with a peevish heart,
Which sometimes crosseth Thee, Thou sometimes it;
  The fight is hard on either part:
  Great God doth fight, He doth submit.
All Solomon's sea of brasse and world of stone
Is not so deare to Thee as one good grone.

And truly brasse and stones are heavie things—
Tombes for the dead, not temples fit for Thee;
  But grones are quick, and full of wings,
  And all their motions upward be;
And ever as they mount like larks they sing;
The note is sad, yet musick for a king.

80. ¶ HOME.


OME, Lord, my head doth burn, my heart is sick,
  While Thou dost ever, ever stay;
Thy long deferrings wound me to the quick,
  My spirit gaspeth night and day:
    O, show Thyself to me,
    Or take me up to Thee!

How canst Thou stay, considering the pace
  The bloud did make which Thou didst waste?

When I behold it trickling down Thy face,
  I never saw thing make such haste:
    O, show Thyself to me,
    Or take me up to Thee!

When man was lost, Thy pitie lookt about
  To see what help in th' earth or skie;
But there was none, at least no help without;
  The help did in Thy bosom lie:
    O, show Thyself to me,
    Or take me up to Thee!

There lay Thy Sonne; and must He leave that nest,
  That hive of sweetnesse, to remove
Thraldom from those who would not at a feast
  Leave one poore apple[1] for Thy love?
    O, show Thyself to me,
    Or take me up to Thee!

He did, He came: O, my Redeemer deare,
  After all this canst Thou be strange?
So many yeares baptiz'd, and not appeare,
  As if Thy love could fail or change?
    O, show Thyself to me,
    Or take me up to Thee!

Yet if Thou stayest still, why must I stay?
  My God, what is this world to me?
This world of wo. Hence, all ye clouds; away,
  Away; I must get up and see:
    O, show Thyself to me,
    Or take me up to Thee!

What is this weary world, this meat and drink,
  That chains us by the teeth so fast?

[1] = Who (in Adam and Eve) would not leave an apple.

What is this woman-kinde, which I can wink
Into a blacknesse and distaste?
O, show Thyself to me,
Or take me up to Thee!

With one small sigh Thou gav'st me th' other day
I blasted all the joyes about me,
And scouling on them as they pin'd away,
'Now come again,' said I, 'and flout me.'
O, show Thyself to me,
Or take me up to Thee!

Nothing but drought and dearth, but bush and brake,
Which way so-e're I look, I see;
Some may dream merrily, but when they wake,
They dresse themselves and come to Thee:
O, show Thyself to me,
Or take me up to Thee!

We talk of harvests—there are no such things
But when we leave our corn and hay;
There is no fruitfull yeare but that which brings
The last and lov'd, though dreadfull day:
O, show Thyself to me,
Or take me up to Thee!

Oh, loose this frame, this knot of man untie;
That my free soul may use her wing,
Which now is pinion'd with mortalitie,
As an intangl'd, hamper'd thing:
O, show Thyself to me,
Or take me up to Thee!

What have I left, that I should stay and grone?
The most of me to heav'n is fled;

My thoughts and joyes are all packt up and gone,
  And for their old acquaintance plead:
      O, show Thyself to me,
      Or take me up to Thee!

Come, dearest Lord, passe not this holy season,
  My flesh and bones and joynts do pray;
And ev'n my verse, when by the ryme and reason
  The word is "Stay,"[1] says ever, "Come:"
      O, show Thyself to me,
      Or take me up to Thee!

81. ¶ THE BRITISH CHURCH.


JOY, deare Mother, when I view
Thy perfect lineaments and hue,
      Both sweet and bright.

Beauty in thee takes up her place,
And dates her letters from thy face,
      When she doth write.

A fine aspéct in fit aray,
Neither too mean nor yet too gay,
      Shows who is best.

Outlandish looks may not compare;
For all they either painted are,
      Or else undrest.

She on the hills, which wantonly
Allureth all in hope to be
      By her preferr'd,

[1] The word by the rhyme 'pray' (l. 74), and by reason of his sins should be 'stay.' It will be noticed that the word 'come' (l. 76) neither rhymes nor is, according to man's logic, reason.

Hath kiss'd so long her painted[1] shrines,
That ev'n her face by kissing shines,
For her reward.

She in the valley is so shie
Of dressing, that her hair doth lie
About her eares;

While she avoids her neighbour's pride,
She wholly goes on th' other side.
And nothing wears.

But, dearest Mother, what those misse,
The mean thy praise and glorie is,
And long may be.

Blessèd be God, Whose love it was
To double-moat[2] thee with His grace,
And none but thee.

82. ¶ THE QUIP.[3]

THE merrie World did on a day
With his train-bands and mates agree
To meet together where I lay,
And all in sport to geere at me.

First Beautie crept into a rose,
Which when I pluckt not, 'Sir,' said she,
'Tell me, I pray, whose hands are those?'
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

[1] See previous note on "painted."—(Glossarial Index, *s. v.*)

[2] Like a castle with two moats or streams of water round it.—WILLMOTT.

[3] A pleasantry.—WILLMOTT. Not exactly this. Minsheu gives it = taunt. Cotgrave better—flout, gird, nip, &c. At its acmè and in its most refined sense, it was a bitter pleasantry or raillery, as here and as in Shakespeare's "quip modest"—"I cut it to please myself;" and as explained by Lyly (Nares): "*Ps.* Why, what's a quip? *Ma.* We great girders call it a short saying of a sharp wit, with a bitter sense in a sweet word."

Then Money came, and chinking still,
'What tune is this, poore man?' said he;
'I heard in Musick you had skill:'
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came brave Glorie puffing by
In silks that whistled, who but he!
He scarce allowed me half an eie:
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came quick Wit and Conversation,
And he would needs a comfort be,
And, to be short, make an oration:
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Yet when the houre of Thy designe
To answer these fine things shall come,
Speak not at large, say, I am Thine,
And then they have their answer home.

83. ¶ VANITIE.

POORE silly soul, whose hope and head
lies low,
Whose flat delights on earth do creep
and grow;
To whom the starres shine not so fair as eyes,
Nor solid work as false embroyderies,—
Heark and beware, lest what you now do measure
And write for sweet prove a most sowre displeasure.

O, heare betimes, lest thy relenting
May come too late;
To purchase heaven for repenting
Is no hard rate.

If souls be made of earthly mould,
Let them love gold;
If born on high,
Let them unto their kindred flie ;
For they can never be at rest
Till they regain their ancient nest.

Then, silly soul, take heed ; for earthly joy
Is but a bubble, and makes thee a boy.

84. ¶ THE DAWNING.

WAKE, sad heart, whom sorrow ever drowns ;
Take up thine eyes, which feed on earth ;
Unfold thy forehead, gathered into frowns ;
Thy Saviour comes, and with Him mirth :
Awake, awake,
And with a thankfull heart His comforts take.
But thou dost still lament, and pine, and crie,
And feel His death, but not His victorie.

Arise, sad heart ; if thou dost not withstand,
Christ's resurrection thine may be ;
Do not by hanging down break from the hand
Which, as it riseth, raiseth thee :
Arise, arise,
And with His buriall-linen drie thine eyes.
Christ left His grave-clothes, that we might, when grief
Draws tears or bloud, not want an handkerchief.

85. ¶ JESU.

JESU is in my heart, His sacred name
Is deeply carvèd there: but th' other week
A great affliction broke the little frame
Ev'n all to pieces; which I went to seek:
And first I found the corner where was *J*,
After where *ES*, and next where *U* was grav'd.
When I had got these parcels, instantly
I sat me down to spell them, and perceiv'd
That to my broken heart he was *I ease you*,
And to my whole is *JESU*.

86. ¶ BUSINESSE.

CANST be idle? canst thou play,
Foolish soul, who sinn'd to day?

Rivers run, and springs each one
Know their home, and get them gone:
Hast thou tears, or hast thou none?

If, poore soul, thou hast no tears,
Would thou hadst no faults or fears!
Who hath these, those, ill forbears.

Windes still work—it is their plot,
Be the season cold or hot:
Hast thou sighs, or hast thou not?

If thou hast no sighs or grones,
Would thou hadst no flesh and bones!
Lesser pains scape greater ones.

But if yet thou idle be,
Foolish soul, Who died for thee?

Who did leave His Father's throne
To assume thy flesh and bone?
Had He life, or had He none?

If He had not liv'd for thee,
Thou hadst died[1] most wretchedly,
And two deaths had been thy fee.

He so farre thy good did plot,
That His own self He forgot:
Did He die, or did He not?

If He had not died for thee,
Thou hadst liv'd in miserie;
Two lives[2] worse then ten deaths be.

And hath any space of breath
'Twixt his sinnes' and Saviour's death?[3]

He that loseth gold, though drosse,
Tells to all he meets, his crosse:
He that sinnes, hath he no losse?

He that findes a silver vein
Thinks on it, and thinks again:
Brings thy Saviour's death no gain?

Who in heart not ever kneels
Neither sinne nor Saviour feels.

[1] Cf. l. 26. As "died" is monosyllabic with us, and as 'd only makes that, I have not retained "di'd" of 1632-3 onward, here or elsewhere, as it is only a source of confusion.

[2] The life in death now and the life in death hereafter.

[3] Query—sinnes or sinnes', i.e. sinnes' [death]? Probably the latter: hence so given. There is no mean or resting-place between the two, between the death or death-life due to sin and the life given by the Saviour's death.

87. ¶ DIALOGUE.

MAN.

WEETEST Saviour, if my soul
Were but worth the having,
Quickly should I then controll
Any thought of waving.[1]
But when all my care and pains
Cannot give the name of gains
To Thy wretch so full of stains,
What delight or hope remains?

SAVIOUR.[2]

What, childe, is the ballance thine,
Thine the poise and measure?
If I say, 'Thou shalt be Mine,'
Finger not My treasure.
What the gains in having thee
Do amount to, onely He
Who for man was sold can see;
That transferr'd th' accounts to Me.

MAN.

But as I can see no merit
Leading to this favour,

[1] = wavering. So Samuel Speed in "Prison Pietie" (1679):

"In Thomas 'twas a fault
To bault
In waving faith until
His will
Was satisfied" (P. 136).

[2] The second stanza is the Saviour's reply, and I so inscribe it; and as it is the Son, not the Father, who speaks, the "that" of l. 16 must mean "that" [sale]. The rest of the dialogue and its partition is not so clear, and has been made more obscure by its punctuation hitherto. I have thus arranged it: Man's reply from l. 17 to l. 24 inclusive. Then the Saviour's reply—breaking in on man at l. 25 down to l. 31, "smart."

So the way to fit me for it
   Is beyond my savour.[1]
As the reason, then, is Thine,
So the way is none of mine.
I disclaim the whole designe;
Sinne disclaims and I resigne.

SAVIOUR.

That[2] is all:—if that I could
   Get without repining—
And My clay, My creature, would
   Follow My resigning;[3]
That as I did freely part
With My glorie and desert,
Left all joyes to feel all smart—

MAN.

Ah, no more: Thou break'st my heart.

88. ¶ DULNESSE.

WHY do I languish thus, drooping and
      dull,
   As if I were all earth?
O, give me quicknesse, that I may
      with mirth
   Praise Thee brim-full!

The wanton lover in a curious strain
      Can praise his fairest fair,
And with quaint metaphors her curlèd hair
      Curl o're again.

[1] = knowledge.
[2] "That" = what man has just said "I resigne," viz., resignation.
[3] = follow Christ's will as He did His Father's.

Thou art my lovelinesse, my life, my light,
Beautie alone to me;
Thy bloudy death, and undeserv'd, makes Thee
Pure red and white.

When all perfections as but one appeare,
That, those,[1] Thy form doth shew,
The very dust where Thou dost tread and go
Makes beauties here.

Where are my lines, then? my approaches, views?
Where are my window-songs?[2]
Lovers are still pretending, and ev'n wrongs
Sharpen their Muse.

But I am lost in flesh, whose sugred lyes
Still mock me and grow bold:
Sure Thou didst put a minde there, if I could
Finde where it lies.

Lord, cleare Thy gift, that with a constant wit
I may but look towards Thee:
Look onely; for to love Thee who can be,
What angel fit?

[1] = all perfections in one: = That (one perfection), those (perfections all), as but one. Hence the punctuation.
[2] See Sir Philip Sidney, "Astrophel and Stella," sonnet liii., and Donne's "Songs and Lyrics" (Fuller Worthies' Library editions).



89. ¶ LOVE-JOY.

S on a window late I cast mine eye,
I saw a vine drop grapes with J and C
Anneal'd on every bunch. One standing by
Ask'd what it meant. I (who am never loth
To spend my judgement) said: 'It seem'd to me
To be the bodie and the letters both
Of Joy and Charitie.' 'Sir, you have not miss'd,'
The man reply'd; 'it figures JESUS CHRIST.'

90. ¶ PROVIDENCE.

 SACRED Providence, Who from end to end
Strongly and sweetly[1] movest! shall I write,
And not of Thee, through Whom my fingers bend
To hold my quill? shall they not do Thee right?

Of all the creatures both in sea and land,
Onely to man Thou hast made known Thy wayes,
And put the penne alone into his hand,
And made him secretarie[2] of Thy praise.

Beasts fain would sing; birds dittie[3] to their notes;
Trees would be tuning on their native lute
To Thy renown: but all their hands and throats
Are brought to Man, while they are lame and mute.

[1] Cf. the Vulgate, "Attingit a fine usque ad finem, *fortiter* et disponit omnia *suaviter*" ("Sap." viii. 1).

[2] Bacon was contemporaneously called "The Secretary of Nature." Cf. Herbert's Latin poems to Bacon.

[3] = Birds would fain fit song-words to their notes.

Man is the world's high-priest:[1] he doth present
The sacrifice for all; while they below
Unto the service mutter an assent,
Such as springs use that fall, and windes that blow.

He that to praise and laud Thee doth refrain,
Doth not refrain unto himself alone,
But robs a thousand who would praise Thee fain,
And doth commit a world of sinne in one.

The beasts say, 'Eat me;' but if beasts must teach,
The tongue is yours to eat, but mine to praise:
The trees say, 'Pull me;' but the hand you stretch
Is mine to write, as it is yours to raise.

Wherefore, most sacred Spirit, I here present,
For me and all my fellows, praise to Thee;
And just it is that I should pay the rent,
Because the benefit accrues to me.

We all acknowledge both Thy power and love
To be exact, transcendent, and divine;
Who dost so strongly and so sweetly move,
While all things have their will, yet none but Thine.

For either Thy command or Thy permission
Lay hands on all; they are Thy right and left:
The first puts on with speed and expedition;
The other curbs Sinne's stealing pace and theft.

Nothing escapes them both; all must appeare,
And be dispos'd, and dress'd, and tun'd by Thee,
Who sweetly temper'st all. If we could heare
Thy skill and art, what musick would it be!

[1] See the Memoir, as before, for Leighton's reference to this place.

Thou art in small things great, not small in any;[1]
Thy even praise[2] can neither rise nor fall;
Thou art in all things one, in each thing many;
For Thou art infinite in one and all.

Tempests are calm to Thee; they know Thy hand,
And hold it fast, as children do their father's,
Which crie and follow: Thou hast made poore sand[3]
Check the proud sea, ev'n when it swells and
gathers.

Thy cupboard serves the world: the meat is set
Where all may reach; no beast but knows his feed:
Birds teach us hawking; fishes have their net;[4]
The great prey on the lesse, they on some weed.

Nothing ingender'd doth prevent his meat;
Flies have their table spread ere they appeare;
Some creatures have in winter what to eat;
Others do sleep, and envie not their cheer.

How finely dost Thou times and seasons spin,
And make a twist checker'd with night and day,
Which, as it lengthens, windes and windes us in,
As bouls go on, but turning all the way!

Each creature hath a wisdome for his good:
The pigeons feed their tender offspring, crying
When they are callow,[5] but withdraw their food
When they are fledged, that need may teach them
flying.

[1] Ll. 41-44. So Pliny ("N. H." li c. 2), "Rerum Natura nusquam magis quam in minimis tota est."

[2] = Praise evening, or equal to, Thy deserts.

[3] See the longer Notes and Illustrations (*ee*), as before.

[4] It is clear from the context, the last half of l. 50, by 'birds' teaching us hawking, that he means to say now, fish teach us fishing, their nets being their wide mouths. Donne says something like this of the whale's mouth in "Progress of the Soule," l. 331, &c. The whale was then deemed a fish.

[5] Here 'fledged' explains its sense, which is 'bare,' and thence secondarily, from the softness of the down of the unfledged bird, 'soft.' Cf. on 30. "Vanitie," l. 17.

Bees work for man; and yet they never bruise
Their master's flow'r, but leave it, having done,
As fair as ever and as fit to use;
So both the flow'r doth stay and hony run.

Sheep eat the grasse, and dung the ground for more;
Trees after bearing drop their leaves for soil;
Springs vent their streams,[1] and by expense got store;
Clouds cool by heat, and baths by cooling boil.

Who hath the vertue to expresse the rare
And curious vertues both of herbs and stones?
Is there an herb for that? O that Thy care
Would show a root that gives expressions!

And if an herb hath power, what hath the starres?
A rose, besides his beautie, is a cure:
Doubtlesse our plagues and plentie, peace and warres,
Are there much surer then our art[2] is sure.

Thou hast hid metals: man may take them thence,
But at his perill; when he digs the place
He makes a grave; as if the thing had sense,
And threaten'd man that he should fill the space.

Ev'n poysons[3] praise Thee: should a thing be lost?
Should creatures want, for want of heed, their due?

[1] In accord with the old philosophy that streams ran into the sea, and thence returned to their spring-head by hidden ways in the earth, when, by percolation, the waters were drained of their saltness. See full Note, *s. v.* in my edition of Southwell.

[2] Reads rather like a belief in astrology, and an apology for its shortcomings through the imperfection of our knowledge. There is a strange proverb in Herbert's "Jacula Prudentum:" "Astrology is true, but the astrologers cannot find it."

[3] Secondarily, he may mean, because the neighbourhood of their antidote (a favourite belief in olden times) shows the goodness of Providence: but primarily, judging from the succeeding line and a

Since where are poysons antidots are most;
The help stands close, and keeps the fear in view.

The sea, which seems to stop the traveller,
Is by a ship the speedier passage made;
The windes,[1] who think they rule the mariner,
Are rul'd by him, and taught to serve his trade.

And as Thy house is full, so I adore
Thy curious art in marshalling Thy goods.
The hills with health abound, the vales with store;
The South with marble; North with furres and
woods.

Hard things are glorious, easie things good cheap;[2]
The common all men have; that which is rare
Men therefore seek to have, and care to keep.
The healthy frosts with Summer-fruits compare.

Light without winde is glasse; warm without
weight
Is wooll and furres; cool without closenesse, shade;
Speed without pains, a horse; tall without height,
A servile hawk; low without losse, a spade.

All countries have enough to serve their need:
If they seek fine things, Thou dost make them run
For their offence, and then dost turn their speed
To be commerce and trade from sunne to sunne.

Nothing wears clothes but man; nothing doth need
But he to wear them; nothing useth fire
But man alone, to show his heav'nly breed;
And onely he hath fuell in desire.

half, by their curative effects when used medicinally. He may also have thought of this, that what poisons a man or other animal is sometimes food for another—a piece of knowledge embodied in the proverb, "What is one man's meat is another man's poison."

[1] See the longer Notes and Illustrations (*ff*), as before.

[2] =pass at a cheap or less rate; are *bon marché*.

When th' earth was dry, Thou mad'st a sea of wet;
When that lay gather'd, Thou didst broach[1] the
mountains;
When yet some places could no moisture get,
The windes grew gard'ners, and the clouds good
fountains.

Rain, do not hurt my flowers, but gently spend
Your hony-drops:[2] presse not to smell them here;
When they are ripe, their odour will ascend,
And at your lodging with their thanks appeare.

How harsh are thorns to pears! and yet they make
A better hedge, and need lesse reparation.
How smooth are silks comparèd with a stake
Or with a stone! yet make no good foundation.

Sometimes Thou dost divide Thy gifts to man,
Sometimes unite; the Indian nut alone
Is clothing, meat and trencher, drink and can,
Boat, cable, sail, and needle, all in one.

Most herbs that grow in brooks are hot and dry,
Cold fruits' warm kernells help against the winde;
The lemmon's juice and rinde cure mutually;
The whey[3] of milk doth loose, the milk doth binde.

Thy creatures leap not,[4] but expresse a feast,
Where all the guests sit close, and nothing wants:
Frogs marry fish and flesh; bats, bird and beast;
Sponges, non-sense and sense; mines, th' earth
and plants.

[1] = to tap. Still in common use.

[2] So in Vaughan's "Rainbow:" "Rain gently spends his honey drops" (F. W. L. edn. of his works).

[3] See Latin Poems.

[4] Created things are as a linked chain, not each kind separate, with gaps between. Mines, he says, unite earth and plants (l. 136), because it was, and with many is, a belief that ores grow. Rocks known by experience to be present when a vein is 'productive' or contains ore are still spoken of in mining language as ore-producing or ore-bearing rocks.

To show Thou art not bound, as if Thy lot
Were worse then ours, sometimes Thou shiftest
hands :[1]
Most things move th' under-jaw, the crocodile not;
Most things sleep lying, th' elephant leans or
stands.[2]

But who hath praise enough? nay, who hath any?
None can expresse Thy works but he that knows
them;
And none can know Thy works, which are so many
And so complete, but onely He that owes them.

All things that are, though they have sev'rall
wayes,
Yet in their being joyn with one advise
To honour Thee; and so I give Thee praise
In all my other hymnes, but in this twice.[3]

Each thing that is, although in use and name
It go for one, hath many wayes in store
To honour Thee; and so each hymne Thy fame
Extolleth many wayes, yet this one more.

[1] The allusion is probably to the monkeys of America, whose thumbs are opposable only in the hinder limbs. But the thought thus quaintly figured is, That God sometimes alters the method of His acting.

[2] That a crocodile should be thought to move his upper jaw is an error of observation, easily understood when we look to the small flat head and large lower jaw; and to this, that he must generally elevate and bend back the head to gape at width. That the lower jaw was stationary is a super-added theory. The kindred theory that the elephant had no knee-joints and could not lie down seems to have been of mediæval origin, and it is curious to find it believed by so many not of the vulgar, considering that it was contradicted by the testimony of classical writers, and by the exhibition of at least one elephant in Herbert's time.

[3] = he praises God his own ways, and in this hymn yet another way, by declaring and joining in the universal praise of all creation. The same thought is contained in and explains the subsequent lines.

91. ¶ HOPE.[1]

I GAVE to Hope a watch of mine; but he
An anchor gave to me.
Then an old Prayer-book I did present;
And he an optick sent.
With that I gave a vial full of tears;
But he, a few green eares.
Ah, loyterer! I'le no more, no more I'le bring:
I did expect a ring.

92. ¶ SINNE'S ROUND.[2]

SORRIE I am, my God, sorrie I am
That my offences course it in a ring.
My thoughts are working like a busie flame,
Until their cockatrice[3] they hatch and bring:
And when they once have perfected their draughts,
My words take fire from my inflamèd thoughts.

My words take fire from my inflamèd thoughts,
Which spit it forth like the Sicilian hill;[4]
They vent the wares, and passe them with their faults,
And by their breathing ventilate the ill;

[1] See the longer Notes and Illustrations (*gg*) on this curious little poem of "Hope."

[2] Here again, as a conceit in accordance with the thought, these verses form a corona, or round, each stanza commencing with the last line of the preceding, and the last line of all being the same as the first. Cf. Note on I. "The Altar."

[3] See the longer Notes and Illustrations (*hh*), as before. [4] Aetna.

But words suffice not; where are lewd[1] intentions,
My hands do joyn to finish the inventions.

My hands do joyn to finish the inventions,
And so my sinnes ascend three stories high,
As Babel grew before there were dissentions.
Yet ill deeds loyter not; for they supplie
New thoughts of sinning: wherefore, to my shame,
Sorrie I am, my God, sorrie I am.

93. ¶ TIME.

MEETING with Time, 'Slack thing,' said I,
'Thy sithe is dull; whet it, for shame.'
'No marvell, sir,' he did replie,
'If it at length deserve some blame;
But where one man would have me grinde it,
Twentie for one too sharp do finde it.'

'Perhaps some such of old did passe,
Who above all things lov'd this life;
To whom thy sithe a hatchet was,
Which now is but a pruning-knife.
Christ's coming hath made man thy debtor,
Since by thy cutting he grows better.

And in his blessing thou art blest;
For where thou onely wert before
An executioner at best,
Thou art a gard'ner now; and more,
An usher to convey our souls
Beyond the utmost starres and poles.

[1] = licentious, vile.

And this is that[1] makes life so long,
While it detains us from our God;
Ev'n pleasures here increase the wrong,
And length of dayes lengthens the rod.
Who wants[2] the place where God doth dwell,
Partakes already half of hell.

Of what strange length must that needs be
Which ev'n eternitie excludes!'
Thus farre Time heard me patiently;
Then chafing said: 'This man deludes;
What do I here before his doore?
He doth not crave lesse time, but more.'

94. ¶ GRATEFULNESSE.


HOU[3] that hast giv'n so much to me,
Give one thing more, a gratefull heart:
See how Thy beggar works on Thee
By art:

He makes Thy gifts occasion more,
And sayes, if he in this be crost,
All Thou hast given him heretofore
Is lost.

But Thou didst reckon, when at first
Thy word our hearts and hands did crave,
What it would come to at the worst
To save.

[1] *i.e.* the fact that our souls will be conveyed as above—this antecedent being, as often in old writers, not formally expressed in words, but implied in them.

[2] = lacks.

[3] In 1632-3 and onward "O." Either the "O" is wrong, or we must scan "that hast giv'n" as one foot or two syllables—a form not occurrent in Herbert elsewhere. I have omitted it, and read, not "O Thou," but simply "Thou."

Perpetuall knockings at Thy doore,
Tears sullying Thy transparent rooms,
Gift upon gift; much would have more,
And comes.

This notwithstanding, Thou went'st on,
And didst allow us all our noise;
Nay, Thou hast made a sigh and grone
Thy joyes.

Not that Thou hast not still above
Much better tunes then grones can make,
But that these countrey-aires Thy love
Did take.[1]

Wherefore I crie, and crie again,
And in no quiet canst Thou be,
Till I a thankfull heart obtain
Of Thee.

Not thankfull when it pleaseth me,
As if Thy blessings had spare dayes;
But such a heart whose pulse may be
Thy praise.

95. ¶ PEACE.

SWEET Peace, where dost thou dwell,
I humbly crave?
Let me once know.
I sought thee in a secret cave,
And ask'd if Peace were there.
A hollow winde did seem to answer, 'No;
Go seek elsewhere.'

[1] = captivate.

I did; and going did a rainbow note:
Surely, thought I,
This is the lace of Peace's coat:
I will search out the matter.
But while I lookt, the clouds immediately
Did break and scatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did spy
A gallant flower,
The Crown Imperiall.[1] Sure, said I,
Peace at the root must dwell.
But when I digg'd, I saw a worme devoure
What show'd so well.

At length I met a rev'rend good old man,
Whom when for Peace
I did demand, he thus began:
'There was a Prince of old
At Salem dwelt, Who liv'd with good increase
Of flock and fold.

He sweetly liv'd; yet sweetnesse did not save
His life from foes.
But after death out of His grave
There sprang twelve stalks of wheat:
Which many wond'ring at, got some of those
To plant and set.

It prosper'd strangely, and did soon disperse
Through all the earth;
For they that taste it do rehearse
That vertue lies therein;
A secret vertue, bringing peace and mirth
By flight of sinne.

[1] The flower with that name. Cowley, in his "Hymn to Light," has a beautiful allusion to it:—

"A crimson garment in the rose thou wear'st;
A crown of studded gold thou bear'st;
The virgin lilies in their white
Are clad but with the lawn of almost naked light."—WILLMOTT.

Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,
And grows for you;
Make bread of it; and that repose
And peace, which ev'ry where
With so much earnestnesse you do pursue,
Is onely there.

96. ¶ CONFESSION.

WHAT a cunning guest
Is this same grief! within my heart I made
Closets, and in them many a chest;
And like a master in my trade,
In those chests, boxes; in each box a till.[1]
Yet Grief knows all, and enters when he will.

No scrue, no piercer can
Into a piece of timber worke and winde
As God's afflictions into man,
When He a torture hath design'd;
They are too subtill for the subt'llest hearts,
And fall like rheumes upon the tendrest parts.

We are the earth; and they,
Like moles within us, heave and cast about;
And till they foot[2] and clutch their prey,
They never cool, much lesse give out.
No smith can make such locks but they have keyes;
Closets are halls to them, and hearts high-wayes.

[1] = money-drawers.
[2] To 'foot' it, is to walk. Here it seems to mean to get on the footsteps or track of.

Onely an open breast
Doth shut them out, so that they cannot enter;
Or if they enter, cannot rest,
But quickly seek some new adventure:
Smooth open hearts no fastning have; but fiction
Doth give a hold and handle to affliction.

Wherefore my faults and sinnes,
Lord, I acknowledge; take Thy plagues away:
For since confession pardon winnes,
I challenge here the brightest day,
The clearest diamond; let them do their best,
They shall be thick and cloudie to my breast.

97. ¶ GIDDINESSE.

H, what a thing is man! how farre
from power,
From settled peace and rest!
He is some twentie sev'rall men at least
Each sev'rall houre.

One while he counts of heav'n, as of his treasure:
But then a thought creeps in,
And calls him coward, who for fear of sinne
Will lose a pleasure.

Now he will fight it out, and to the warres;
Now eat his bread in peace,
And snudge[1] in quiet; now he scorns increase,
Now all day spares.

He builds a house, which quickly down must go,
As if a whirlwinde blew
And crusht the building; and it's partly true
His minde is so.

[1] See the longer Notes and Illustrations (*ii*), as before.

O, what a sight were man, if his attires
Did alter with his minde,
And, like a dolphin's skinne,[1] his clothes combin'd
With his desires![2]

Surely if each one saw another's heart,
There would be no commerce,
No sale or bargain passe; all would disperse
And live apart.

Lord, mend, or rather make us; one creation
Will not suffice our turn:
Except Thou make us dayly, we shall spurn
Our own salvation.

98. ¶ THE BUNCH OF GRAPES.

JOY, I did lock thee up, but some bad man
Hath let thee out again;
And now, methinks, I am where I began
Sev'n years ago: one vogue[3] and vein,
One aire of thoughts usurps my brain.
I did toward Canaan draw, but now I am
Brought back to the Red Sea, the sea of shame.

[1] Not the sea-mammal, the porpoise, or Delphinus, that carried Arion and others (Pliny, "N. H." lix. c 8), but the fish Coryphœna hippuris, whose brilliant hues show variously during his swift course and bendings, and whose colours, still remaining brilliant, change and vary in hue when taken out of the water, it is allowed to die.

[2] If his outward appearance changed like his mind, and as often.—WILLMOTT. But the belief that the dolphin changed its hues according to its desire is erroneous, nor do I know where Herbert found it. The chameleon may, perhaps, do so.

[3] Properly free course of a vessel with a fair wind and open sea, when not constrained by the wind to a particular line, but going free, and able to alter its direction. Hence secondarily sway, authority (the action expressed in swaying a sceptre illustrating the similar senses in which sway is used). Afterwards the esteem,

For as the Jews of old by God's command
Travell'd and saw no town,
So now each Christian hath his journeys spann'd;[1]
Their storie pennes and sets us down.
A single deed is small renown;
God's works are wide, and let in future times;
His ancient justice overflows our crimes.

Then have we too our guardian fires and clouds,
Our Scripture-dew drops fast;
We have our sands and serpents, tents and
shrowds;
Alas, our murmurings come not last!
But where's the cluster? where's the taste
Of mine inheritance? Lord, if I must borrow,
Let me as well take up their joy as sorrow.

But can he want the grape who hath the wine?
I have their fruit and more.
Blessèd be God, Who prosper'd Noah's vine,
And made it bring forth grapes, good store:
But much more Him I must adore
Who of the Law's sowre juice sweet wine did make,
Ev'n God Himself being pressèd for my sake.

estimation, or credit which anything had by common or general consent, as a fashion in vogue. Latterly—and later than Herbert's time—it has been used as nearly synonymous with fashion. Here it is used as = a free course with full sail; and hence 'aire' in l. 5.

[1] = measured out. The usual punctuation of a period (.) after renown obscures the meaning. Herbert says a deed that is single, and without consequences, is of small renown: but God's works are not so; they are wide, and are types bearing the future within themselves. Hence I place a semi-colon (;) only, and perhaps a comma (,) had been better still.

99. ¶ LOVE-UNKNOWN.

DEARE friend, sit down; the tale is long and sad;
And in my faintings I presume your love
Will more complie then help:—a Lord I had,
And have, of Whom some grounds, which may improve,
I hold for two lives, and both lives in me.
To Him I brought a dish of fruit one day,
And in the middle plac'd my heart. But He, I sigh to say,
Lookt on a servant, who did know His eye
Better then you know me, or, which is one,
Then I, myself. The servant instantly
Quitting the fruit, seiz'd on my heart alone,
And threw it in a font, wherein did fall
A stream of bloud, which issu'd from the side
Of a great rock:—I well remember all,
And have good cause:—there it was dipt and dy'd,
And washt and wrung; the very wringing yet
Enforceth tears. 'Your heart was foul, I fear.'
Indeed 'tis true: I did and do commit
Many a fault more then my lease will bear:
Yet still askt pardon, and was not deni'd.
But you shall heare. After my heart was well,
And clean and fair, as I one even-tide, I sigh to tell,
Walkt by myself abroad, I saw a large
And spacious fornace flaming, and thereon
A boyling caldron, round about whose verge
Was in great letters set 'Affliction.'
The greatnesse shew'd the owner. So I went

To fetch a sacrifice out of my fold,
Thinking with that which I did thus present
To warm His love, which I did fear grew cold.
But as my heart did tender it, the man
Who was to take it from me, slipt his hand,
And threw my heart into the scalding pan;
My heart that brought it (do you understand?),
The offerer's heart. 'Your heart was hard, I fear.'
Indeed 'tis true. I found a callous matter
Began to spread and to expatiate[1] there:
But with a richer drug then scalding water
I bath'd it often, ev'n with holy bloud,
Which at a board, while many drank bare wine,
A friend did steal into my cup for good,
Ev'n taken inwardly, and most divine
To supple hardnesses. But at the length
Out of the caldron getting, soon I fled
Unto my house, where, to repair the strength
Which I had lost, I hasted to my bed:
But when I thought to sleep out all these faults, I sigh to speak,
I found that some had stuff'd the bed with thoughts,
I would say thorns. Deare, could my heart not break,
When with my pleasures ev'n my rest was gone?
Full well I understood who had been there,
For I had giv'n the key to none but one:
It must be He. 'Your heart was dull, I fear.'
Indeed a slack and sleepie state of minde
Did oft possesse me; so that when I pray'd,
Though my lips went, my heart did stay behinde.
But all my scores were by another paid,
Who took the debt upon Him. 'Truly, friend,

[1] An example of an idiomatic tautologic usage, much seen in our older writers (Shakespeare included), of using synonyms derived from the different languages of which our own is formed. Here, by reason of the ex = abroad, the Latinate word is a little the stronger.

For ought I heare, your Master shows to you
More favour then you wot of.' Mark the end.
The Font did onely what was old renew;
The Caldron suppled what was grown too hard;
The Thorns did quicken what was grown too dull:
All did but strive to mend what you had marr'd.
Wherefore be cheer'd, and praise Him to the full
Each day, each houre, each moment of the week,
Who fain would have you be new, tender, quick.[1]

100. ¶ MAN'S MEDLEY.

EARK how the birds do sing,
And woods do ring:
All creatures have their joy, and man hath his.
Yet if we rightly measure,
Man's joy and pleasure
Rather hereafter then in present is.

To this life things of sense
Make their pretence;
In th' other angels have a right by birth:
Man ties them both alone,
And makes them one,
With th' one hand touching heav'n, with th' other earth.

In soul he mounts and flies,
In flesh he dies;
He wears a stuffe whose thread is course and round,
But trimm'd with curious lace,
And should take place
After[2] the trimming, not the stuffe and ground.

[1] In opposition to 'dull' (l. 66); but Herbert makes use of its double sense to imply the deeper sense of living—in Christ.
[2] = according to.

Not that he may not here
Taste of the cheer;
But as birds drink, and straight lift up their head,
So must he sip and think
Of better drink
He may attain to after he is dead.

But as his joyes are double,
So is his trouble:
He hath two winters, other things but one;
Both frosts and thoughts do nip
And bite his lip;
And he of all things fears two deaths alone.

Yet ev'n the greatest griefs
May be reliefs,
Could he but take them right and in their wayes.
Happie is he whose heart
Hath found the art
To turn his double pains to double praise.

101. ¶ THE STORM.

IF as the windes and waters here below
Do die and flow,
My sighs and tears as busie were above,
Sure they would move
And much affect Thee, as tempestuous times
Amaze poore mortals, and object[1] their crimes.

Starres have their storms[2] ev'n in a high degree,
As well as we:
A throbbing conscience spurrèd by remorse
Hath a strange force;

[1] = cast before them.
[2] The allusion seems to be to meteor-showers; but it is more difficult, perhaps, to understand why this and the next line are, as it were, interpolated here. The conceit is, that as there are storms in

It quits the earth, and mounting more and more,
Dares to assault Thee, and besiege Thy doore.

There it stands knocking, to Thy musick's wrong,
And drowns the song:
Glorie and honour are set by till it
An answer get.
Poets have wrong'd poore storms : such dayes are best,
They purge the aire without; within, the breast.

102. ¶ PARADISE.


BLESSE Thee, Lord, because I GROW
Among Thy trees, which in a ROW
To Thee both fruit and order OW.

What open force or hidden CHARM
Can blast my fruit, or bring me HARM,
While the inclosure is Thine ARM?

Inclose me still, for fear I START;
Be to me rather sharp and TART
Then let me want Thy hand and ART.

When Thou dost greater judgements SPARE,
And with Thy knife but prune and PARE,
Ev'n fruitful trees more fruitfull ARE:

Such sharpnes shows the sweetest FREND,
Such cuttings rather heal then REND,
And such beginnings touch their END.

heavenly places, so our forceful storms, meeting not with a contrary region, but with one of like character, are able to ascend to Heaven's doors.

103. ¶ THE METHOD.

POORE heart, lament;
For since thy God refuseth still,
There is some rub,[1] some discontent,
Which cools His will.

Thy Father could
Quickly effect what thou dost move,[2]
For He is Power; and sure He would,
For He is Love.

Go search this thing,
Tumble thy breast, and turn thy book:
If thou hadst lost a glove or ring,
Wouldst thou not look?

What do I see
Written above there? 'Yesterday
I did behave me carelessly
When I did pray.'

And should God's eare
To such indifferents[3] chainèd be,
Who do not their own motions heare?
Is God lesse free?

But stay!—what's there?
'Late when I would have something done
I had a motion to forbear,
Yet I went on.'

And should God's eare,
Which needs not man, be ty'd to those
Who heare not Him, but quickly heare
His utter foes?

[1] Hindrance.
[2] Used much as it is in Parliament, &c. So 'motion' is used further on (ll. 19 and 23).
[3] = careless ones.

Then once more pray:
Down with thy knees, up with thy voice;
Seek pardon first, and God will say,
'Glad heart, rejoyce.'

104. ¶ DIVINITIE.

As men, for fear the starres should sleep and nod
And trip at night, have spheres suppli'd,—
As if a starre were duller then a clod,
Which knows his way without a guide,—

Just so the other heav'n they also serve,
Divinitie's transcendent skie,
Which with the edge of wit they cut and carve:
Reason triumphs, and Faith lies by.

Could not that wisdome, which first broacht the wine,
Have thicken'd it with definitions?
And jagg'd His seamlesse coat, had that been fine,[1]
With curious questions and divisions?

But all the doctrine which He taught and gave
Was cleare as heav'n, from whence it came;
At least those beams of truth, which onely save,
Surpasse in brightnesse any flame.

'Love God' and 'Love your neighbour,' 'Watch and pray,'
'Do as you would be done unto;'
O dark instructions, ev'n as dark as day!
Who can these Gordian knots undo!

[1] = had it been a fashionably cut garment. The metaphor was suggested, no doubt, by the quaintly carved, cut, slashed, and paned dresses of Herbert's time.

'But He doth bid us take His bloud for wine.'
Bid what He please; yet I am sure,
To take and taste what He doth there designe
Is all that saves, and not obscure.

Then burn thy epicycles,[1] foolish man,
Break all thy spheres, and save thy head;
Faith needs no staffe of flesh, but stoutly can
To heav'n alone both go and leade.

105. ¶ GRIEVE NOT THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Ephes. iv. 30.

AND art Thou grievèd, sweet and sacred
Dove,
When I am sowre,
And crosse Thy love?
Grievèd for me? the God of strength and power
Griev'd for a worm, which, when I tread,
I passe away and leave it dead?

Then weep, mine eyes, the God of love doth grieve;
Weep, foolish heart,
And weeping live;
For death is drie as dust. Yet if ye part,
End as the night, whose sable hue
Your sinnes expresse, melt into dew.

[1] See note on 146, "The Foil." l. 2. In the Ptolemaic astronomy, when it was found that the movement in circles would not accord with the observed positions of the planets, and as the circle, as the only supposedly perfect curve, was obliged to be retained, epicycles—circles upon or within the original circles—were added and superadded, to keep the earth-standing and sphere-circling theory in agreement with the more and more correct observations that were made. On l. 21 Coleridge annotates: "Nay, the contrary; take wine to be blood and *the* blood of a man who died 1800 years ago. This is the faith which even the Church of England demands; for Consubstantiation only *adds* a mystery to that of Transubstantiation, which it implies."

When sawcie Mirth shall knock or call at doore,
Cry out, 'Get hence,
Or cry no more!'
Almightie God doth grieve, He puts on sense;
I sinne not to my grief alone,
But to my God's too; He doth grone.

O, take thy lute, and tune it to a strain
Which may with thee
All day complain;
There can no discord but in ceasing be.
Marble can weep, and surely strings
More bowels have then such hard things.

Lord, I adjudge myself to tears and grief,
Ev'n endlesse tears
Without relief;
If a cleare spring for me no time forbears,
But runnes, although I be not drie—
I am no crystall[1]—what shall I?

Yet if I wail not still, since still to wail
Nature denies,
And flesh would fail;
If my deserts were masters of mine eyes,—
Lord, pardon, for Thy Sonne makes good
My want of tears with store of bloud.

[1] The conceit is based on the 'clear stream.' If a clear stream, which typifies purity, and sin washed away, run continually, why should not I, muddied with sin, run more continuously, that as a stream in its course cleanses itself, so may I? This poem is set to music by J. Blow, in "Harmonia Sacra."



106. ¶ THE FAMILIE.

WHAT doth this noise[1] of thoughts within
my heart,
As if they had a part?
What do these loud[2] complaints and
pulling fears,
As if there were no rule or eares?

But, Lord, the house and familie are Thine,
Though some of them repine;
Turn out these wranglers, which defile Thy seat,
For where Thou dwellest all is neat.[3]

First Peace and Silence all disputes controll,
Then Order plaies[4] the soul;
And giving all things their set forms and houres,
Makes of wilde woods sweet walks and bowres.

Humble Obedience neare the doore doth stand,
Expecting a command;
Then whom in waiting nothing seems more slow,
Nothing more quick when she doth go.

Joyes oft are there, and griefs as oft as joyes;
But griefs without a noise:
Yet speak they louder then distemper'd fears;
What is so shrill[5] as silent tears?

[1] As shown by 'part,' the word is here used in its then sense of a set or company of musicians; *e.g.* Sneak's noise (Shakespeare) or Rupert's noise, meant Sneak's or Rupert's set of players or band. "2 Henry IV." ii. 4. Cf. 144, 'Aaron.' l. 8.

[2] 'Loud' and the rest of the context show that 'pulling' is = puling.

[3] = pure.

[4] = acts as, takes the part of the soul, and like it regulates the whole commonwealth of man. Cf. "The Church Porch," st. lxviii. "Play the man."

[5] Clear speaking without harshness: so we read of the waking of Adam from sleep:

"Which the only sound
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
Lightly dispersed; and the shrill matin song
Of birds on every bough" (*P. L.* v. 6) —WILLMOTT.

This is Thy house, with these it doth abound;
　　And where these are not found
Perhaps Thou com'st sometimes, and for a day;
　　But not to make a constant stay.

107. ¶ THE SIZE.

ONTENT thee, greedie heart;
　　Modest and moderate joyes to those that have
　　Title to more hereafter when they part
　　　Are passing brave.
　Let th' upper springs into the low
　Descend and fall, and thou dost flow.

　　　What though some have a fraught
Of cloves and nutmegs, and in cinnamon sail?
If thou hast wherewithall to spice a draught
　　　When griefs prevail,
　And, for the future time, art heir
　To th' Isle of spices, is't not fair?

　　　To be in both worlds full
Is more then God was, Who was hungrie here.
Wouldst thou His laws of feasting disanull;
　　　Enact good cheer?
　Lay out thy joy, yet hope to save it?
　Wouldst thou both eat thy cake, and have it?

　　　Great joyes are all at once;
But little do reserve themselves for more:
Those have their hopes, these what they have renounce,
　　　And live on score;
　Those are at home: these journey still,
　And meet the rest on Sion's hill.

Thy Saviour sentenc'd joy,
And in the flesh condemn'd it as unfit;
At least in lump, for such doth oft destroy;
Whereas a bit
Doth 'tice us on to hopes of more,
And for the present, health restore.

A Christian's state and case
Is not a corpulent, but a thinne and spare,
Yet active strength; whose long and bonic face
Content and care
Do seem to equally divide,
Like a pretender, not a bride.

Wherefore sit down, good heart;
Grasp not at much, for fear thou losest all.
If comforts fell according to desert,—
Did at all times fall;[1]
They would great frosts[2] and snows destroy:
For we should count,—Since the last joy.

Then close again the seam
Which thou hast open'd;[3] do not spread thy robe
In hope of great things. Call to minde thy dream,
An earthly globe,
On whose meridian was engraven,
'These seas are tears, and Heav'n the haven.'

[1] I insert a missing line, which, curiously enough, has not been observed, as wanted to rhyme with "all" (l. 38). In the MS. of "The Temple" mentioned in the Preface, the lines run:

.... Grasp not at much, lest thou lose all;
If comforts after our desert
Upon us at all times should fall, &c.

[2] Probably suggested by some great frost. There was a very great and destructive one in 1614, which would be remembered for some years and "counted from." By the last lines, Herbert is speaking of himself and his feelings, not generally; and here, believing like David in his Christian integrity, and yet cast down, he says, "Content yourself, my heart; if God's rule were comfort on earth according to desert, then would my frosts and snows have vanished; but it is not so."

[3] = as a pocket.

108. ¶ ARTILLERIE.[1]


S I one ev'ning sat before my cell,
Me thought a starre did shoot into my lap.
I rose, and shook my clothes, as knowing well
That from small fires comes oft no small mishap;
When suddenly I heard one say,
'Do as thou usest, disobey,
Expell good motions from thy breast,
Which have the face of fire, but end in rest.'

I, who had heard of musick in the spheres,
But not of speech in starres, began to muse;
But turning to my God, Whose ministers
The starres and all things are: 'If I refuse,
Dread Lord,' said I, 'so oft my good,
Then I refuse not ev'n with bloud
To wash away my stubborn thought;
For I will do, or suffer what I ought.'

But I have also starres and shooters too,
Born where Thy servants both artilleries use:
My tears and prayers night and day do woo,
And work up to Thee; yet Thou dost refuse.
Not but I am (I must say still)
Much more oblig'd to do Thy will
Than Thou to grant mine; but because
Thy promise now hath ev'n set Thee Thy laws.

Then we are shooters both, and Thou dost deigne
To enter combate with us, and contest
With Thine own clay. But I would parley[2] fain:
Shunne not my arrows, and behold my breast.

1 Cf. Latin Poems.
2 'Parley' here and 'articling' (l. 31) are both military terms: the soul cannot surrender on articles of capitulation.

Yet if Thou shunnest, I am Thine,
I must be so, if I am mine :—
There is no articling with Thee ;
I am but finite,—yet Thine infinitely.

109. ¶ CHURCH-RENTS OR SCHISMES.

BRAVE rose, alas, where art thou ? In the chair
Where thou didst lately so triumph and shine,[1]
A worm doth sit, whose many feet and hair
Are the more foul, the more thou wert divine.
This, this hath done it, this did bite the root
And bottome of the leaves ; which when the winde
Did once perceive, it blew them under foot,
Where rude unhallow'd steps do crush and grinde
Their beauteous glories. Onely shreds of thee,
And those all bitten, in thy chair I see.

Why doth my Mother blush ? is she the rose,
And shows it so ? Indeed Christ's precious bloud
Gave you a colour once ; which when your foes
Thought to let out, the bleeding did you good,
And made you look much fresher then before.
But when debates and fretting jealousies
Did worm and work within you more and more,
Your colour faded, and calamities
Turnèd your ruddie into pale and bleak,
Your health and beautie both began to break.

Then did your sev'rall parts unloose and start ;
Which when your neighbours saw, like a north-winde
They rushèd in, and cast them in the dirt,
Where Pagans tread. O Mother deare and kinde,

[1] S. of Sol. ii. 1.

Where shall I get me eyes enough to weep—
As many eyes as starres! since it is night,
And much of Asia and Europe fast asleep,
And ev'n all Africk : would at least I might
With these two poore ones lick up all the dew,
Which falls by night, and poure it out for you!

110. ¶ JUSTICE.



DREADFULL justice, what a fright and terrour
Wast thou of old,
When Sinne and Errour
Did show and shape thy looks to me,
And through their glasse discolour thee!
He that did but look up was proud and bold.

The dishes[1] of thy balance seem'd to gape,
Like two great pits ;
The beam and 'scape[2]
Did like some tort'ring[3] engine show :
Thy hand above did burn and glow,
Daunting the stoutest hearts, the proudest wits.

But now that Christ's pure vail presents the sight,
I see no fears :
Thy hand is white,
Thy scales like buckets, which attend
And interchangeably descend,
Lifting to heaven from this well of tears.

1 = scales of the weight-holders.
2 = the upright in the middle of the beam, or that part of it which is, as it were, an index.
3 Usually of late years misprinted 'tottering,' = torturing, as in the Williams and Bodleian MSS. 1632-33, &c.

For where before thou still didst call on me,
Now I still touch
And harp on thee ;
God's promises hath made thee mine :
Why should I justice now decline ?
Against me there is none, but for me much.

111. ¶ THE PILGRIMAGE.[1]

I TRAVELL'D on, seeing the hill, where lay
My expectation.
A long it was and weary way :
The gloomy cave of Desperation
I left on th' one, and on the other side
The rock of Pride.

And so I came to Phansie's medow strow'd
With many a flower :
Fain would I here have made abode,
But I was quicken'd by my houre.
So to Care's cops I came, and there got through
With much ado.

That led me to the wilde of Passion, which
Some call the wold ;[2]
A wasted place, but sometimes rich.
Here I was robb'd of all my gold,
Save one good angell,[3] which a friend had ti'd
Close to my side.

[1] See the longer Notes and Illustrations (*y*), as before.

[2] Query, in calling the wild of passion a 'wold' or wasted place, did Herbert characteristically pun on the wold—the 'would,' that which one willed ? See the Memoir, as before, for more on this.

[3] = a play on the double meaning of 'angel'—one of Herbert's characteristic équivoques. Whether the angel be Faith, Hope, Grace, or any other, each must decide.

At length I got unto the gladsome hill,
Where lay my hope,
Where lay my heart; and climbing still,
When I had gain'd the brow and top,
A lake of brackish waters on the ground
Was all I found.

With that abash'd and struck with many a sting
Of swarming fears,
I fell and cry'd, 'Alas, my King,
Can both the way and end be tears?'
Yet taking heart I rose, and then perceiv'd
I was deceiv'd,

My hill was further; so I flung away,
Yet heard a crie,
Just as I went, 'None goes that way
And lives.' 'If that be all,' said I,
'After so foul a journey death is fair,
And but a chair.'

112. ¶ THE HOLDFAST.

I THREATENED to observe the strict decree
Of my deare God with all my power and might:
But I was told by one, 'It could not be;
Yet I might trust in God to be my light.'

'Then will I trust,' said I, 'in Him alone.'
'Nay, ev'n to trust in Him, was also His:
We must confesse that nothing is our own.'
'Then I confesse that He my succour is.'

'But to have nought is ours, not to confesse
That we have nought.' I stood amaz'd at this,
Much troubled, till I heard a friend expresse
That all things were more ours by being His:

What Adam had, and forfeited for all,
Christ keepeth now, Who cannot fail or fall.

113. ¶ COMPLAINING.

DO not beguile my heart,
Because Thou art
My power and wisdome. Put me not to shame
Because I am
Thy clay that weeps, Thy dust that calls.

Thou art the Lord of glorie;
The deed and storie
Are both Thy due: but I a silly flie,
That live or die
According as the weather falls.

Art Thou all justice, Lord?
Shows not Thy Word
More attributes? Am I all throat or eye,
To weep or crie?
Have I no parts but those of grief?

Let not Thy wrathfull power
Afflict my houre,
My inch of life; or let Thy gracious power
Contract my houre,
That I may climbe and finde relief.

114. ¶ THE DISCHARGE.

BUSIE enquiring heart, what would'st thou know?
Why dost thou prie,
And turn, and leer, and with a licorous[1] eye
Look high and low,
And in thy lookings stretch and grow?

Hast thou not made thy counts, and summ'd up all?
Did not thy heart
Give up the whole, and with the whole depart?[2]
Let what will fall,
That which is past who can recall?

Thy life is God's, thy time to come is gone,
And is His right.
He is thy night at noon;[3] He is at night
Thy noon alone;
The crop is His, for He hath sown.

And well it was for thee, when this befell,
That God did make
Thy businesse His, and in thy life partake;
For thou canst tell,
If it be His once, all is well.

[1] Though a licorous eye may become tempting to one also licorous, its true meaning is not tempting or inviting, and is not and cannot be so here. It is probably from the licking of the lips of men and animals when slavering and greedy-desirous; and is metaphorically applied to the eyes, &c. Lecherous is in fact the same word, but more confined by present custom to one form of desire.

[2] = part with.

[3] Ll. 13, 14. A simile suggested, probably, by the "pillar of cloud," though the meaning be in part different. He sends crosses in joy and joy in crosses, darkness in light and light in darkness, yet all in love and guiding.

Onely the present is thy part and fee;
And happy thou
If, though thou didst not beat thy future brow,[1]
Thou could'st well see
What present things requir'd of thee.

They ask enough; why shouldst thou further go?
Raise not the mudde
Of future depths, but drink the cleare and good:
Dig not for wo
In times to come, for it will grow.

Man and the present fit; if he provide,[2]
He breaks the square.[3]
This houre is mine: if for the next I care,
I grow too wide,
And do encroach upon Death's side;

For Death each hour environs and surrounds.[4]
He that would know
And care for future chances cannot go
Unto those grounds
But through a churchyard which them bounds.

Things present shrink and die; but they that spend
Their thoughts and sense
On future grief do not remove it thence,
But it extend,
And draw the bottome out an end.[5]

God chains the dog till night; wilt loose the chain,
And wake thy sorrow?

[1] = beat in perplexity thy brow, endeavouring to forecast the future. [2] = look forwards.

[3] The reverse of going upon or acting on the square, = acts disloyally, breaks the agreement that the present is his, and the future his God's.

[4] Explained by ll. 33-5.

[5] = draw it out to the full, or to the dregs. The phrase is taken from tilting a cask on end to get all out of the tap.

Wilt thou forestall it, and now grieve to-morrow,[1]
And then again
Grieve over freshly all thy pain?

Either grief will not come, or if it must,
Do not forecast;
And while it cometh it is almost past.
Away, distrust;
My God hath promis'd; He is just.

115. ¶ PRAISE.

KING of glorie, King of peace,
I will love Thee;
And, that love may never cease,
I will move Thee.

Thou hast granted my request,
Thou hast heard me;
Thou didst note my working[2] breast,
Thou hast spar'd me.

Wherefore with my utmost art
I will sing Thee,
And the cream of all my heart
I will bring Thee.

Though my sins against me cried,
Thou didst cleare me;
And alone, when they replied,
Thou didst heare me.

Sev'n whole dayes, not one in seven,
I will praise Thee;
In my heart, though not in heaven,
I can raise Thee.

[1] = for to-morrow. [2] = labouring.

Thou grew'st soft and moist with tears,
Thou relentedst,
And when Justice call'd for fears,
Thou dissentedst.

Small it is in this poore sort[1]
To enroll Thee;
Ev'n eternitie is too short
To extoll Thee.

116. ¶ AN OFFERING.

OME, bring thy gift. If blessings were as slow
As men's returns, what would become of fools?
What hast thou there—a heart? but is it pure?
Search well, and see, for hearts have many holes.
Yet one pure heart is nothing to bestow;
In Christ two natures met to be thy cure.

O, that within us hearts had propagation,
Since many gifts do challenge many hearts!
Yet one, if good, may title to a number,
And single things grow fruitfull by deserts.
In public judgments one may be a nation,
And fence a plague, while others sleep and slumber.[2]

[1] = in songs or hymns of praise.

[2] The crimes or the faith of one may bring a judgment or a blessing upon a whole people; as in the case of David.—WILLMOTT. This is beside the moral, in that there is not, and from the nature of the poem cannot be, a reference to the sin of one affecting a whole nation, but a reference only to the blessing that such one can be. The usual full-stop at 'nation' is clearly an error for (,)—an error most common in the printed texts of Herbert.

But all I fear is, lest thy heart displease,
As neither good nor one; so oft divisions
Thy lusts have made, and not thy lusts alone—
Thy passions also have their set partitions:
These parcell out thy heart; recover these,
And thou mayst offer many gifts in one.

There is a balsome, or indeed a bloud,
Dropping from heav'n, which doth both cleanse
and close
All sorts of wounds, of such strange force it is.
Seek out this All-heal,[1] and seek no repose
Untill thou finde, and use it to thy good:
Then bring thy gift, and let thy hymne be this:

Since my sadnesse
Into gladnesse,
Lord, Thou dost convert;
O, accept
What Thou hast kept
As Thy due desert.

Had I many,
Had I any—
For this heart is none—
All were Thine,
And none of mine;[2]
Surely Thine alone.

Yet Thy favour
May give savour
To this poore oblation,
And it raise
To be Thy praise,
And be my salvation.

[1] See the longer Notes and Illustrations (*k k*), as before.
[2] Taken from a boyish saying, where the cry, "all of mine and none of thine," ensures the whole find to the first discoverer.

117. ¶ LONGING.[1]

WITH sick and famisht eyes,
With doubling knees, and weary bones,
To Thee my cries,
To Thee my grones,
To Thee my sighs, my tears ascend:
No end?

My throat, my soul is hoarse;
My heart is wither'd like a ground
Which Thou dost curse;
My thoughts turn round,
And make me giddie: Lord, I fall,
Yet call.

From Thee all pitie flows:
Mothers are kinde because Thou art,
And dost dispose
To them a part:
Their infants,[2] them, and they suck Thee
More free.

Bowels of pitie, heare;
Lord of my soul, love of my minde,
Bow down Thine eare;
Let not the winde
Scatter my words, and in the same
Thy name.

Look on my sorrows round;
Mark well my furnace. O, what flames,

[1] Set to music by Henry Purcell in the "Treasury of Music."
[2] Their infants [suck] them.

What heats abound!
What griefs, what shames!
Consider, Lord; Lord, bow Thine eare,
And heare.

Lord Jesu, Thou didst bow
Thy dying head upon the tree;
O, be not now
More dead to me.
Lord, heare. 'Shall He that made the eare
Not heare?'

Behold, Thy dust doth stirre;
It moves, it creeps, it aims at Thee;
Wilt Thou deferre
To succour me,
Thy pile of dust, wherein each crumme
Sayes, Come?

To Thee help appertains;
Hast Thou left all things to their course,
And laid the reins
Upon the horse?
Is all lockt? hath a sinner's plea
No key?

Indeed, the world's Thy book,
Where all things have their leaf assign'd;
Yet a meek look
Hath interlin'd:[1]
Thy board is full, yet humble guests
Finde nests.

Thou tarriest, while I die,
And fall to nothing: Thou dost reign

[1] So Henry Vaughan has "Some silent star may *interline*:" also under Providence.

And rule on high,
While I remain
In bitter grief; yet am I stil'd
Thy childe.

Lord, didst Thou leave Thy throne
Not to relieve? how can it be
That Thou art grown
Thus hard to me?
Were sinne alive, good cause there were
To bear:

But now both sinne is dead,
And all Thy promises live and bide;
That wants his head,
These speak and chide,
And in Thy bosome poure my tears,
As theirs.

Lord JESU, heare my heart,
Which hath been broken now so long,
That ev'ry part
Hath got a tongue:
Thy beggars grow; rid them away
To-day.

My Love, my Sweetnesse, heare:
By these Thy feet, at which my heart
Lies all the yeare,
Pluck out Thy dart,
And heal my troubled breast, which cries,
Which dies.

118. ¶ THE BAG.


WAY, despair! my gracious Lord doth heare;
Though windes and waves assault my keel,
He doth preserve it; He doth steer
Ev'n when the boat seems most to reel.
Storms are the triumph of His art;
Well may He close His eyes,[1] but not his heart.

Hast thou not heard that my Lord Jesus die'd?
Then let me tell thee a strange storie:
The God of power, as He did ride
In His majestick robes of glorie,
Resolv'd to 'light; and so one day
He did descend, undressing all the way.

The starres His tire of light and rings obtain'd,
The cloud His bowe, the fire His spear,
The sky His azure mantle gain'd;
And when they ask'd what He would wear,
He smil'd, and said as he did go,
He had new clothes a-making here below.

When He was come, as travellers are wont,
He did repair unto an inne.
Both then, and after, many a brunt
He did endure to cancell sinne;
And having giv'n the rest before,
Here He gave up His life to pay our score.

[1] He may wholly close His eyes. I note this, because the position of the 'well' makes its sense ambiguous.

But as He was returning, there came one
That ran upon Him with a spear.
He, who came hither all alone,
Bringing nor man, nor arms, nor fear,
Receiv'd the blow upon His side,
And straight He turn'd, and to His brethren cry'd,

'If ye have anything to send or write—
I have no bag, but here is room—
Unto My Father's hands and sight,
Beleeve Me, it shall safely come.
That I shall minde what you impart,
Look, you may put it very neare My heart.

Or if hereafter any of My friends
Will use Me in this kinde, the doore
Shall still be open; what he sends
I will present, and somewhat more,
Not to his hurt: sighs will convey
Anything to Me.' Heark, Despair, away!

119. ¶ THE JEWS.

POORE nation, whose sweet sap and juice
Our cyens[1] have purloin'd and left you drie;
Whose streams we got by the Apostles' sluce,
And use in baptisme, while ye pine and die;
Who by not keeping once, became a debter,
And now by keeping lose the letter;—

Oh that my prayers—mine, alas!
Oh that some angel might a trumpet sound,

[1] *i.e.* scions = graffs.

At which the Church, falling upon her face,
Should crie so loud untill the trump were drown'd,
And by that crie, of her deare Lord obtain
That your sweet sap might come again!

120. § THE COLLAR.


STRUCK the board, and cry'd, 'No more;
I will abroad.'
What, shall I ever sigh and pine?
My lines and life are free; free as the road,
Loose as the winde, as large as store.[1]
Shall I be still in suit?
Have I no harvest but a thorn
To let me bloud, and not restore
What I have lost with cordiall fruit?
Sure there was wine
Before my sighs did drie it; there was corn
Before my tears did drown it;
Is the yeare onely lost to me?
Have I no bayes to crown it,
No flowers, no garlands gay? all blasted,
All wasted?
Not so, my heart; but there is fruit,
And thou hast hands.
Recover all thy sigh-blown age
On double pleasures; leave thy cold dispute
Of what is fit[2] and not; forsake thy cage,
Thy rope of sands
Which pettie thoughts have made; and made to thee

[1] = as abounding in choice varieties as a store.
[2] From 1632-3 onward to Willmott, this has been badly mispunctuated, with comma (,) after "fit"—spoiling the meaning.

Good cable, to enforce and draw,
And be thy law,
While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.
Away! take heed;
I will abroad.
Call in thy death's-head there, tie up thy fears;[1]
He that forbears
To suit and serve his need
Deserves his load.
But as I rav'd and grew more fierce and wilde
At every word,
Methought I heard one calling, 'Childe;'
And I reply'd, 'My Lord.'[2]

121. ¶ THE GLIMPSE.

WHITHER away, Delight?
Thou cam'st but now; wilt thou so soon depart,
And give me up to night?
For many weeks of lingring pain and smart,
But one half houre of comfort for my heart!

Methinks Delight should have
More skill in musick, and keep better time.
Wert thou a winde or wave,
They quickly go and come with lesser crime;
Flowrs look about, and die not in their prime.

Thy short abode and stay
Feeds not, but addes to the desire of meat.
Lime begg'd of old, they say,

[1] Like the death's-head, the monsters which encircle his abode or cage to prevent his going beyond bounds; the monsters put to 'fear' or frighten him. The imagery is drawn from the old tales of romance, with their enchanted castles and encircling lions and the like.
[2] Cf. "Parentalia," viii. ll. 7-10.

A neighbour spring to cool his inward heat,
Which by the spring's accesse grew much more
great.

In hope of thee, my heart
Pickt here and there a crumme, and would not
die;
But constant to his part,
When-as my fears foretold this, did replie,
A slender thread a gentle guest will tie.

Yet if the heart that wept
Must let thee go, return when it doth knock.
Although thy heap be kept
For future times, the droppings of the stock
May oft break forth, and never break the lock.

If I have more to spinne,
The wheel shall go, so that thy stay be short.[1]
Thou knowst how grief and sinne
Disturb the work. O, make me not their sport,
Who by Thy coming may be made a Court!

122. § ASSURANCE.


SPITEFULL bitter thought,
Bitterly spitefull thought! Couldst
thou invent
So high a torture? is such poyson
bought?
Doubtlesse, but in the way of punishment;
When wit contrives to meet with thee,
No such rank poyson [2] can there be.

[1] = If Delight will stay, he will busy himself, as a woman with her spinning-wheel, that being busy the time of stay may seem short.
[2] = What poison is equal to doubt mixed with that wisdom, the knowledge of one's self.

Thou saidst but even now
That all was not so fair as I conceiv'd
Betwixt my God and me. That I allow,
And coin large hopes, but that I was deceiv'd:
Either the league was broke, or neare it;
And that I had great cause to fear it.

And what to this?[1] what more
Could poyson, if it had a tongue, expresse?
What is thy aim? wouldst thou unlock the doore
To cold despairs and gnawing pensivenesse?
Wouldst thou raise devils? I see, I know;
I writ thy purpose long ago.

But I will to my Father,
Who heard thee say it. O most gracious Lord,
If all the hope and comfort that I gather
Were from myself, I had not half a word,
Not half a letter to oppose
What is objected by my foes.

But Thou art my desert:
And in this league, which now my foes invade,
Thou art not onely to perform Thy part,
But also mine; as when the league was made,
Thou didst at once Thyself indite,
And hold my hand while I did write.

Wherefore, if Thou canst fail,
Then can Thy truth and I: but while rocks stand
And rivers stirre, Thou canst not shrink or quail;
Yea, when both rocks and all things shall disband,
Then shalt Thou be my rock and tower,
And make their ruine praise Thy power.

Now, foolish thought, go on,
Spin out thy thread, and make thereof a coat

[1] = What is equal to or greater than this?

To hide thy shame; for thou hast cast a bone[1]
Which bounds on thee, and will not down thy
throat:
What for it self Love once began,[2]
Now Love and Truth will end in man.

123. § THE CALL.

COME, my Way, my Truth, my Life!
Such a Way as gives us breath,
Such a Truth as ends all strife,
Such a Life as killeth Death.

Come, my Light, my Feast; my Strength!
Such a Light as shows a feast,
Such a Feast as mends in length,
Such a Strength as makes his guest.

Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart!
Such a Joy as none can move,
Such a Love as none can part,
Such a Heart as joyes in love.

124. ¶ CLASPING OF HANDS.

LORD, Thou art mine, and I am Thine,
If mine I am; and Thine much more
Than I or ought or can be mine.
Yet to be Thine doth me restore,
So that again I now am mine,
And with advantage mine the more,

[1] Ll. 39-40. = Thou hast cast a bone of contention, which has rebounded on thyself and chokes thee.
[2] = What for its own sake Love (divine) once began, Love and Truth will end. Cf. ll. 26-30.

Since this being mine brings with it Thine,
And Thou with me dost Thee restore:[1]
  If I without Thee would be mine,
  I neither should be mine nor Thine.

Lord, I am Thine, and Thou art mine;
So mine Thou art, that something more
I may presume Thee mine then[2] Thine,
For Thou didst suffer to restore
Not Thee, but me, and to be mine:
And with advantage mine the more,
Since Thou in death wast none of Thine,
Yet then as mine didst me restore:
  O, be mine still; still make me Thine;
  Or rather make no Thine and mine.

125. ¶ PRAISE.

LORD, I will mean[3] and speak Thy praise,
        Thy praise alone;
  My busie heart shall spin it all my
        dayes;
    And when it stops for want of store,
Then will I wring it with a sigh or grone
        That Thou mayst yet have more.

    When Thou dost favour any action,
        It runnes, it flies;
All things concurre to give it a perfection.
    That which had but two legs before,
When Thou dost blesse, hath twelve; one wheel
        doth rise
        To twentie then, or more.

[1] = that having died, He restored Himself, putting on man's spiritual body. "Me" is therefore = myself.
[2] = than.
[3] See 135. "A True Hymne," l. 2.

But when Thou dost on businesse blow,[1]
It hangs, it clogs;
Not all the teams of Albion in a row
Can hale or draw it out of doore:
Legs are but stumps, and Pharaoh's wheels but logs,
And struggling hinders more.

Thousands of things do Thee employ
In ruling all
This spacious globe: angels must have their joy,
Devils their rod, the sea his shore,
The windes their stint: and yet when I did call,
Thou heardst my call, and more.

I have not lost one single tear;
But when mine eyes
Did weep to heav'n, they found a bottle there—
As we have boxes for the poor—
Readie to take them in; yet of a size
That would contain much more.

But after Thou hadst slipt a drop
From Thy right eye—
Which there did hang like streamers[2] neare the top
Of some fair church, to show the sore
And bloodie battell which Thou once didst trie—
The glasse was full and more.

Wherefore I sing. Yet since my heart,
Though press'd, runnes thin;
O that I might some other hearts convert,
And so take up at use[3] good store;
That to Thy chests there might be coming in
Both all my praise, and more!

[1] = blow as an opposing wind against a traveller.
[2] Ll. 33-5 = hoisted flags, &c. on steeples on days of public rejoicing.
[3] = usury or interest.

126. § JOSEPH'S COAT.

WOUNDED I sing, tormented I indite,
Thrown down I fall into a bed and rest:
Sorrow hath chang'd its note; such is
His will
Who changeth all things as Him pleaseth best:
For well He knows, if but one grief and smart
Among my many had His full career,
Sure it would carrie with it ev'n my heart,
And both would runne until they found a biere
To fetch the bodie, both being due to grief.
But He hath spoil'd the race; and giv'n to anguish
One of Joye's coats, 'ticing it with relief
To linger in me, and together languish.
I live to shew His power, Who once did bring
My joyes to weep, and now my griefs to sing.

127. ¶ THE PULLEY.

WHEN God at first made man,
Having a glasse of blessings standing
by,
'Let us,' said He, 'poure on him all
we can;
Let the world's riches, which dispersèd lie,
Contract into a span.'

So strength first made a way,
Then beautie flow'd, then wisdome, honour, plea-
sure;

When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that, alone of all His treasure,
Rest in the bottome lay.

'For if I should,' said He,
'Bestow this jewell also on My creature,
He would adore My gifts in stead of Me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature:
So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessnesse;
Let him be rich and wearie, that at least,
If goodnesse leade him not, yet wearinesse
May tosse him to My breast.'

128. § THE PRIESTHOOD.

BLEST Order! which in power dost so excell,
That with th' one hand thou liftest to the skie,
And with the other throwest down to hell
In thy just censures; fain would I draw nigh,
Fain put thee on, exchanging my lay-sword
For that of th' Holy Word.

But thou art fire, sacred and hallow'd fire,
And I but earth and clay; should I presume
To wear thy habit, the severe attire
My slender compositions might consume:
I am both foul and brittle, much unfit
To deal in Holy Writ.

Yet have I often seen, by cunning hand
And force of fire, what curious things are made .
Of wretched earth. Where once I scorn'd to stand,
That earth is fitted, by the fire and trade
Of skilfull artists, for the boards of those
Who make the bravest shows.

But since those great ones, be they ne're so great,
Come from the earth, from whence those vessels come,
So that at once both feeder, dish, and meat
Have one beginning and one finall summe;
I do not greatly wonder at the sight,
If earth in earth delight.

But th' holy men of God such vessels are
As serve Him up Who all the world commands.
When God vouchsafeth to become our fare,
Their hands convey Him Who conveys their hands:
O, what pure things, most pure, must those things be
Who bring my God to me![1]

Wherefore I dare not, I, put forth my hand
To hold the Ark, although it seem to shake
Through th' old sinnes and new doctrines of our land;
Onely, since God doth often vessels make
Of lowly matter for high uses meet,
I throw me at His feet.

There will I lie, untill my Maker seek
For some mean stuffe whereon to show His skill;

[1] The sense is "O what pure things, [O what] most pure [things] must," &c. I punctuate accordingly.

Then is my time. The distance of the meek
Doth flatter power. Lest good come short of ill
In praising might, the poore do by submission
What pride by opposition.[1]

129. ¶ THE SEARCH.

WHITHER, O whither art Thou fled,
My Lord, my Love?
My searches are my daily bread,
Yet never prove.

My knees pierce th' earth, mine eies the skie;
And yet the sphere
And centre both to me denie
That Thou art there.

Yet can I mark how herbs below
Grow green and gay,
As if to meet Thee they did know,
While I decay.

Yet can I mark how starres above
Simper[2] and shine,
As having keyes unto Thy love,
While poore I pine.

I sent a sigh to seek Thee out,
Deep drawn in pain,
Wing'd like an arrow; but my scout
Returns in vain.

[1] The poor give praise to power by submission; nobles show it by their ostentatious magnificence, which only proves to the king how much greater he is than such subjects. The thought would be more readily understood in Herbert's time, when the nobility vied with one another in extravagance of apparel; while James was not given to pomp, unless on great occasions, as on the marriage of his daughter.

[2] = sparkle, as in a smile.

I tun'd another—having store—
Into a grone,
Because the search was dumbe before;
But all was one.

Lord, dost Thou some new fabrick mold
Which favour winnes,
And keeps Thee present; leaving th' old
Unto their sinnes?

Where is my God? what hidden place
Conceals Thee still?
What covert dare eclipse Thy face?
Is it Thy will?

O let not that of any thing;
Let rather brasse,
Or steel, or mountains be Thy ring,[1]
And I will passe.

Thy will such an intrenching is
As passeth thought:
To it all strength, all subtilties
Are things of nought.

Thy will such a strange distance is
As that to it
East and West touch, the poles do kisse,
And parallels meet.

Since, then, my grief must be as large
As is Thy space,
Thy distance from me; see my charge,
Lord, see my case.

O take these barres, these lengths away;
Turn, and restore me:
'Be not Almightie,' let me say,
'Against, but for me.'

[1] = ring-fence.

When Thou dost turn, and wilt be neare,
What edge so keen,
What point so piercing can appeare
To come between?

For as Thy absence doth excell
All distance known,
So doth Thy nearnesse bear the bell,[1]
Making two one.

130. ¶ GRIEF.


WHO will give me tears? Come, all ye springs,
Dwell in my head and eyes; come, clouds and rain;[2]
My grief hath need of all the watry things
That nature hath produc'd: let ev'ry vein
Suck up a river to supply mine eyes,
My weary weeping eyes, too drie for me,
Unlesse they get new conduits, new supplies,
To bear them out, and with my state agree.
What are two shallow foords, two little spouts
Of a lesse world? the greater is but small,[3]
A narrow cupboard for my griefs and doubts,
Which want provision in the midst of all.
Verses, ye are too fine a thing, too wise,
For my rough sorrows; cease, be dumbe and mute,
Give up your feet and running to mine eyes,
And keep your measures for some lover's lute,
Whose grief allows him musick and a ryme;
For mine excludes both measure, tune, and time:
Alas, my God!

[1] See in "The Church Porch," st. xxiii. l. 1.
[2] Cf. Jeremiah ix. 1.
[3] Of man, the microcosm or world in little; the world, itself the greater, is but small, &c. See Note *antea*.

131. ¶ THE CROSSE.

WHAT is this strange and uncouth thing,
To make me sigh, and seek, and faint, and die,
Untill I had some place where I might sing
And serve Thee; and not onely I,
But all my wealth and familie might combine
To set Thy honour up as our designe?

And then, when, after much delay,
Much wrestling, many a combate, this deare end,
So much desir'd, is giv'n; to take away
My power to serve Thee; to unbend
All my abilities, my designes confound,
And lay my threatnings bleeding on the ground.

One ague dwelleth in my bones,
Another in my soul,—the memorie
What I would do for Thee, if once my grones
Could be allow'd for harmonie;—
I am in all a weak disabled thing,
Save in the sight thereof, where strength doth sting.

Besides, things sort not to my will
Ev'n when my will doth studie Thy renown:
Thou turnest th' edge of all things on me still,
Taking me up to throw me down;
So that, ev'n when my hopes seem to be sped,
I am to grief alive, to them as dead.

To have my aim, and yet to be
Farther from it then when I bent my bow;
To make my hopes my torture, and the fee

Of all my woes another wo,
Is in the midst of delicates to need,
And ev'n in Paradise to be a weed.

Ah, my deare Father, ease my smart!
These contrarieties crush me; these crosse actions
Doe winde a rope about, and cut my heart:
And yet since these Thy contradictions
Are properly a crosse felt by Thy Sonne
With but foure words, my words, 'Thy will be done!'

132. ¶ THE FLOWER.[1]

OW fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
Are Thy returns! ev'n as the flow'rs in Spring,
To which, besides their own demean,[2]
The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring;
Grief melts away
Like snow in May,
As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivel'd heart
Could have recover'd greennesse? It was gone
Quite under ground; as flow'rs depart
To see their mother-root, when they have blown,
Where they together
All the hard weather,
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

[1] See longer Notes and Illustrations (kk), as before, for Coleridge on this poem.

[2] = demain, domain, dominion, or lordship; *i.e.* the flowers' true and inalienable possessors. It was applied, at least in France (see Cotgrave), not only to lands or possessions, but to (royal) imposts or dues.

These are Thy wonders, Lord of power,
Killing and quickning, bringing down to Hell
And up to Heaven in an houre;
Making a chiming[1] of a passing-bell.
We say amisse
This or that is;
Thy word is all, if we could spell.[2]

O that I once past changing were,
Fast in Thy Paradise, where no flower can wither;
Many a Spring I shoot up fair,
Offring at Heav'n, growing and groning thither;
Nor doth my flower
Want a Spring-showre,
My sinnes and I joyning together.

But while I grow in a straight line,
Still upwards bent, as if Heav'n were mine own,
Thy anger comes, and I decline:
What frost to that? what pole is not the zone
Where all things burn,
When Thou dost turn,
And the least frown of Thine is shown?

And now in age I bud again,
After so many deaths I live and write;
I once more smell the dew and rain,
And relish versing: O, my onely Light,
It cannot be
That I am he
On whom Thy tempests fell all night.

These are Thy wonders, Lord of love,
To make us see we are but flow'rs that glide;
Which when we once can find and prove,

[1] See previous Note from Southey on "The Church Porch," st lxv. l. 3.
[2] = interpret.

Thou hast a garden for us where to bide.
Who would be more,
Swelling through store,
Forfeit their Paradise by their pride.

133. ¶ DOTAGE.

FALSE-GLOZING[1] pleasures, casks[2] of happinesse,
Foolish night-fires,[3] women's and children's wishes,
Chases[4] in arras, guilded emptinesse,
Shadows well-mounted, dreams in a career,[5]
Embroider'd lyes, nothing between two dishes:
These are the pleasures here.

True-earnest sorrows, rooted miseries,
Anguish in grain,[6] vexations ripe and blown,
Sure-footed griefs, solid calamities,
Plain demonstrations evident and cleare,
Fetching their proofs ev'n from the very bone:
These are the sorrows here.

But O the folly of distracted men!
Who griefs in earnest, joyes in jest pursue;
Preferring, like brute beasts, a loathsome den
Before a Court, ev'n that above so cleare,
Where are no sorrows, but delights more true
Then miseries are here!

[1] = false, flattering.
[2] See longer Notes and Illustrations (*ll*), as before, on 'casks.'
[3] = ignes fatui.
[4] = hunting scenes embroidered. See "The Church Porch," st. xlv. 6, &c.
[5] The ground on which a race is run or a combat fought.—WILLMOTT.
[6] = in substance, anguish throughout the substance, and perhaps with the further punning conceit, 'anguish in full fruit.' See note on 'grain' in my "Sidney," vol. i. pp. 136-7.

134. ¶ THE SONNE.

LET forrain nations of their language
boast
What fine varietie each tongue affords;
I like our language, as our men and
coast;[1]
Who cannot dresse it well, want wit, not words.
How neatly[2] do we give one onely name
To parents' issue and the sunne's bright starre!
A sonne is light and fruit; a fruitfull flame
Chasing the father's dimnesse, carried far
From the first man in the East to fresh and new
Western discov'ries of posteritie.
So in one word our Lord's humilitie
We turn upon Him in a sense most true;
For what Christ once in humblenesse began,
We Him in glorie call The Sonne[3] of Man.

135. ¶ A TRUE HYMNE.

MY Joy, my Life, my Crown!
My heart was meaning[4] all the day,
Somewhat it fain would say,
And still it runneth mutt'ring up and
down
With only this, My Joy, my Life, my Crown!

Yet slight not these few words;
If truly said, they may take part
Among the best in art:

[1] See my "Sidney," as before, for a full note on 'coast,' vol. i. p. 118: also Wright's Bible Word-Book, s. v.
[2] = nicely, fittingly. [3] = the Sun.
[4] See longer Notes and Illustrations (*mm*), as before.

The finenesse which a hymne or psalme affords
Is when the soul unto the lines accords.

He Who craves all the minde,
And all the soul, and strength, and time,
If the words onely ryme,
Justly complains that somewhat is behinde [1]
To make his verse, or write a hymne in kinde.

Whereas, if th' heart be mov'd,
Although the verse be somewhat scant,
God doth supplie the want;
As when th' heart says, sighing to be approv'd,
'O could I love!' and stops, God writeth 'Lov'd.'

136. ¶ THE ANSWER.

MY comforts drop and melt away like snow;
I shake my head, and all the thoughts and ends
Which my fierce youth did bandie, fall and flow
Like leaves about me, or like summer-friends,
Flyes of estates and sunne-shine. But to all
Who think me eager, hot, and undertaking,
But in my prosecutions slack and small;
As a young exhalation, newly waking,
Scorns his first bed of dirt, and means [2] the sky,
But cooling by the way, grows pursie and slow
And settling to a cloud, doth live and die
In that dark state of tears,—to all that so
Show me and set me I have one reply,
Which they that know the rest know more then I. [3]

[1] = that there is somewhat behind [that is, 'wanting'] to make verse or hymns fitted in their nature for him; in other words, they want sincere affection over and above rhyme.
[2] See note on 135, l. 2.
[3] Ll. 13 14. Characteristic humility.

137. ¶ A DIALOGUE-ANTHEM.

CHRISTIAN. DEATH.

CHRISTIAN.

LAS, poore Death! where is thy glorie?
Where is thy famous force, thy ancient
sting?

DEATH.

Alas, poore mortall, void of storie!
Go spell and reade how I have kill'd thy King.

CHRISTIAN.

Poore Death! and who was hurt thereby?
Thy curse being laid on Him makes thee accurst.

DEATH.

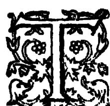
Let losers talk, yet thou shalt die;
These arms shall crush thee.

CHRISTIAN.

Spare not, do thy worst:
I shall be one day better then before;
Thou so much worse, that thou shalt be no more.



138. ¶ THE WATER-COURSE.


HOU who dost dwell and linger here below,
Since the condition of this world is frail,
Where of all plants afflictions soonest grow,
If troubles overtake thee, do not wail ;
For who can look for lesse that loveth { Life? / Strife?

But rather turn the pipe and water's course
To serve thy sinnes, and furnish thee with store
Of sov'raigne tears, springing from true remorse ;
That so in purenesse thou mayst Him adore
Who gives to man, as He sees fit, { Salvation. / Damnation.

139. ¶ SELF-CONDEMNATION.


HOU who condemnest Jewish hate
For choosing Barabbas a murderer
Before the Lord of glorie,
Look back upon thine own estate,
Call home thine eye, that busie wanderer,
That choice may be thy storie.[1]

He that doth love, and love amisse,
This world's delights before true Christian joy,
Hath made a Jewish choice :
The World an ancient murderer is ;
Thousands of souls it hath and doth destroy
With her enchanting voice.

[1] = their story may be applied to you. Coleridge places 'Their' in the margin.

He that hath made a sorrie wedding
Between his soul and gold, and hath preferr'd
False gain before the true,
Hath done what he condemnes in reading;
For he hath sold for money his deare Lord,
And is a Judas-Jew.

Thus we prevent[1] the last great day,
And judge our selves. That light which sin and passion
Did before dimme and choke,
When once those snuffes are ta'ne away,
Shines bright and cleare, ev'n unto condemnation,
Without excuse or cloak.

140. ¶ BITTER-SWEET.


H, my deare angrie Lord,
Since Thou dost love, yet strike,
Cast down, yet help afford;
Sure I will do the like.

I will complain, yet praise,
I will bewail, approve;
And all my sowre-sweet dayes
I will lament, and love.

141. § THE GLANCE.


HEN first Thy sweet and gracious eye
Vouchsaf'd, ev'n in the midst of youth and night,
To look upon me, who before did lie
Weltering in sinne,
I felt a sugred strange delight,

[1] = anticipate.

Passing all cordials made by any art,
Bedew, embalme, and overrunne my heart,
And take it in.

Since that time many a bitter storm
My soul hath felt, ev'n able to destroy,
Had the malicious and ill-meaning harm
His swing and sway;
But still Thy sweet originall joy,
Sprung from Thine eye, did work within my soul,
And surging griefs, when they grew bold, controll,
And got the day.

If Thy first glance so powerfull be—
A mirth but open'd, and seal'd up again—
What wonders shall we feel when we shall see
Thy full-ey'd love!
When Thou shalt look us out of pain,
And one aspect of Thine spend in delight
More then a thousand sunnes disburse in light,
In heav'n above.

142. § THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALME.

HE God of love my Shepherd is,
And He that doth me feed,
While He is mine, and I am His,
What can I want or need?

He leads me to the tender grasse,
Where I both feed and rest;
Then to the streams that gently passe:
In both I have the best.

Or if I stray, He doth convert,
And bring my minde in frame:
And all this not for my desert,
But for His holy name.

Yea, in Death's shadie black abode
Well may I walk, not fear;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
To guide, Thy staffe to bear.

Nay, Thou dost make me sit and dine
Ev'n in my enemies' sight;
My head with oyl, my cup with wine
Runnes over day and night.

Surely Thy sweet and wondrous love
Shall measure all my dayes;
And as it never shall remove,
So neither shall my praise.

143. ¶ MARIE MAGDALENE.

WHEN blessèd Marie wip'd her Saviour's feet—
Whose precepts she had trampled on before—
And wore them for a jewell on her head,
Shewing His steps should be the street
Wherein she thenceforth evermore
With pensive humblenesse would live and tread;

She being stain'd herself, why did she strive
To make Him clean Who could not be defil'd?
Why kept she not her tears for her own faults,
And not His feet? Though we could dive
In tears like seas, our sinnes are pil'd
Deeper then they in words, and works, and thoughts.

Deare soul, she knew Who did vouchsafe and deigne
To bear her filth, and that her sinnes did dash [1]
Ev'n God Himself; wherefore she was not loth,
  As she had brought wherewith to stain,
  So to bring in wherewith to wash:
And yet in washing one she washèd both.

144. ¶ AARON.


OLINESSE on the head,
  Light and perfections on the breast,
 Harmonious bells below, raising the dead
 To leade them unto life and rest:
  Thus are true Aarons drest.

  Profanenesse in my head,
 Defects and darknesse in my breast,
A noise [2] of passions ringing me for dead
 Unto a place where is no rest:
  Poore priest, thus am I drest.

  Onely another head
 I have, another heart and breast,
Another musick, making live, not dead,
 Without Whom I could have no rest:
  In Him I am well drest.

  Christ is my onely head,
 My alone-onely heart and breast,

[1] It is curious that, almost alone, Minsheu gives "bedash, dabble, or bemire with dirt," and no other meaning. It is here used in this sense, and is so far different from splash that it indicates what is intended to be indicated by Herbert, a wilful act. Plasterers, &c., use it as a technical term for throwing on mortar or the like.

[2] See note on 106, "The Familie," l. 1.

My onely musick, striking me ev'n dead,
That to the old man I may rest,
And be in Him new-drest.

So, holy in my head,
Perfect and light[1] in my deare breast,
My doctrine tun'd by Christ, Who is not dead,
But lives in me while I do rest,
Come, people; Aaron's drest.

145. ¶ THE ODOUR.

2 *Cor.* xi.

OW sweetly doth 'My Master' sound!
'My Master!'
As amber-greese[2] leaves a rich scent
Unto the taster,
So do these words a sweet content,
An orientall fragrancie, 'My Master.'

With these all day I do perfume my minde,
My mind ev'n thrust into them both;[3]
That I might finde
What cordials make this curious broth,
This broth of smells, that feeds and fats[4] my minde.

'My Master,' shall I speak? O that to Thee
'My servant' were a little so,
As flesh may be;
That these two words might creep and grow
To some degree of spicinesse to Thee!

[1] = clear.
[2] See the longer Notes and Illustrations (nn), as before.
[3] = both words.
[4] = fattens. The elder Puritans did not disdain the use of this word even to alliteration, as we have "the soul-fatting feast and fast," &c.

Then should the pómander,[1] which was before
A speaking sweet, mend by reflection,
And tell me more;
For pardon of my imperfection
Would warm and work it sweeter then before.

For when 'My Master,' which alone is sweet,
And ev'n in my unworthinesse pleasing,
Shall call and meet,
'My servant,' as Thee not displeasing,
That call is but the breathing of the sweet.

This breathing would with gains, by sweetning me—
As sweet things traffick when they meet—
Return to Thee;
And so this new commerce and sweet
Should all my life employ and busie me.

146. ¶ THE FOIL.

IF we could see below
The sphere[2] of Vertue and each shining grace
As plainly as that above doth show,
This were the better skie, the brighter place.

God hath made starres the foil
To set-off vertues, griefs to set-off sinning;
Yet in this wretched world we toil,
As if grief were not foul, nor vertue winning.

[1] = a scent-ball, derived, says Johnson and others, "from Fr. Pomme d'ambre;" but the existence of such a phrase is doubtful and requires proof.
[2] See the longer Notes and Illustrations (*oo*), as before.

147. ¶ THE FORERUNNERS.

HE harbingers[1] are come: see, see their mark;
White is their colour, and behold my head.
But must they have my brain? must they dispark[2]
Those sparkling notions which therein were bred?
Must dulnesse turn me to a clod?
Yet have they left me, 'Thou art still my God.'

Good men ye be to leave me my best room,
Ev'n all my heart, and what is lodgèd there:
I passe[3] not, I, what of the rest become,
So 'Thou art still my God' be out of fear.
He will be pleasèd with that dittie;
And if I please Him, I write fine and wittie.

Farewell, sweet phrases, lovely metaphors:
But will ye leave me thus? when ye before
Of stews and brothels onely knew the doores,
Then did I wash you with my tears, and more,
Brought you to Church well-drest and clad:
My God must have my best, ev'n all I had.

Lovely enchanting language, sugar-cane,
Hony of roses, whither wilt thou flie?
Hath some fond lover tic'd[4] thee to thy bane?
And wilt thou leave the Church, and love a stie?
Fie! thou wilt soil thy broider'd coat,
And hurt thyself and him that sings the note.

[1] See the longer Notes and Illustrations (*pp*), as before.
[2] *Ibid.* (*qq.*)
[3] = I passe not, exactly equivalent to let it pass [me], let it go by = I care not. So Cotgrave, "je ne m'en soucie point."
[4] = enticed.

Let foolish lovers, if they will love dung,
With canvas,[1] not with arras, clothe their shame;
Let Follie speak in her own native tongue:
True Beautie dwells on high; ours is a flame
   But borrow'd thence to light us thither:
Beautie and beauteous words should go together.

Yet if you go, I passe not; take your way:
For 'Thou art still my God' is all that ye
Perhaps with more embellishment can say.
Go, birds of Spring; let Winter have his fee;
   Let a bleak palenesse chalk the doore,[2]
So all within be livelier then before.

148. ¶ THE ROSE.

PRESSE me not to take more pleasure
   In this world of sugred lies,
And to use a larger measure
   Then my strict yet welcome size.

First, there is no pleasure here:
   Colour'd griefs indeed there are,
Blushing woes that look as cleare
   As if they could beautie spare,

Or if such deceits there be—
   Such delights I meant to say—
There are no such things to me,
   Who have pass'd my right away.

But I will not much oppose
   Unto what you now advise;
Onely take this gentle rose,
   And therein my answer lies.

[1] See the longer Notes and Illustrations (rr), as before.
[2] See note and quotation on l. 1.

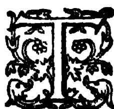
What is fairer then a rose?
What is sweeter? yet it purgeth.
Purgings enmitie disclose,
Enmitie forbearance urgeth.

If, then, all that worldlings prize
Be contracted to a rose,
Sweetly there indeed it lies,
But it biteth in the close.

So this flow'r doth judge and sentence
Worldly joyes to be a scourge;
For they all produce repentance,
And repentance is a purge.

But I health, not physick, choose:
Onely, though I you oppose,
Say that fairly I refuse,
For my answer is a rose.

149. ¶ DISCIPLINE.


HROW away Thy rod,
Throw away Thy wrath;
O my God,
Take the gentle path.

For my heart's desire
Unto Thine is bent;
I aspire
To a full consent.

Not a word or look
I affect to own,
But by book,
And Thy Book alone.

Though I fail, I weep;
Though I halt in pace,
Yet I creep
To the throne of grace.

Then let wrath remove,
Love will do the deed;
For with love
Stonie hearts will bleed.

Love is swift of foot;
Love's a man of warre,
And can shoot,
And can hit from farre.

Who can 'scape his bow?
That which wrought on Thee,
Brought Thee low,
Needs must work on me.

Throw away Thy rod:
Though man frailties hath,
Thou art God;
Throw away Thy wrath.

150. ¶ THE INVITATION.

COME ye hither, all whose taste
Is your waste;
Save your cost and mend your fare;
God is here prepar'd and drest,
And the feast
God, in Whom all dainties are.

Come ye hither, all whom wine
Doth define,[1]

[1] = give an (ill) character to, by the qualities it dulls, and the qualities it brings out. Cf. "The Church Porch," st. vi. and see note

Naming you not to your good;
Weep what ye have drunk amisse,
And drink this,
Which, before ye drink, is bloud.

Come ye hither, all whom pain
Doth arraigne,
Bringing all your sinnes to sight;
Taste and fear not: God is here
In this cheer,
And on sinne doth cast the fright.[1]

Come ye hither, all whom joy
Doth destroy
While ye graze without your bounds;
Here is joy that drowneth quite
Your delight,
As a floud the lower grounds.

Come ye hither, all whose love
Is your dove,
And exalts you to the skie:
Here is love, which, having breath
Ev'n in death,
After death can never die.

Lord, I have invited all,
And I shall
Still invite, still call to Thee;
For it seems but just and right
In my sight,
Where is all, there all should be.

on "third glasse." It would not be unaccordant with Herbert's style and the word-conceits of the time (as witness the same in Shakespeare) to suppose a kind of pun or double meaning intended, where 'define' would not only suggest, define him by his then qualities, but also that his fineness or propriety peculiar to man is taken (de) away or from him—a sub-play also on 'finis.'

[1] = frightfulness, terror.

151. ¶ THE BANQUET.

WELCOME, sweet and sacred cheer,
Welcome deare;
With me, in me live and dwell:
For thy neatnesse[1] passeth sight,
Thy delight
Passeth tongue to taste or tell.

O what sweetnesse from the bowl
Fills my soul,
Such as is and makes divine!
Is some starre—fled from the sphere—
Melted there,
As we sugar melt in wine?

Or hath sweetnesse in the bread
Made a head
To subdue the smell of sinne,
Flowers, and gummes, and powders giving
All their living,
Lest the enemie should winne?

Doubtlesse neither starre nor flower
Hath the power
Such a sweetnesse to impart;
Onely God, Who gives perfumes,
Flesh assumes,
And with it perfumes my heart.

But as pómanders[2] and wood
Still are good,

[1] Milton has the word in his sonnet to Mr. Lawrence:—
"What neat repast shall feast us light and choice."—WILLMOTT.

[2] See on 145. l. 16. In both instances the accent is on the first syllable.

Yet being bruis'd are better scented;
God, to show how farre His love
Could improve,
Here, as broken, is presented.

When I had forgot my birth,
And on Earth
In delights of Earth was drown'd,
God took bloud, and needs would be
Spilt with me,
And so found me on the ground.

Having rais'd me to look up,
In a cup
Sweetly He doth meet my taste;
But I still being low and short,
Farre from Court,
Wine becomes a wing at last.

For with it alone I flie
To the skie;
Where I weep mine eyes, and see
What I seek for, what I sue;
Him I view
Who hath done so much for me.

Let the wonder of this pitie
Be my dittie,
And take up my lines and life;
Hearken under pain of death,
Hands and breath,
Strive in this, and love the strife.

152. ¶ THE POSIE.[1]

LET wits contest,
And with their words and posies windows fill;
'Lesse then the least
Of all Thy mercies'[2] is my posie still.

This on my ring,
This by my picture, in my book I write;
Whether I sing,
Or say, or dictate, this is my delight.

Invention, rest;
Comparisons, go play; wit, use thy will;
'Lesse then the least
Of all God's mercies' is my posie still.

153. ¶ A PARODIE.[3]

SOUL'S joy, when thou art gone,
And I alone,
Which cannot be,
Because Thou dost abide with me,
And I depend on Thee;

[1] = The motto. [2] Genesis xxxii. 10.

[3] Used in the sense of the Greek verb, well defined by Jones in his Lexicon, as 'I cite the words of a poet, and apply them slightly changed to another purpose.' The original is one of the love-lyrics of Donne (my edition, vol. ii. pp. 235-6). After the first verse, however, Herbert diverges both as to words and sense. Cf. too Marvell's Parodia to Charles, after Horace (Works, my edition, vol. i. pp. 398-9).

Yet when Thou dost suppresse
The cheerfulnesse
Of Thy abode,
And in my powers not stirre abroad,
But leave me to my load,—

O what a damp and shade
Doth me invade!
No stormie night
Can so afflict, or so affright,
As Thy eclipsèd light.

Ah, Lord, do not withdraw,
Lest want of aw
Make sinne appeare,
And when Thou dost but shine lesse cleare,
Say that Thou art not here.

And then what life I have,
While Sinne doth rave,
And falsly boast,
That I may seek, but Thou art lost,
Thou and alone Thou know'st.

O what a deadly cold
Doth me infold!
I half beleeve
That Sinne says true; but while I grieve,
Thou com'st and dost relieve.

154. ¶ THE ELIXIR.[1]

EACH me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see,
And what I do in any thing
To do it as for Thee.

[1] See the Memoir, as before, for Leighton's reference to this poem.

Not rudely, as a beast,
To runne into an action;
But still to make Thee prepossest,[1]
And give it his[2] perfection.

A man that looks on glasse,
On it may stay his eye;
Or if he pleaseth, through it passe,
And then the heav'n espie.

All may of Thee partake:
Nothing can be so mean
Which with his tincture,[3] 'for Thy sake,'
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold;
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for lesse be told.[4]

155. ¶ A WREATH.



WREATHÈD garland of deservèd praise,
Of praise deservèd, unto Thee I give,
I give to Thee, Who knowest all my wayes,
My crookèd winding wayes, wherein I live—
Wherein I die, not live; for life is straight,

[1] = make Thee possest of it beforehand. [2] = its.
[3] See the longer Notes and Illustrations (*ss*) as before.
[4] = counted.

Straight as a line, and ever tends to Thee—
To Thee, Who art more farre above deceit
Then deceit seems above simplicitie.
Give me simplicitie, that I may live;
So live and like, that I may know Thy wayes;
Know them, and practise them; then shall I give,
For this poore wreath, give Thee a crown of praise.

156. ¶ DEATH.

DEATH, thou wast once an uncouth hideous thing,
Nothing but bones,
The sad effect of sadder grones:
Thy mouth was open, but thou couldst not sing.

For we consider'd thee as at some six
Or ten years hence,
After the losse of life and sense;
Flesh being turn'd to dust, and bones to sticks.

We lookt on this side of thee, shooting short,
Where we did finde
The shells of fledge-souls left behinde;
Dry dust, which sheds no tears, but may extort.

But since our Saviour's death did put some bloud
Into thy face,
Thou art grown fair and full of grace,
Much in request, much sought for, as a good.

For we do now behold thee gay and glad,
As at doom's-day,
When souls shall wear their new aray,
And all thy bones with beautie shall be clad.

Therefore we can go die as sleep, and trust
Half that we have
Unto an honest faithfull grave,
Making our pillows either down or dust.

157. ¶ DOOM'S-DAY.


OME away,
Make no delay;
Summon all the dust to rise,
Till it stirre and rubbe the eyes;
While this member jogs the other,
Each one whispring, 'Live you, brother?'

Come away,
Make this the day.
Dust, alas, no musick feels
But Thy trumpet; then it kneels,
As peculiar notes and strains
Cure tarantulae's raging pains.

Come away,
O make no stay!
Let the graves make their confession,
Lest at length they plead possession:
Fleshe's stubbornnesse may have
Read that lesson to the grave.

Come away,
Thy flock doth stray.
Some to the windes their bodies lend,
And in them may drown[1] a friend;

[1] = and through the violence of the winds a friend may drown at sea. Herbert had no knowledge of unseaworthy ships, that drown without the accessories of wind and waves, as being shown by Plimsoll in the teeth of interested opponents.

Some in noisome vapours grow
To a plague and publick wo.[1]

Come away,
Help our decay.[2]
Man is out of order hurl'd,
Parcel'd out to all the world.
Lord, Thy broken consort raise,
And the musick shall be praise.

158. ¶ JUDGMENT.


LMIGHTIE Judge, how shall poore wretches brook
Thy dreadfull look,
Able a heart of iron to appall,
When Thou shalt call
For ev'ry man's peculiar[3] book?

What others mean to do I know not well;
Yet I heare[4] tell
That some will turn Thee to some leaves therein
So void of sinne,
That they in merit shall excell.

But I resolve, when Thou shalt call for mine,
That to decline,
And thrust a Testament into Thy hand:
Let that be scann'd,
There Thou shalt finde my faults are Thine.

[1] Nor does Herbert seem to have had his eyes opened to the evils of over-crowding, &c., as is being shown with pathetic insistence and devotion by George Smith of Coalville in behalf of the canal-boatmen, &c.

[2] Relieve us in, or from, our state of decay. [3] = specific.

[4] See the longer Notes and Illustrations, as before (*t t*), for Coleridge's mistaken reading of this line, which originated in the misprint 'here' of 1674 and 1679 for 'heare.'

159. ¶ HEAVEN.


WHO will show me those delights on high?
ECHO. *I.*
Thou, Echo, thou art mortall, all men know.
ECHO. *No.*
Wert thou not born among the trees and leaves?
ECHO. *Leaves.*
And are there any leaves that still abide?
ECHO. *Bide.*
What leaves are they? impart the matter wholly.
ECHO. *Holy.*
Are holy leaves the Echo, then, of blisse?
ECHO. *Yes.*
Then tell me, what is that supreme delight?
ECHO. *Light.*
Light to the minde: what shall the will enjoy?
ECHO. *Joy.*
But are there cares and businesse with the pleasure?
ECHO. *Leisure.*
Light, joy, and leisure; but shall they persever?
ECHO. *Ever.*

160. ¶ LOVE.


OVE bade me welcome; yet my soul drew back,
Guilty of dust and sin.
But quick-ey'd Love, observing me grow slack
From my first entrance in,

Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning
If I lack'd any thing.

'A guest,' I answer'd, 'worthy to be here:'
Love said, 'You shall be he.'
'I, the unkind, ungrateful? Ah, my dear,
I cannot look on Thee.'
Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,
'Who made the eyes but I?'

'Truth, Lord; but I have marr'd them; let my shame
Go where it doth deserve.'
'And know you not,' says Love, 'Who bore the blame?'
'My dear, then I will serve.'
'You must sit down,' says Love, 'and taste My meat.'
So I did sit and eat.

FINIS.

Glorie be to God on High,
and on earth
Peace, good-will towards men.





III. THE CHURCH MILITANT.





NOTE.

"THE Church Militant" is Herbert's heading in the Williams MS., and is in agreement with his title of "The Church Porch" and "The Church" for the other two portions of the volume of 1632-3, published by Nicholas Ferrar as "The Temple." It occupies pp. 184-192 of the original edition, and ever since has been regarded as a third division of one set of poems. It is independent; and I have deemed it better to disjoin it from the minor pieces of "The Temple," differing as it does from them alike in substance and form.

At the close of this Poem will be found various readings and additions from the Williams MS.; some of the latter inserted in the text (ll. 17, 61-3, and 162-4). Of a Latin verse-translation of "The Church Militant," see the Preface. The following tribute to "The Church Militant" appeared in the 1674 and after editions of "The Temple":—

THE CHURCH MILITANT.

The Churche's progress is a master-piece,
Limn'd to the life, of Egypt, Rome, and Greece;
Wherein he gives the Conclave such a blow,
They nere receiv'd from either friend or foe.
England and France do bear an equal share
In his predictions; which Time will declare.
Here's height of malice, here's prodigious lust,
Impudent sinning, cruelty, distrust;
Here's black ingratitude, here's pride and scorn;
Here's damnèd oaths, that cause the land to mourn;
And here's oppression, marks of future bane,
And here's hypocrisie, the counter-pane;
Here's love of Guinies—cursèd root of all—
And here's religion turn'd up to the wall:
And could we see with Herbert's eagle eyes,
Without checkmate Religion westward flies.

A most sad sacrifice was made of late
Of God's poor lambs by Pharisaique hate:
For discipline with doctrine so to jarr,
Was just like bringing Justice to the barr.
Was it the will, or judgment, or commands
Of the great Pilot for to pass the Sands?
Well may we hope that our quick-sighted State
Will take God's grievance into a debate.
Cathedrall priests long since have laid about
Hammer and tongs, to drive Religion out;
Her grace and majesty makes them so 'fraid
They cry content, and so espouse her maid.
Shee's decent, lovely, chaste, divine, they say;
She loves their sons that sing our sins away.
Could we but count the thousands every year
These dreams consume, the musick is too dear.
When Elie's sons made luxury their god,
Their widows nam'd their posthumes Icabod.
They both were slain, God's sacred ark was lost,
Though they had with it a most mighty hoast.
Well may ingratitude make us all mourn;
Pearls we receive, poor pebles we return.
Now Sein is swallowing Tiber, if the Thames,
By letting in them both, pollute her streams;
Or if the Seeres shall connive or wink,
Beware the thunderbolt: *migremus hinc.*
O, let me die, and not survive to see,
Before my death, Religion's obsequie.
Religion and dear Truth will prove at length
The Alpha and Omega of our strength;
Our Boaz, our Jakine, our Great Britain's glory,
Look'd on by owls as a romantick story.
Our Cloud that comes behind us in the day,
Night's fiery pillar, to direct our way;
Our chariots, ships, and horsemen to withstand
The fury of our foes by sea or land;
Our eyes may see, as hath been seen before,
Religion's foes lye floating on the shore.
The head of England's Church, proud Babel's büt[1]
Will Faith defend, and Peace will Janus shut.
Adversus Impia, Anno 1670.

[1] = butt, *i. e.* Charles II.



THE CHURCH MILITANT.

LMIGHTIE Lord, Who from Thy glorious throne
Seest and rulest all things ev'n as one;
The smallest ant or atome knows Thy power,
Known also to each minute of an houre:
Much more do common-weals acknowledge Thee,
And wrap their policies in Thy decree,
Complying with Thy counsels, doing nought
Which doth not meet with an eternall thought.
But above all, Thy Church and Spouse doth prove,
Not the decrees of power, but bands of love.
Early didst Thou arise to plant this vine,
Which might the more indeare it to be Thine.
Spices come from the East, so did Thy Spouse,
Trimme[1] as the light, sweet as the laden boughs
Of Noah's shadie vine, chaste as the dove,
Prepar'd and fitted to receive Thy love,—
All emblems which Thy darling doth improve.—[2]

[1] = spruce or sprucely adorned. See its use again in l. 152.
[2] I insert this line from the Williams MS., but mark it as a kind of parenthetical glance back on the similes or 'emblems' of the Church, the Spouse, as 'Light,' 'Vine,' 'Dove.' By 'improve' Herbert seems to mean set forth fittingly in the old sermon-sense of 'improve.' It was probably struck out by Ferrar as not very well agreeing with 'trimme as,' 'sweet as,' 'chaste as.'

The course was westward, that the sunne might
light
As well our understanding as our sight.
Where th' Ark did rest, there Abraham began
To bring the other Ark from Canaan.
Moses pursu'd this; but King Solomon
Finisht and fixt the old religion.
When it grew loose, the Jews did hope in vain
By nailing Christ to fasten it again;
But to the Gentiles He bore Crosse and all,[1]
Rending with earthquakes the partition-wall.
Onely whereas the Ark in glorie shone,
Now with the Crosse, as with a staffe, alone,
Religion, like a pilgrime, Westward bent,
Knocking at all doores ever as She went.
Yet as the sunne, though forward be his flight,
Listens behinde him,[2] and allows some light
Till all depart;[3] so went the Church her way,
Letting, while one foot stept, the other stay
Among the Eastern nations for a time,
Till both removèd to the Western clime.
To Egypt first she came, where they did prove
Wonders of Anger once, but now of Love;
The Ten Commandments there did flourish more
Then the ten bitter plagues had done before;
Holy Macarius and great Anthonie
Made Pharaoh Moses, changing th' historie;
Goshen was darknesse, Egypt full of lights,
Nilus for monsters brought forth Israelites.
Such power hath mightie Baptisme to produce,
For things misshapen, things of highest use.
How deare to me, O God, Thy counsels are!
Who may with Thee compare?

[1] Cf. Passio Discerpta, XVIII. Terræ-motus.
[2] A metaphor drawn from field sports.
[3] The Williams MS. reads 'be gone': the reference being to 'light' and 'twilight'; but 'depart' is perhaps better retained.

Religion thence fled into Greece,[1] where arts
Gave her[2] the highest place in all men's hearts;
Learning was pos'd, Philosophie was set,
Sophisters taken in a fisher's net.
Plato and Aristotle were at a losse,
And wheel'd about again to spell Christ-Crosse.[3]
Prayers chas'd syllogismes into their den,
And Ergo was transform'd into Amen.
Though Greece took horse as soon as Egypt did,
And Rome as both, yet Egypt faster rid,
And spent her period and prefixèd time
Before the other two were in their prime;[4]
From Greece to Rome she went, subduing those
Who had subduèd all the world for foes.
The Warrier[5] his deere skarres no more resounds,
But seems to yeeld Christ hath[6] the greater wounds;
Wounds willingly endur'd to work his blisse,
Who by an ambush lost his Paradise.
The great heart stoops, and taketh from the dust,
A sad repentance, not the spoils of lust;
Quitting his spear, lest it should pierce again
Him in His members, Who for him was slain.
The Shepherd's hook grew to a scepter here,
Giving new names[7] and numbers to the yeare;

[1] In the Williams MS., it is:

"Thence into Greece she fled, where curious Arts."

[2] 'Her' is = Religion. *Cf.* ll. 84-5 and 267-9. The liberal arts, which *emolliunt mores*, and the habit of philosophic thought, prepared them for the reception of the truth.

[3] Colloquially criss-cross, the alphabet in a horn-book or primer; called so, either because a cross was prefixed to the alphabet row, or because the alphabet was arranged to form a cross.

[4] I adopt the Williams MS. readings here. They are much more vivid and striking than the usual text, which runs:

"Before the other. Greece being past her prime,
Religion went to Rome, subduing those
Who, that they might subdue, made all their foes."

[5] The Williams MS. spells 'Warriour.'

[6] The Williams MS. reads 'had;' but 'hath,' in its 'present for all time,' gives the finer sense.

[7] — the change of Pagan holy days to Christian: the 'new numbers,' and perhaps the whole line, may refer to the change of style introduced by Pope Gregory in 1582.

But th' Empire dwelt in Greece, to comfort them
Who were cut short in Alexander's stemme.
In both of these Prowesse and Arts did tame
And tune[1] men's hearts against the Gospel came;
Which using, and not fearing skill in th' one
Or strength in th' other, did erect her throne.[2]
Many a rent and struggling th' Empire knew—
As dying things are wont—untill it flew
At length to Germanie, still Westward bending,
And there the Churche's festivall attending;
That as before Empire and Arts made way—
For no lesse Harbingers[3] would serve then they—
So they might still, and point us out the place
Where first the Church should raise her downcast
face.
Strength levels grounds, Art makes a garden there;
Then showres Religion,[4] and makes all to bear.
Spain in the Empire shar'd with Germanie,
But England in the higher victorie,
Giving the Church a crown[5] to keep her state,
And not go lesse then she had done of late.
Constantine's British line[6] meant this of old,
And did this mysterie wrap up and fold
Within a sheet of paper, which was rent
From Time's great Chronicle, and hither sent.
Thus both the Church and sunne together ran
Unto the farthest old meridian.
How deare to me, O God, Thy counsels are!
Who may with Thee compare?
Much about one and the same time and place,
Both where and when the Church began her race,
Sinne did set out of Eastern Babylon,

[1] The Williams MS. reads 'clense'—inferior, if indeed it be not untrue.
[2] The Williams MS., 'took possession'—again inferior.
[3] See full Note on 147. "The Forerunners," l. 1.
[4] = Then Religion showres.
[5] The reference is, as in the next Note, to the Reformation.
[6] See the longer Notes and Illustrations (**), as before.

And travell'd Westward also: journeying on
He chid the Church away where e're he came,
Breaking her peace and tainting her good name.
At first he got to Egypt, and did sow
Gardens of gods, which ev'ry yeare did grow
Fresh and fine deities. They were at great cost,
Who for a god clearely a sallet lost.
Ah, what a thing is man devoid of grace,
Adoring garlick with an humble face,
Begging his food of that which he may eat,
Starving the while he worshippeth his meat!
Who makes a root his god, how low is he,
If God and man be sever'd infinitely!
What wretchednesse can give him any room,
Whose house is foul, while he adores his broom?
None will beleeve this now, though money be
In us the same transplanted foolerie.
Thus Sinne in Egypt sneakèd for a while;
His highest was an ox or crocodile,
And such poore[1] game. Thence he to Greece doth

And being craftier much then Goodnesse was,
He left behinde him garrisons of sinnes,
To make good that which ev'ry day he winnes.
Here Sinne took heart, and for[2] a garden-bed
Rich shrines and oracles he purchasèd;
He grew a gallant, and would needs foretell
As well what should befall as what befell;
Nay, he became a poet, and would serve
His pills of sublimate in that conserve.[3]
The world came both[4] with hands and purses full
To this great lotterie, and all would pull.[5]

[1] The Williams MS., 'small,' inferior in relation to 'ox' and 'crocodile.' [2] = instead of.
[3] The oracular responses being in verse, Herbert says they hide their poison in the sweetness of verse.
[4] The Williams MS., 'in.'
[5] Another proof that 'pulling prime' consisted in drawing from the pack. = to draw. See Glossarial Index, *s. v.*

But all was glorious cheating, brave deceit,
Where some poore truths were shuffl'd for a bait
To credit him, and so[1] discredit those
Who after him should braver truths disclose.
From Greece he went to Rome; and as before
He was a god, now he's an emperour;
Nero and others lodg'd him bravely there,
Put him in trust to rule the Romane sphere.
Glorie was his chief instrument of old;
Pleasure succeeded straight when that grew cold,
Which soon was blown to such a mightie flame,
That though our Saviour did destroy the game,
Disparking[2] oracles and all their treasure,
Setting affliction to encounter pleasure;
Yet did a rogue, with hope of carnall joy,
Cheat the most subtill nations.[3] Who so coy,
So trimme,[4] as Greece and Egypt? Yet their hearts
Are given over, for their curious arts,
To such Mahometan stupidities
As the old heathen would deem prodigies.
How deare to me, O God, Thy counsels are!
Who may with Thee compare?
Onely the West and Rome do keep them free[5]
From this contagious infidelitie;
And this is all the Rock whereof they boast,
As Rome will one day finde unto her cost;[6]

[1] From the Williams MS., for 'to' of the printed text.
[2] On 'disparking' in connection with destroying game, see references in Glossarial Index, *s. v.*
[3] Mahomet. [4] See note on l. 14.
[5] In the Williams MS., originally, "Europe alone and Rome;" but Herbert erases, and writes "onely the West."
[6] ll. 162-4. I insert these lines from the Williams MS. They are too characteristic to be lost. Line 163: to reckon without one's host is to reckon mistakenly; and that Herbert was here thinking of the saying is clear by the next line, and the use in it of 'reckon.' Traditions, says he, are accounts at second, third, or other hand, not verified by the personal or written word of the host; and those who rely on them must reckon twice, consider well when they are not so verified, but differ from the written truths, the host's own words.

Traditions are accounts without our host;
They who rely on them must reckon twice,
When written Truths shall censure man's devise
Sinne being not able to extirpate quite
The Churches here, bravely resolv'd one night
To be a Churchman too, and wear a mitre;
The old debauchèd ruffian would turn writor.
I saw him in his studie, where he sate
Busie in controversies sprung of late:
A gown and pen became him wondrous well;
His grave aspect had more of heav'n then hell;[1]
Onely there was a handsome picture by,[2]
To which he lent a corner of his eye.
As Sinne in Greece a prophet was before,
And in old Rome a mightie emperour;
So now, being priest, he plainly did professe
To make a jest of Christ's three offices;
The rather since his scatter'd jugglings were
United now in one, both time and sphere.
From Egypt he took pettie deities,
From Greece oracular infallibilities,
And from old Rome the libertie of pleasure,
By free dispensings[3] of the Churche's treasure;
Then, in memoriall of his ancient throne,
He did surname his palace Babylon.
Yet that he might the better gain all nations,
And make that name good by their transmigrations,
From all these places, but at divers times,
He took fine vizards to conceal his crimes—
From Egypt anchorisme and retirednesse,
Learning from Greece, from old Rome statelinesse;

[1] The Williams MS., 'was liker.'

[2] I fear the allusion is to certain Popes' 'lust' after pictures of 'fair women,' their concubines and mistresses, semi-nude—the scandals of the Church.

[3] The Williams MS., 'dispensations,' which has a somewhat ambiguous sound.

And blending these, he carri'd all men's eyes,—[1]
While Truth sat by, counting his victories;
Whereby he grew apace, and scorn'd to use
Such force as once did captivate the Jews,
But did bewitch,[2] and finally work each nation
Into[3] a voluntarie transmigration.
All poste to Rome; princes submit their necks
Either t' his publick foot or private tricks.
It did not fit his gravitie to stirre,
Nor his long journey, nor his gout and[4] furre;
Therefore he sent out able ministers,
Statesmen within, without doores cloisterers;
Who, without spear, or sword, or other drumme[5]
Then what was in their tongue, did overcome;
And having conquer'd, did so strangely rule,
That the whole world did seem but the Pope's
mule.
As new and old Rome did one Empire twist,
So both together are one Antichrist;
Yet with two faces, as their Janus was,
Being in this their old crackt looking-glasse.
How deare to me, O God, Thy counsels are!
Who may with Thee compare?
Thus Sinne triumphs in Western Babylon;
Yet not as Sinne, but as Religion.

[1] I punctuate parenthetically "While Truth sat by." Hitherto it has not been so done. Of course it may be said that Truth is represented as having nothing else to do; but is that counting of Sin's victories an occupation for Truth? I prefer considering "While Truth sat by," *i.e.* aside and idly, as parenthetical, and it is Sin that counts or reckons up her victories, and, glorying therein, grows apace, &c.

[2] The Williams MS., "bewitch both kings and many a."

[3] The Williams MS., 'vnto,' but we transmigrate 'into' not 'unto,' for the soul transmigrates, not the body (assuming transmigration).

[4] The Williams MS., 'or'

[5] ll. 205-8. Not in the Williams MS., but the following come after l. 204:

"Who brought his doctrines and his deeds from Rome;
But when they were vnto the Sorbon come,
The waight was such they left the doctrines there,
Shipping the Vices onely for our sphere."

Of his two thrones he made the latter best,
And to defray[1] his journey from the East.
Old and new Babylon are to hell and night
As is the moon and sunne to heav'n and light.
When th' one did set, the other did take place,
Confronting equally the Law and Grace.
They are hell's landmarks, Satan's double crest;
They are Sinne's nipples, feeding th' East and West.
But as in vice the copie still exceeds
The pattern, but not so in virtuous deeds;
So, though Sinne made his latter seat the better,
The latter Church is to the first a debter.
The second Temple could not reach the first;
And the late Reformation never durst
Compare with ancient times and purer yeares,
But in the Jews and us deserveth tears.[2]
Nay, it shall ev'ry yeare[3] decrease and fade,
Till such a darknesse do the world invade
At Christ's last coming as His first did finde;
Yet must there such proportions be assign'd
To these diminishings as is between
The spacious world and Jury to be seen.
Religion stands on tiptoe in our land,[4]
Readie to passe to the American strand.
When height of malice and prodigious lusts,
Impudent sinning, witchcrafts, and distrusts—
The marks of future bane—shall fill our cup
Unto the brimme, and make our measure up;
When Sein shall swallow Tiber, and the Thames,
By letting-in them both, pollutes her streams;
When Italie of us shall have her will,

[1] — and made [from line above] [it] the latter to defray; an irregular ellipsis.

[2] But [the second Temple] in the Jews and [the late Reformation] in us [each or each part] deserveth tears. Again very elliptical. See the Memoir, as before, on this.

[3] The Williams MS., 'daye,' which less accords with a progress reckoned by centuries than 'yeares.'

[4] See the Memoir, as before, on these famous lines (ll. 239-40).

And all her calendar of sinnes fulfill,
Whereby one may foretell what sinnes next yeare
Shall both in France and England domineer—
Then shall Religion to America flee;
They have their times[1] of Gospel ev'n as we.
My God, Thou dost prepare for them a way,
By carrying first their gold from them away;
For gold and grace did never yet agree,
Religion alwaies sides with povertie.
We think we rob them, but we think amisse;
We are more poore, and they more rich by this.
Thou wilt revenge their quarrell, making grace
To pay our debts, and leave our ancient place
To go to them, while that which now their nation
But lends to[2] us shall be our desolation.
Yet as the Church shall thither Westward flie,
So Sinne shall trace and dog her instantly;
They have their period[3] also and set times,
Both for their vertuous actions and their crimes.
And where[4] of old the Empire and the Arts
Usher'd the Gospel ever in men's hearts,
Spain hath done one; when Arts perform the other,
The Church shall come, and Sinne the Church shall smother;
That when they have accomplishèd the round,
And met in th' East their first and ancient sound,[5]
Judgement may meet them both and search them round.
Thus do both lights, as well in Church as sunne,
Light one another and together runne;[6]
Thus also Sinne and Darknesse follow still[7]

[1] The Williams MS., 'time.'
[2] The Williams MS., 'lendeth.
[3] = termination.
[4] = whereas.
[5] An expanse of sea or kind of sea-lake, with a narrow outlet, giving therefore a land-locked haven or harbour.
[6] In the Williams MS., "Like comick Lovers euer one way runn."
[7] ll. 276-7. In the Williams MS., these read:

"Darknesse constantly
Follow the Church and Sunn where ere they fly."

The Church and sunne with all their power and
        skill.
But as the sunne still goes both West and East,
So also did the Church by going West 279
Still Eastward go; because it drew more neare
To time and place where judgement shall appeare.
How deare to me, O God, Thy counsels are!
                Who may with Thee compare?

¶ L'ENVOY.[1]

KING of glorie, King of peace,
    With the one make warre to cease;
    With the other blesse Thy sheep,
    Thee to love, in Thee to sleep.
Let not Sinne devoure Thy fold,
Bragging that Thy bloud is cold;
That Thy death is also dead,
While his conquests dayly spread;
That Thy flesh hath lost his food,
And Thy Crosse is common wood.
Choke him, let him say no more,
But reserve his breath in store.
Till Thy conquest and his fall
Make his sighs to use it all;
And then bargain with the winde
To discharge what is behind.

Blessed be God alone,
Thrice blessed Three in One.

[1] In the Williams MS. Herbert himself has written this as a heading.





IV. LILIES OF THE TEMPLE.

FROM UNPUBLISHED MSS.

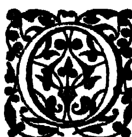


NOTE.

The first six pieces in this section were published by me from the Williams MS. in the "Leisure Hour" of the Religious Tract Society. See our Preface and Memorial-Introduction. The last piece is from "Miscellanea Sacra, or Poems on Divine and Moral Subjects," collected by N. Tate, second edition, 1698, p. 51, where it is headed "The Convert. An Ode written by Mr. George Herbert." It is to be regretted that Tate does not inform us whence he derived this Ode. But as he was well-circumstanced to procure MSS., and as others of eminent names first published by him have been authenticated, there is every probability that he had an autograph of this poem. It has touches of Herbert in it. I am not aware that any one until now has reprinted it. I gladly entwine it with the six Lilies. G.



I. THE HOLY COMMUNION.


GRATIOUS Lord, how shall I know
Whether in these gifts Thou bee so
As Thou art everywhere?
Or rather so, as Thou alone
Tak'st all ye Lodging, leaving none
For Thy poore creature there.

First I am sure, whether bread stay,
Or whether Bread doe fly away,
Concerneth Bread, not mee;
But yt both Thou and all Thy traine
Bee there, to Thy truth and my gaine
Concerneth mee and Thee.

And if in comming to Thy foes,[1]
Thou dost come first to them, yt showes
The hast of Thy good will;
Or if that Thou two stations makest,
In Bread and mee, the way Thou takest
Is more, but for mee still.

Then of this also I am sure,
That Thou didst all these pains endure
T' abolish Sinn, not Wheat;

1 ll. 13, 18 — Whether Thou comest direct to the believer, or comest first into the bread and wine, and thence to the receiver.

Creatures are good, and have their place;
Sinn onely, wch did all deface,
Thou drivest from his seat.

I could beleeve an Impanation
At the rate of an Incarnation,[1]
If Thou hadst dyde for Bread;
But that wch made my soule to dye,
My flesh and fleshy villany,
That allso made Thee dead.

That flesh is there mine eyes deny:
And what shold flesh but flesh discry—
The noblest sence of five?
If glorious bodies pass the sight,
Shall they be food and strength and might,
Euen there where they deceiue?

Into my soule this cannot pass;
Flesh, though exalted, keeps his grass,[2]
And cannot turn to soule.
Bodyes and Minds are different spheres;
Nor can they change their bounds and meres,[3]
But keep a constant Pole.

This gift of all gifts is the best,
Thy flesh the least yt I request;
Thou took'st that pledg from mee:
Give me not that I had before,
Or give me that so I have more;
My God, give mee all Thee. (*Fol.* 31.)

[1] = I could believe God becoming bread (impanation), and hold it as of the same value as God becoming man, if, &c.

[2] *i. e.* keeps that natural substance which is in the grass and herbs, from which all flesh is immediately or intermediately derived.

[3] 'meres:' generally said to be a boundary; but perhaps more correctly what it certainly is sometimes, a boundary-mark. See Drayton's "Polyolb." i.

II. LOVE.

THOU art too hard for me in Love;
There is no dealing wth Thee in that
Art,
That is Thy Masterpeece, I see.
When I contrive and plott to prove
Something that may be conquest on my part,
Thou still, O Lord, outstrippest mee.

Sometimes, when as I wash, I say,
And shrodely[1] as I think, 'Lord, wash my soule,
More spotted then my Flesh can bee.'
But then there comes into my way
Thy ancient baptism, wch when I was foule
And knew it not, yet cleansèd mee.

I took a time when Thou didst sleep,
Great waves of trouble combating my brest:
I thought it braue to praise Thee then;
Yet then I found that Thou didst creep
Into my hart wth ioye, giving more rest
Than flesh did Lend Thee back agen.

Let mee but once the conquest have
Vpon ye matter,[2] 'twill Thy conquest prove:
If Thou subdue mortalitie,
Thou dost no more than doth ye graue;
Whereas if I orecome Thee and Thy love,
Hell, Death, and Divel come short of mee.

(*Fols.* 38, 39.)

[1] = shrewdly. [2] = in this matter [of love]



III. TRINITY SUNDAY.


E that is one[1]
Is none;
Two reacheth Thee
In some degree:
Nature and Grace
Wth Glory may attaine Thy Face.
Steele and a flint strike fire;
Witt and desire
Never to Thee aspire,
Except life catch and hold those fast.
That w^{ch} beleefe
Did not confess in y^{e} first Theefe[2]
His fall can tell
From Heaven through Earth to Hell.
Lett two of those alone
To them that fall,
Who God and Saints and Angels loose at last:
Hee that has one
Has all. (*Fol.* 40.)

IV. EUEN-SONG.


HE Day is spent, and hath his will on mee:
I and y^{e} Sunn haue runn our races:
I went y^{e} slower, yet more paces;[3]
For I decay, not hee.

[1] In this there is a play on 'one' at the beginning and end, and intermediately on 'three.' He that is one (Nature), &c. Two (Nature and Grace) reacheth, &c. He that has 'one' of the three, *i. e.* 'Heaven,' has all. [2] Satan.

[3] "More paces:" and therefore advanced with more exertion and expense of energy and flesh.

Lord, make my Loss vp, and sett mee free,
That I, who cannot now by day
Look on his daring brightnes, may
Shine then more bright then hee.

If Thou deferr this light, then shadow mee,
Least that the Night, earth's gloomy shade,
Fouling her nest, my earth invade,
As if shades knew not Thee.

But Thou art Light and darkness both togeather:
If that bee dark we cannot see,
The sunn is darker then a Tree,
And Thou more dark then either.

Yet Thou art not so dark since I know this,
But that my darknes may touch Thine;
And hope that may teach it to shine,
Since Light Thy darknes is.

O lett my Soule, whose keyes I must deliver
Into the hands of senceles dreames,
Wch know not Thee, suck in Thy beames,
And wake wth Thee for ever. (*Fol.* 44.)

V. THE KNELL.

THE Bell doth tolle:
Lord, help Thy servant, whose perplexèd Soule
Doth wishly[1] look
On either hand,
And sometimes offers, sometimes makes a stand,
Strugling on th' hook.
Now is the season,
Now ye great combat of our flesh and reason:
O help, my God;

[1] = wistfully.

See, they break in,
Disbanded humours, sorrows, troops of Sinn,
Each wth his rodd.
Lord, make Thy Blood
Convert and colour all the other flood
And streams of grief,
That they may bee
Julips and cordials when we call on Thee
For some relief. (*Fol.* 75.)

VI. PERSEVERANCE.

MY God, ye poore expressions of my Love,
Wch warme these lines and serve them
vp to Thee,
Are so as for the present I did moue,[1]
Or rather as Thou mouedst mee.

But what shall issue, whether these my words
Shal help another, but my iudgment bee;
As a burst fouling-peece doth saue ye birds,
But kill the man, is seald wth Thee.

For who can tell, though Thou hast dyde to winn
And wedd my soule in glorious paradise,
Whither my many crymes and vse of sinn
May yet forbid the banes[2] and bliss?

Onely my soule hangs on Thy promises,
Wth face and hands clinging vnto Thy brest;
Clinging and crying, crying wthout cease,
'Thou art my Rock, Thou art my Rest.'
(*Fol.* 76.)

[1] = intend to speak. [2] = bans.

VII. THE CONVERT.[1]


F ever tears did flow from eyes,
If ever voice was hoarse with cries,
If ever heart was sore with sighs,—
Let now my eyes, my voice, my heart
Strive each to play their part.

My eyes, from whence these tears did spring,
Where treach'rous Syrens us'd to sing,
Shall flow no more, untill they bring
A deluge on my sensual flame,
And wash away my shame.

My voice, that oft with foolish lays,
With vows and rants and senseless praise,
Frail Beauty's charms to heav'n did raise,
Henceforth shall only pierce the skies
In penitential cryes.

My heart, that gave fond thoughts their food—
Till now averse to all that's good,
The Temple where an idol stood,
Henceforth in sacred flames shall burn,
And be that idol's urn.

[1] See Note prefixed to this section.





V. PSALMS.

HITHERTO UNCOLLECTED AND INEDITED.



NOTE.

These Psalms are taken from the following now extremely rare book:

PSALMS AND HYMNS

IN SOLEMN MUSICK

OF FOURE PARTS,

Or the common tunes to the Psalms in Metre: Used in Parish-Churches.

Also six Hymns for one Voice to the Organ.

For God is King of all the earth; sing ye praises with understanding. PSALM xlvii. 7.

BY JOHN PLAYFORD.

[Picture of K. David playing, surrounded by a square margin containing the music of Gloria in excelsis, Deo Cantate, &c.]

London: Printed by W. Godbid for J. Playford at his shop in the Inner-Temple. 1671. [A folio.]

It is dedicated to William Sancroft, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's. In the Preface occur these explanations: "To those which are Bishop King's, there is H. K.; those of Mr. [Miles] Smith [yet living], M. S.; those with G. H. are supposed to be Mr. George Herbert's." The translation of the 23rd Psalm in "The Temple" is also given by Playford, who was well acquainted with Herbert's sacred poems. In the same volume he sets the Altar to music, and in his preface quotes Herbert's first Antiphon (Vol. I. pp. 59-60). Probably, therefore, the 23rd Psalm was added from "The Temple," and this is the more likely, as the other Psalms signed G. H. run on continuously from 1 to 7. Edward Farr, in his "Select Poetry, chiefly sacred, of the Reign of King James the First" (Cambridge, 1847), gives "Psalm V." (pp. 87-8.) On his uncharacteristically incorrect Note hereon, and other points, see our Memorial-Introduction. G.



PSALM III.

ANOTHER TRANSLATION.

HOW are my foes increasèd, Lord!
many are they that rise
Against me, saying, for my soul
no help in God there is.
But Thou, O Lord, ar't still the shield
of my deliverance;
Thou art my glory, Lord, and He
that doth my head advance.

I cry'd unto the Lord, He heard
me from His holy hill;
I laid me down and slept, I wak't;
for God sustain'd me still.
Aided by Him, I will not fear
ten thousand enemies,
Nor all the people round about
that can against me rise.

Arise, O Lord, and rescue me;
save me, my God, from thrall;
'Tis Thou upon the cheek-bone smit'st
mine adversaries all.

And Thou hast brok th' ungodly's teeth:
 salvation unto Thee
Belongs, O Lord; Thy blessing shall
 upon Thy people be. G. H. (p. 12.)

PSALM IV.

ANOTHER TRANSLATION.

LORD, hear me when I call on Thee,
 Lord of my righteousness;
O Thou that hast enlargèd me
 when I was in distress.

Have mercy on me, Lord, and hear
 the prayer that I frame;
How long will ye, vain men, convert
 my glory into shame?

How long will ye seek after lies,
 and vanity approve?
But know the Lord Himself doth chuse
 the righteous man to love.

The Lord will hearken unto me
 when I His grace implore;
O learn to stand in awe of Him,
 and sin not any more.

Within your chamber try your hearts;
 offer to God on high
The sacrifice of righteousness,
 and on His grace rely.

Many there are that say, 'O, who
 will show us good?' But, Lord,
Thy countenance's cheering light
 do Thou to us afford.

For that, O Lord, with perfect joy
shall more replenish me
Then worldlings joy'd with all their store
of corn and wine can be.

Therefore will I lie down in peace
and take my restful sleep;
For Thy protection, Lord, alone
shall me in safety keep. G. H. (p. 18.)

PSALM VI.


EBUKE me not in wrath, O Lord,
nor in Thine anger chasten me;
O pity me; for I, O Lord,
am nothing but infirmitie.

O heal me, for my bones are vex'd,
my soul is troubled very sore;
But, Lord, how long so much perplex'd
shall I in vain Thy grace implore?

Return, O God, and rescue me,
my soul for Thy great mercy save;
For who in death remember Thee?
or who shall praise Thee in the grave?

With groaning I am wearied,
all night I make my couch to swim,
And water with salt tears my bed;
my sight with sorrow waxeth dim.

My beauty wears and doth decay,
because of all mine enemies;
But now from me depart away,
all ye that work iniquities.

For God Himself hath heard my cry;
the Lord vouchsafes to weigh my tears;
Yea, He my prayer from on high
and humble supplication hears.

And now my foes the Lord will blame
that e'rst so sorely vexèd me,
And put them all to utter shame,
and to confusion suddainly.

Glory, honour, power, and praise
To the most glorious Trinity;
As at the first beginning was,
is now, and to eternity. G. H. (p. 26.)

GLORIA TO PSALM XXIII.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
one consubstantial Three,
All highest praise, all humblest thanks,
now and for ever be.[1] G. H.

PSALM VII.

SAVE me, my Lord, my God, because
I put my trust in Thee;
From all that persecute my life,
O Lord, deliver mee.

[1] With reference to the 'Gloria,' whenever it is added to a psalm or hymn, whether the psalm be King's, G. H.'s, or other, it is in italics if the psalm be in roman, and *vice versa*. This 'Gloria' to Psalm xxiii., which bears Herbert's initials, occurs also after a hymn (p. 85) by the "unknown author." That after Psalm vi. is twice repeated, but in a slightly varied form, after Psalm xcv. by H. K., and after an unsigned hymn (p. 74). Hence these were probably added by Playford according to his own judgment.

Lest like a lion swollen with rage
he do devour my soul;
And peace-meal rent it, while there's none
his mallice to controul.

If I have done this thing, O Lord,
if I so guilty be;
If I have ill rewarded him
that was at peace with me;

Yea, have not oft deliver'd him
that was my causeless foe;
Then let mine enemie prevail
unto mine overthrow.

Let him pursue and take my soul,
yea, let him to the clay
Tread down my life, and in the dust
my slaughter'd honour lay.

Arise in wrath, O Lord, advance
against my foes' disdain;
Wake and confirm that judgment now
which Thou did'st foreordain.

So shall the people round about
resort to give Thee praise;
For their sakes, Lord, return on high,
and high Thy glory raise.

The Lord shall judge the people all:
O God, consider me
According to my righteousness
and mine integritie.

The wicked's malice, Lord, confound,
but just me ever guide;
Thou art that righteous God[1] by whom
the hearts and rains are try'd.

[1] Misprinted 'Good.'

God is my shield, Who doth preserve
those that in heart are right;
He judgeth both the good and those
that do His justice slight.

Unless the wicked turn again,
the Lord will whet His sword;
His bow is bent, His quiver is
with shafts of vengeance stor'd.

The fatal instruments of death
in that preparèd lie;
His arrows are ordain'd 'gainst him
that persecuteth me.

Behold, the wicked travelleth
with his iniquitie;
Exploits of mischief he conceives,
but shall bring forth a lye.

The wicked diggèd, and a pit
for others' ruine wrought;
But in the pit which he hath made
Shall he himself be caught.

To his own head his wickedness
shall be returnèd home;
And on his own accursèd pate
his cruelty shall come.

But I, for all His righteousness,
the Lord will magnifie;
And ever praise the glorious Name
of Him that is on high. G. H. (p. 30.)

PSALM I.[1]

BLEST is the man that never would
  In councels of th' ungodly share,
Nor hath in way of sinners stood,
  Nor sitten in the scorner's chair.

But in God's Law sets his delight,
  And makes that Law alone to be
His meditation day and night:
  He shall be like an happy tree,

Which, planted by the waters, shall
  With timely fruit still laden stand;
His leaf shall never fade, and all
  Shall prosper that he takes in hand.

The wicked are not so; but they
  Are like the chaff, which from the face
Of earth is driven by winds away,
  And finds no sure abiding place.

Therefore shall not the wicked be
  Able to stand the Judge's doom;
Nor in the safe society
  Of good men shall the wicked come.

For God Himself vouchsafes to know
  The way that right'ous men have gone;
And those ways which the wicked go
  Shall utterly be overthrown. (p. 54.)

[1] This has no signature, but Psalm ii., which follows immediately, has; and above Psalm i. is "Two other Psalms to this Tune, of a new translation."

PSALM II.


HY are the heathen swell'd with rage,
The people vain exploits devise?
The kings and potentates of earth
Combin'd in one great faction rise?

And taking councels 'gainst the Lord
And 'gainst His Christ, presume to say,
'Let us in sunder break their bonds,
And from us cast their cords away.'

But He that sits in heaven shall laugh,
The Lord Himself shall them deride;
Then shall He speak to them in wrath,
And in sore anger vex their pride.

'But I am [1] God, and seated King
On Sion, His most holy hill;
I will declare the Lord's decree,
Nor can I hide His sacred will.

He said to Me, Thou art My Son,
This day have I begotten Thee;
Make Thy request, and I will grant,
The heathen shall Thy portion be.

Thou shalt possess earth's farthest bounds,
And there an awful sceptre sway;
Whose pow'r shall dash and break them all,
Like vessels made of brittle clay.'

[1] Printed "But I by God." This might be by = through God . . . I will declare. But it is harsh, and forestalls what becomes a repetition, "He said to me." I have ventured to read 'am.' Vulgate, "Rex, ab eo."

Now therefore, O ye kings, be wise;
Be learnèd, ye that judge the earth;
Serve our great God in fear; rejoice,
But tremble in your highest mirth.

O kiss the Son, lest He be wroth,
And straight ye perish from the way:
When once His anger burns, thrice blest
Are all that make the Son their stay.

G. H. (p. 54.)

PSALM V.

LORD, to my words encline Thine ear,
My meditation weigh;
My King, my God, vouchsafe to hear
My cry to Thee, I pray.

Thou in the morn shalt hear my mone;
For in the morn will I
Direct my prayers to Thy throne,
And thither lift mine eye.

Thou art a God, Whose puritie
Cannot in sins delight;
No evil, Lord, shall dwell with Thee,
Nor fools stand in Thy sight.

Thou hat'st those that unjustly do,
Thou slay'st the men that lye;
The bloody man, the false one too,
Shall be abhorr'd by Thee.

But in th' abundance of Thy grace
Will I to Thee draw near,
And toward Thy most holy place
Will worship Thee in fear.

Lord, lead me in Thy righteousness,
  Because of all my foes ;
And to my dym and sinful eyes
  Thy perfect way disclose.

For wickedness their insides are,
  Their mouths no truth retain,
Their throat an open sepulcher,
  Their flattering tongues do fain.

Destroy them, Lord, and by their own
  Bad councels let them fall
In hight of their transgression ;
  O Lord, reject them all ;

Because against Thy Majesty
  They vainly have rebell'd.
But let all those that trust in Thee
  With perfect joy be fill'd :

Yea, shout for joy for evermore,
  Protected still by Thee;
Let them that do Thy name adore
  In that still joyfull bee.

For God doth righteous men esteem,
  And them for ever bless ;
His favour shall encompass them,—
  A shield in their distress.





VI. SECULAR POEMS.

WITH ADDITIONS FROM MSS.



NOTE.

The sources of the poems of this section are stated in the several Notes. There are here also interesting additions. G.



I. SONNETS.

SENT BY GEORGE HERBERT TO HIS MOTHER AS A NEW YEAR'S GIFT FROM CAMBRIDGE.[1]

MY God, where is that ancient heat towards Thee
Wherewith whole shoals of martyrs once did burn,
Besides their other flames? Doth poetrie
Wear Venus' liverie, onely serve her turn?
Why are not sonnets made of Thee, and layes
Upon Thine altar burnt? Cannot Thy love
Heighten a spirit to sound out Thy praise
As well as any she? Cannot thy Dove
Outstrip their Cupid easilie in flight?
Or, since Thy wayes are deep, and still the same,
Will not a verse runne smooth that bears Thy Name?[2]
Why doth that fire, which by Thy power and might
Each breast does feel, no braver fuel choose
Then that which one day worms may chance refuse?

Sure, Lord, there is enough in Thee to drie
Oceans of ink; for, as the Deluge did
Cover the earth, so doth Thy Majestie.
Each cloud distills Thy praise, and doth forbid

[1] On these Sonnets see the Memorial-Introduction as before. They are taken from Walton's "Life" of Herbert, where they are called 'a Sonnet' = a double one, like Shakespeare's Sonnets V. and VI., XV. and XVI., XXVII. and XXVIII., &c.

[2] ll 10-11. Suggested by a remembrance of the proverb, 'Still waters run deep.'

Poets to turn it to another use;
Roses and lilies speak Thee, and to make
A pair of cheeks of them is Thy abuse.
Why should I women's eyes for crystal take?
Such poor invention burns in their low minde,
Whose fire is wild, and doth not upward go
To praise, and on Thee, Lord, some ink bestow.
Open the bones, and you shall nothing finde
In the best face but filth; when, Lord, in Thee
The beauty lies in the discoverie.

II. INSCRIPTION IN THE PARSONAGE, BEMERTON.[1]

TO MY SUCCESSOR.

IF thou chance for to find
A new House to thy mind,
And built without thy Cost;
Be good to the Poor
As God gives thee store,
And then my Labour's not lost.

ANOTHER VERSION.

Fuller writes in his character of The Faithful Minister: 'A clergyman who built his house from the ground wrote on it this counsel to his successor:'

If thou dost find
An house built to thy mind,
Without thy cost;
Serve thou the more
God and the poor;
My labour is not lost.

[1] The original slab, or whatever it was, has disappeared; but it has been modernly carved and placed in the back-front of the Parsonage, facing the little Church. The second version is derived from Dr. Thomas Fuller's "Holy and Profane State" (1642). The first is for Walton's "Life" of Herbert (1670). Fuller's readings are surely the better.

III. ON LORD DANVERS.[1]

SACRED marble, safely keepe
His dust who under thee must sleepe
Untill the graves againe restore
Theire dead, and time shal be no more.
Meane while, if Hee which all thinges weares
Doe ruine thee, or if the tears
Are shed for him dissolve thy frame,
Thou art requited; for his fame,
His vertues, and his worth shal bee
Another monument for thee.

G. HERBERT.

IV. ON SIR JOHN DANVERS.[2]

By the same (George Herbert), Orator of [the] University at Cambridge; pinned on the curtaine of the picture of the old Sir John Danvers, who was both a handsome and a good man:

Passe not by;
Search, and you may
Find a treasure
Worth your stay.
What makes a Danvers
Would you find?
In a fayre bodie
A fayre mind.

S^r John Danvers' earthly part
Here is copied out by art;
But his heavenly and divine
In his progenie doth shine.
Had he only brought them forth.
Know that much had been his worth.
Ther's no monument to a sonne;
Read him there, and I have done.

[1] Our text is taken from the monument in the church of Dauntsey. There are corrections of the hitherto printed texts: *e g* l. 3, 'graves' for 'yeares;' l. 6, 'the' for 'thy;' l. 10, 'for' for 'to'—the second very important. Line 7 is = if the tears [that] are shed [by mourners] for him [do] dissolve thy frame, &c. See more in the longer Notes and Illustrations (*u u*), as before.

[2] I take this from Aubrey and Jackson's "Wiltshire" (pp. 224-6), where the preceding also appears, and in its text is found the source of the continued misprint of 'thy' for 'the.' The following is Jackson's note on the lines, so far as required here: 'Sir John Danvers, *senior*, married Elizabeth Nevill, fourth daughter and co-heiress

V. A PARADOX.[1]

THAT THE SICK ARE IN A BETTER CASE THEN THE WHOLE.

(*From Rawlinson MSS. in Bodleian, Oxford, p.* 78.)

YOU who admire yourselves because
You neither grone nor weepe,
And think it contrary to nature's laws
To want one ounce of sleepe;
Your strong beleife
Acquits yourselves, and gives y^{e} sick all greife.

Your state to ours is contrary;[2]
That makes you thinke us poore:
So Black-Moores think us foule, and wee
Are quit wth y^{m}, and more:
Nothing can see
And judg of things but mediocrity.[3]

The sick are in y^{m}selves a state
W^{ch} health hath nought to doe;[4]

of John, Lord Latimer. She re-married Sir Edmund Carey. Her fine monument in the church of Stowe, co. Northampton, is described in Baker's History of that county, i. 447. George Herbert of Bemerton, having been in the first year of his age in 1594, when Sir John Danvers, *senior*, died, could only have known his character by report.' It seems somewhat improbable that Herbert really composed these lines. See on his step-father, Sir John Danvers.

[1] From the Rawlinson MS., corrective of the text as furnished by Dr. Bliss to Pickering. "The Synagogue" of Christopher Harvey contains a parallel poem, showing that he knew of this of Herbert's.

[2] Written, as shown by this line, when sick, or rather when failing.

[3] Here used for one who is in the mean or middle state between the two; neither in perfect health nor under the full sway of sickness: one who was, in fact, in the state in which Herbert then was—failing.

[4] A curious ellipse of 'with.' Can 'which' be an error for 'where'?

How know you that o^{r} tears p^{r}ceed from woe,
And not frō better fate?
Since that Mirth hath
Her waters alsoe and desyrèd bath.

How know you y^{t} y^{e} sighs wee send
Frō want of breath p^{r}ceede,
Not frō excesse? and therefore we do spend
That w^{ch} we do not neede:
So trembling may
As well shew inward warblings as decay.

Cease y^{n} to judge calamityes
By outward forme and shew,
But view yourselves, and inward turn yo^{r} eyes,
Then you shall fully know
That your estate
Is, of y^{e} two, y^{e} farre more desperate.

You allwayes feare to feele those smarts
W^{ch} we but sometimes p^{r}ve;
Each little comfort much affects o^{r}[3] hearts,
None but gross joyes you move;
Why, then confesse
Your feares in number more, yo^{r} joyes are lesse.

Then for yo^{r}selves not us embrace
Plaints to bad fortune due;
For though you visitt us, and plaint o^{r} case,
Wee doubt much whether you
Come to our bed
To comfort us, or to be comforted. G. HERBERT.

3 ll. 33, 39. The printed texts hitherto have misread 'or' for 'or = our.'

VI. G. H.

TO Y^E QUEENE OF BOHEMIA.[1]

BRIGHT soule, of whome if any countrey knowne
Worthy had bin, thou hadst not lost thine owne;
No Earth can bee thy Jointure, For the sunne
And starres alone vnto y^e pitch doe runne
And pace of thy swift vertues; onely they
Are thy dominion. Those that rule in clay
Stick fast therein, but thy transcendent soule
Doth for two clods of earth ten spheres controule,
And though starres shott from heauen loose their light,
Yet thy braue beames, excluded from their[2] right,
Maintaine their Lustre still, & shining cleere
Turne watrish Holland to a chrystalline sphere.
Mee thinkes, in that Dutch optick I doe see
Thy curious vertues much more visibly:
There is thy best Throne, for afflictions are
A foile to sett of[f] worth & make it rare.
Through y^t black tiffany thy vertues shine
Fairer and richer. Now wee know what's thine,
And what is fortune's. Thou hast singled out
Sorrowes & griefs, to fight with them about
At there owne weapons, w^{th}out pomp or state
To second thee against their cunning hate.
O what a poore thing 'tis to bee a Queene
When scepters, state, Attendants are y^e screene
Betwixt us & the people! when-as glory

[1] See the longer Notes and Illustrations (*v v*), as before, on this poem, which is derived from Harleian MS. 3910, pp. 121-2—never before printed.
[2] 'There' for 'their' in MS. corrected.

Lyes round about us to helpe out y^{e} story,
When all things pull & hale, y^{t} they may bring
A slow behauiour to the style of king;
When sense is made by Comments, But y^{t} face
Whose natiue beauty needs not dresse or lace
To serue it forth, & being stript of all
Is self-sufficient to bee the thrall
Of thousand harts: y^{t} face doth figure thee
And show thy vndiuided Maiestye
W^{ch} misery cannot vntwist, but rather
Addes to the vnion, as lights doe gather
Splendour from darknes. So close sits y^{e} crowne
About thy temples y^{t} y^{e} furious frowne
Of opposition cannot place thee where
Thou shalt not be a Queene, & conquer there.
Yet hast thou more dominions: God doth giue
Children for kingdomes to thee; they shall liue
To conquer new ones, & shall share y^{e} frame
Of th' vniuerse, like as y^{e} windes, & name
The world anew: y^{e} sunne shall neuer rise
But it shall spy some of their victories.
Their hands shall clipp y^{e} Eagles winges, & chase
Those rauening Harpyes w^{ch} peck at thy face
At once to Hell, without a baiting while
At Purgatory, their inchanted Ile
And Paris garden. Then let their perfume
And Spanish sents, wisely layd vp, presume
To deale w^{th} brimstone, y^{t} vntamèd stench
Whose fier, like their malice, nought can quench.
But ioyes are stord for thee; thou shalt returne
Laden w^{th} comforts thence, where now to morne
Is thy chief gouerment, to manage woe,
To curbe some Rebell teares w^{ch} faine would flow,
Making a Head & spring against thy Reason.
This is thy empire yet: till better season
Call thee from out of y^{t} surrounded Land;
That habitable sea, & brinish strand,

Thy teares not needing. For y^t hand Divine,
W^{ch} mĩgles water w^{th} thy Rhenish wine,
Will power full ioyes to thee; but dregs to those
And meet theire tast who are thy bitter foes.

L'ENVOY.

SHINE on, Maiestick soule, abide
Like Dauid's tree, planted beside
The Flemmish riuers: in the end
Thy fruite shall w^{th} their drops contend;
Great God will surely dry those teares,
Which now y^t moist land to thee beares.
Then shall thy Glory, fresh as flowers
In water kept, maugre the powers
Of Diuell, Jesuitt, & Spaine,
From Holland saile into the Maine:
Thence wheeling on, it compass shall
This oure great Sublunary Ball,
And with that Ring thy fame shall wedd
Eternity into one Bedd.





VII. PARENTALIA.

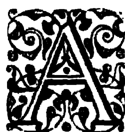


NOTE.

The "Parentalia" poems were first published at the end of Dr. Donne's Sermon on the death of Herbert's mother. G.



SACRED TO A MOTHER'S MEMORY.

H Mater, quo te deplorem fonte? Dolores
Quae guttae poterunt enumerare meos?
Sicca meis lacrymis Thamesis vicina videtur,
Virtutumque choro siccior ipse tuo.
In flumen moerore nigrum si funderer ardens,
Laudibus haud fierem sepia justa tuis.
Tantum istaec scribo gratus, ne tu mihi tantum
Mater: et ista Dolor nunc tibi Metra[1] parit.

II.

CORNELIAE sanctae, graves Semproniae,
Et quicquid uspiam est severae foeminae,
Conferte lacrymas; Illa quae vos miscuit
Vestrasque laudes, poscit et mixtas genas.
Namque hanc ruinam salva Gravitas defleat,
Pudorque constet vel solutis crinibus;
Quandoque vultus sola majestas, Dolor.
Decus mulierum periit; et metuunt viri

[1] A play on the words, "Mater is Metre when Grief wills it so."

Utrumque sexum dote ne mulctaverit.
Non illa soles terere comptu lubricos,
Struices superbas atque turritum caput
Molita, reliquum deinde garriens diem,—
Nam post Babelem linguae adest confusio,—
Quin post modestam, qualis integras decet,
Substructionem capitis et nimbum brevem,
Animam recentem rite curavit sacris
Adorta numen acri et ignea prece.
  Dein familiam lustrat, et res prandii,
Horti colique distributim pensitat.
Suum cuïque tempus et locus datur.
Inde exiguntur pensa crudo vespere.
Ratione certa vita constat et domus,
Prudenter inito quot-diebus calculo.
Tota renident aede decus et suavitas
Animo renidentes prius. Sin rarior
Magnatis appulsu extulit se occasio,
Surrexit una et illa, seseque extulit:
Occasione certat imo et obtinet.
Proh! quantus imber, quanta labri comitas,
Lepos severus, Pallas mixta Gratiis;
Loquitur numellas, compedes, et retia;
Aut si negotio hora sumenda est, rei
Per angiportus et maeandros labitur,
Ipsos Catones provocans oraculis.
Tum quanta tabulis artifex? quae scriptio?
Bellum putamen, nucleus bellissimus
Sententiae cum voce miro convenit.
Volant per orbem literae notissimae:
O blanda dextra, neutiquam istoc pulveris,
Quo nunc recumbis, scriptio merita est tua,
Pactoli arena tibi tumulus est unicus.[1]
  Adde his trientem Musices, quae molliens
Mulcensque dotes caeteras, visa est quasi

[1] The allusion is to the dust sprinkled from a small castor, which was formerly used in letter-writing to dry the ink.

Caelestis harmoniae breve praeludium.
Quam mira tandem sublevatrix pauperum?
Languentium baculus, teges jacentium,
Commune cordis palpitantis balsamum:
Benedictiones publicae cingunt caput,
Caelique referunt et praeoccupant modum.
Fatisco, referens tanta quae numerant mei
Solum dolores,—et dolores, stellulae!
At tu qui inepte haec dicta censes filio,
Nato parentis auferens Encomium,
Abito trunce cum tuis pudoribus.
Ergo ipse solum mutus atque excors ero
Strepente mundo tinnulis praeconiis?
Mihine Matris urna clausa est unico,
Herbae exoletae, ros-marinus aridus?
Matrine linguam refero, solum ut mordeam?
Abito barde! Quam pie istic sum impudens!
Tu vero Mater perpetim laudabere
Nato dolenti: literae hoc debent tibi
Queis me educasti; sponte chartas illinunt
Fructum laborum consecutae maximum
Laudando Matrem, cum repugnant inscii.

III.

CUR splendes, o Phoebe? ecquid demittere matrem
Ad nos cum radio tam rutilante potes?
At superat caput illa tuum, quantum ipsa cadaver
Mens superat; corpus solum elementa tenent.
Scilicet id splendes: haec est tibi causa micandi
Et lucro apponis gaudia sancta tuo.

Verum heus si nequeas coelo demittere matrem,
  Sitque omnis motus nescia, tanta quies,
Fac radios saltem ingemines, ut dextera tortos
  Implicet, et matrem, matre manente, petam.

IV.

QUID nugor calamo favens?
  Mater perpetuis uvida gaudiis,
    Horto pro tenui colit
Edenem Boreae flatibus invium.
  Quin coeli mihi sunt mei
Materni decus, et debita nominis;
  Dumque his invigilo frequens
Stellarum socius, pellibus exuor.
  Quare Sphaeram egomet meam
Connixus, digitis impiger urgeo:
  Te, mater, celebrans diu,
Noctu te celebrans luminis aemulo.
  Per te nascor in hunc globum,
Exemploque tuo nascor in alterum:
  Bis tu mater eras mihi,
Ut currat paribus gloria tibiis.

V.

HORTI, deliciae Dominae, marcescite tandem;
  Ornastis capulum, nec superesse licet.
Ecce decus vestrum spinis horrescit, acuta
  Cultricem revocans anxietate manum:

Terram et funus olent flores: Dominaeque cadaver
Contiguas stirpes afflat, eaeque rosas.
In terram violae capite inclinantur opaco,
Quaeque domus Dominae sit, gravitate docent.
Quare haud vos hortos, sed coemeteria dico,
Dum torus absentem quisque reponit heram.
Euge, perite omnes; nec posthac exeat ulla
Quaesitum Dominam gemma vel herba suam.
Cuncta ad radices redeant, tumulosque paternos,
Nempe sepulcra Satis numen inempta dedit;
Occidite; aut sane tantisper vivite, donec
Vespere ros maestis funus honestet aquis.

VI.

GALENE, frustra es, cur miserum premens
Tot quaestionum fluctibus obruis,
Arterias tractans micantes
Corporeae fluidaeque molis
Aegroto mentis? quam neque pixides
Nec tarda possunt pharmaca consequi,
Utrumque si praederis Indum,
Ultra animus spatiatur exlex.
Impos medendi, occidere si potes,
Nec sic parentem ducar ad optimam:
Ni sancte, uti Mater, recedam,
Morte magis viduabor illa.
Quin cerne ut erres inscie, brachium
Tentando sanum: si calet, aestuans,
Ardore scribendi calescit,
Mater inest saliente vena.

Si totus infler, si tumeam crepax,
Ne membra culpes, causa animo latet
Qui parturit laudes parentis:
Nec gravidis medicina tuta est.
Irregularis nunc habitus mihi est:
Non exigatur crasis ad alterum.
Quod tu febrem censes, salubre est,
Atque animo medicatur unum.

VII.

PALLIDA materni Genii atque exsanguis imago,
In nebulas similesque tui res gaudia numquid
Mutata? et pro Matre mihi phantasma dolosum
Uberaque aëria hiscentem fallentia natum?
Vae nubi pluvia gravidae, non lacte, measque
Ridenti lacrymas quibus unis concolor unda est.
Quin fugias? mea non fuerat tam nubila Juno,
Tam segnis facies aurorae nescia vernae,
Tam languens genitrix cineri supposta fugaci;
Verum augusta parens, sanctum os caeloque locandum,
Quale paludosos jamjam lictura recessus
Praetulit Astraea, aut solio Themis alma vetusto
Pensilis, atque acri dirimens Examine lites.
Hunc vultum ostendas, et tecum nobile spectrum
Quod superest vitae, insumam; Solisque jugales
Ipse tuae solum adnectam, sine murmure, thensae.
Nec querar ingratos, studiis dum tabidus insto,
Effluxisse dies, suffocatamve Minervam,
Aut spes productas, barbataque somnia vertam
In vicium mundo sterili, cui cedo cometas
Ipse suos, tanquam digno, pallentiaque astra.

Est mihi bis quinis laqueata domuncula tignis
Rure; brevisque hortus, cujus cum vellere florum
Luctatur spatium, qualem tamen eligit aequi
Judicii dominus, flores ut junctius halent
Stipati, rudibusque volis impervius hortus
Sit quasi fasciculus crescens, et nidus odorum.
Hic ego tuque erimus, variae suffitibus herbae
Quotidie pasti: tantum verum induo vultum
Affectusque mei similem; nec languida misce
Ora meae memori menti: ne dispare cultu
Pugnaces, teneros florum turbemus odores,
Atque inter reliquos horti crescentia foetus
Nostra etiam paribus marcescant gaudia fatis.

VIII.

PARVAM piamque dum lubetner semitam
Grandi reaeque praefero,
Carpsit malignum sidus hanc modestiam
Vinumque felle miscuit.
Hinc fremere totus et minari gestio
Ipsis severus orbibus,
Tandem prehensa comiter lacernula
Susurrat aure quispiam,
Haec fuerat olim potio Domini tui.
Gusto proboque dolium.

IX.

HOC, Genitrix, scriptum proles tibi sedula mittit.
Siste parum cantus, dum legis ista, tuos.
Nosse sui quid agant, quaedam est quoque musica sanctis,
Quaeque olim fuerat cura, manere potest.

Nos misere flemus, solesque obducimus almos
  Occiduis, tanquam duplice nube, genis.
Interea classem magnis Rex instruit ausis:
  Nos autem flemus: res ea sola tuis.
Ecce solutura est, ventos causata morantes:
  Sin pluviam: fletus suppeditasset aquas.
Tillius[1] incumbit Dano, Gallusque marinis:
  Nos flendo: haec nostrum tessera sola ducum.
Sic aevum exigitur tardum, dum praepetis anni
  Mille rotae nimiis impediuntur aquis.
Plura tibi missurus eram; nam quae mihi laurus,
  Quod nectar, nisi cum te celebrare diem?
Sed partem in scriptis etiam dum lacryma poscit,
  Diluit oppositas candidus humor aquas.

X.

NEMPE hujusque notos tenebricosos,
Et maestum nimio madore coelum,
Tellurisque Britannicae salivam
Injuste satis arguit viator.
At te commoriente, magna Mater,
Recte, quem trahit, aërem repellit
Cum probro madidum, reumque difflat.
Nam te nunc ager, urbs et aula plorant:
Te nunc Anglia Scotiaeque binae
Quin te Cambria pervetusta deflet,
Deducens lacrymas prioris aevi
Ne serae meritis tuis venirent.
Non est angulus uspiam serenus,
Nec cingit mare, nunc inundat omnes.

[1] John Tzerclaes, Count de Tilly; born 1559; died 1632.

XI.

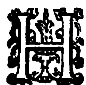
DUM librata suis haeret radicibus ilex
Nescia Vulturnis cedere firma manet;
Post ubi crudelem sentit divisa securem,
Quo placet oblato, mortua fertur, hero:
Arbor et ipse inversa vocor: dumque insitus almae
Assideo Matri, robore vinco cedros.
Nunc sorti pateo, expositus sine matre procellis,
Lubricus, et superans mobilitate salum.
Tu radix, tu petra mihi firmissima, Mater,
Ceu polypus, chelis saxa prehendo tenax:
Non tibi nunc soli filum abrupere sorores
Dissutus videor funere et ipse tuo.
Unde vagans passim recte vocer alter Ulysses,
Alteraque haec tua mors, Ilias esto mihi.

XII.

FACESSE Stoica plebs, obambulans cautes,
Exuta strato carnis, ossibus constans,
Iisque siccis, adeo ut os Molossorum
Haud glubat inde tres teruncios escae.
Dolere prohibes? aut dolere me gentis
Adeo inficetae, plumbeae, Meduseae,
Ad saxa speciem retrahentis humanam,
Tantoque nequioris optima Pyrrha.
At forte Matrem perdere haud soles demens:
Quin nec potes; cui praebuit tigris partum.
Proinde parco belluis, nec irascor.

XIII.

EPITAPHIUM.


IC sita foeminei laus et victoria sexus:
Virgo pudens, uxor fida, severa parens:
Magnatumque inopumque aequum certamen et ardor:
Nobilitate illos, hos pietate rapit.
Sic excelsa humilisque simul loca dissita junxit,
Quicquid habet tellus, quicquid et astra fruens.

XIV.

Ψυχῆς ἀσθενὲς ἕρκος, ἀμαυρὸν πνεύματος ἄγγος
Τῷδε παρὰ τύμβῳ δίζεο, φίλε, μόνον.
Νοῦ δ' αὐτοῦ τάφος ἐστ' ἀστήρ· φέγγος γὰρ ἐκείνου
Φεγγώδη μόνον, ὡς εἰκὸς, ἔπαυλιν ἔχει.
Νῦν ὁράας ὅτι κάλλος ἀπείριτον ὠπὸς ἀπαυγοῦς
Οὐ σαθρὸν, οὐδὲ μελῶν ἔπλετο, ἀλλὰ νοός.
Ὅς διὰ σωματίου πρότερον καὶ νῦν δι' Ὀλύμπου
Ἀστράπτων, θυρίδων ὡς δία, νεῖμε σέλας.

XV.

Μῆτερ, γυναικῶν ἄγλη, ἀνθρώπων ἔρις,
Ὄδυρμα δαιμόνων, Θεοῦ γεώργιον,
Πῶς νῦν ἀφίπτασαι, γόου καὶ κινδύνου
Ἡμᾶς λιποῦσα κυκλόθεν μεταιχμίους.
Μενοῦνγε σοφίην, εἰ δ' ἀπηλλάχθαι χρεών,
Ζωῆς ξυνεργὸν σήνδε διαθεῖναι τέκνοις
Ἔχρην φυγοῦσα, τήν τ' ἐπιστήμην βίου.
Μενοῦν τὸ γλαφυρὸν, καὶ μελίῤῥοον τρόπων,
Λόγων τε φίλτρον, ὥστ' ὑπεξελθεῖν λεών.
Νῦν δ' ὤχου ἔνθενδ' ὡς στρατὸς νικηφόρος
Φέρων τὸ πᾶν, κἄγων· ἢ ὡς Ἀπαρκτίας

Κήπου συνωθῶν ἀνθινὴν εὐωδίαν,
Μίαν τ' ἄταρπον συμπορεύεσθαι δράσας.
Ἐγὼ δὲ ῥινὶ ξυμβαλὼν ἰχνηλατῶ
Εἴπου τύχοιμι τῆσδ' ἀρίστης ἀτραποῦ,
Θανεῖν συνειδὼς κρεῖττον, ἢ ἄλλως βιοῦν.

XVI.

Χαλεπὸν δοκεῖ δακρῦσαι,
Χαλεπὸν μὲν οὐ δακρῦσαι·
Χαλεπώτερον δὲ πάντωι
Δακρύοντας ἀμπαύεσθαι.
Γενέτειραν οὔ τις ἀνδρῶν
Διδύμαις κόραις τοιαύτην
Ἐποδύρεται πρεπόντως
Τάλας, εἴθε γ' Ἄργος εἴην
Πολυόμματος, πολύτλας,
Ἵνα μητρὸς εὐθενούσης
Ἀρετὰς διακριθείσας
Ἰδίαις κόραισι κλαύσω.

XVII.

Αἰάζω γενέτειραν, ἐπαιάζουσι καὶ ἄλλοι,
Οὐκ ἔτ' ἐμὴν ἰδίας φυλῆς γράψαντες ἀρωγὸν,
Προυνομίῳ δ' ἀρετῆς κοινὴν γενέτειραν ἑλόντες.
Οὐκ ἔνι θαῦμα τόσον σφετερίζειν· οὐδὲ γὰρ ὕδωρ,
Οὐ φέγγος, κοινὸν τ' ἀγαθὸν, μίαν εἰς θύραν εἴργειν
Ἢ θέμις, ἢ δυνατόν. σεμνώματος ἔπλετο στάθμη,
Δημόσιον τ' ἴνδαλμα καλοῦ, θεῖόν τε κάτοπτρον.
Αἰάζω γενέτειραν, ἐπαιάζουσι γυναῖκες,
Οὐκ ἔτι βαλλομένης χάρισιν βεβολημέναι ἦτορ,
Αὖταρ ἄχει μεγάλῳ κεντούμεναι· εὖτε γὰρ αὖται
Γῆς περὶ συλλαλέουσιν, ἑοῦ ποικίλματος ἄρδην
Λήσμονες, ἡ βελόνη σφαλερῷ κῆρ τραύματι νύττει

Ἔργον ἁμαρτηκυῖα, νέον πέπλον αἵματι στικτὸν
Μητέρι τικταίνουσα, γόῳ καὶ πένθεσι σύγχρουν.
  Αἰάζω γενέτειραν, ἐπαιάζουσιν ὀπῶραι,
Οὐκ ἔτι δεσποίνης γλυκερᾷ μελεδῶνι τραφεῖσαι·
Ἧς βίος ἠελίοιο δίκην, ἀκτῖνας ἱέντος
Πραεῖς εἰαρινούς τε χαραῖς ἐπικίδνατι κῆπον·
Αὐτὰρ ὅδ' αὖ θάνατος κυρίης ὡς ἥλιος αὖος
Σειρίου ἡττηθεὶς βουλήμασι, πάντα μαραίνει.
Ζῶ δ' αὐτὸς βραχύ τι πνείων, ὥς ἔμπαλιν αὐτη
Αἶνον ὁμοῦ ζώειν καὶ πνεύματος ἄλλο γενέσθαι
Πνεῦμα, βίου πάροδον μούνοις ἐπέεσσι μετρῆσαν.

XVIII.

Κύματ' ἐπαφριοῶντα Θαμήσεος, αἶκε σελήνης
  Φωτὸς ἀπαυρομένης, ὄγκου ἐφεῖσθε πλέον.
Νῦν θέμις ὀρφναίῃ μεγάλης ἐπὶ γείτονος αἴσῃ,
  Οὐλυμπόνδε βιβᾶν ὕμμιν ἀνισταμένοις.
Ἀλλὰ μενεῖτ', οὐ γὰρ τάραχος ποτὶ μητέρα βαίνῃ,
  Καὶ πρέπον ὧδε παρὰ δακρυόεσσι ῥέειν.



EXCUSSOS manibus calamos falcemque resumptam
  Rure, sibi dixit Musa fuisse probro.
Aggreditur Matrem, conductis carmine Parcis,
  Funereque hoc cultum vindicat aegra suum.
Non potui non ire acri stimulante flagello:
  Quin Matris superans carmina poscit honos.
Eia, agedum, scribo: vicisti, Musa; sed audi,
  Stulta semel scribo, perpetuo ut sileam.



VIII. ANTI-TAMI-CAMI-CATEGORIA

ET GEORGII HERBERTI, ANGLI MUSAE RESPON-SORIAE, AD ANDREAE MELVINI, SCOTI, ANTI-TAMI-CAMI-CATEGORIAM.





NOTE.

IN our Memorial-Introduction we have stated and examined critically the historic grounds on which the "Anti-Tami-Cami-Categoria" rests, as well as the controversy in relation to Melville and Herbert. Thither the reader is referred. This memorable satire was originally published in 1604. My text is taken from the following excessively rare edition, with which David Laing, Esq., LL.D. Edinburgh, favoured me:

PARASYNAGMA PERTHENSE

ET

IVRAMENTUM ECCLESIAE

SCOTICANAE

ET

A. M. ANTITAMICA-

MICATEGORIA.

Anno M.DC.XX.

Quarto—Title and pp. 3-47. "Anti-Tami-Cami-Categoria" occupies pp. 41-47. Stanza 43 in this edition differs from the usual text, which is as follows:

> "Quisquis hanc, surda negat aure, quà se
> Fundit ubertim liquidas sub auras,
> Ille ter prudens, sapiensque, et omni ex
> Parte beatus."

that is:

"Who turns a deaf ear to all these,
Nor sinfully will himself please,
As from the air and sea and earth
Pleasure her tempting snares pours forth,
He is thrice prudent and wise of heart,
Perfectly happy in every part."

It also furnishes variations and an additional stanza thereafter, as inserted in its place. Mr. W. Aldis Wright, as before, informs us that in the copy of above edition of "Anti-Tami," &c., in the University Library, Cambridge, there are inserted after "Porr'gere Regi" (l. 12), in a contemporary hand, the following—the end of the lines being, unfortunately, cut off by the binder:

"Rege quo maius, meliusne [terris]
Fata donavere nihil, dab[untur]
Gratius, quamuis redean[t in aurum]
Tempora pris[cum]

"Cuius in scripto Themis, i
Suda, sub fibris Sophio ex
Suauis in vultu Charis in
Entheus ardo[r]"

See Horat. Carm. iv. 2, 37-40.

Another edition is given in "Ecclesiastes Solomonis. Auctore Joan. Viviano. Canticum Solomonis: Nec non Epigrammata Sacra, Per Ja. Duportum. Accedunt Georgii Herberti, Musae Responsoriae, ad Andreae Melvini, Anti-Tami-Cami-Categoriam. Cant. 1662. 12°." There is a separate title-page, as follows: "Georgii Herberti, Angli Musae Responsoriae, ad Andreae Melvini, Scoti, Anti-Tami-Cami-Categoriam. Cantabrigiae: Ex Officina Joannis Field, celeberrimae Academiae Typographi. Anno Dom. 1662." pp. 1-30 (separate pagination). This seems to have been the first edition of the "Musae Responsoriae." Our text of Herbert's "Response" is from it.

G.



PRO SUPPLICI

Evangelicorvm Ministrorvm in Anglia, ad Serenissimum Regem contra Larvatam geminae Academiae Gorgonem Apologia;

SIVE

ANTI-TAMI-CAMI-CATEGORIA,

Authore A[NDREA] M[ELVINO].

RESPONSUM, NON DICTUM.


NSOLENS, audax, facinus nefandum,
Scilicet, poscit ratio ut decori,
Poscit ex omni officio ut sibi mens
Conscia recti

Anxiam Christi, vigilemque curam,
Quae pias terris animas relictis
Sublevans deducit in astra, nigroque
Invidet Orco,

De sacri casta ratione cultus,
De Sacro-sancti Officii decoro,
Supplicem ritu veteri libellum
Porr'gere Regi,

Simplici mente atque animo integello,
Spiritu recto, et studiis modestis,
Numinis sancti veniam, et benigni
Regis honorem

Rite praefantem: Scelus expiandum
Scilicet tauro[rum], et ovium,[1] suumque
Millibus centum, voluisse nudo
Tangere verbo

Praesulum fastus; monuisse Ritus
Impios, deridiculos, ineptos,
Lege, ceu labes maculasque lecta ex
Gente fugandos.

Jusque-jurandum ingemuisse jura
Exigi contra omnia; tum misellis
Mentibus tristem laqueum injici per
Fasque nefasque.

Turbida illimi crucis in lavacro
Signa consignem? magico rotatu
Verba devolvam? sacra vox sacrata im-
murmuret unda

Strigis in morem? Rationis usu ad-
Fabor Infantem vacuum? canoras
Ingeram nugas minus audienti
Dicta puello?

Parvulo impositis manibus sacrabo
Gratiae foedus? digitone Sponsae
Annulus sponsi impositus sacrabit
Connubiale

Foedus aeternae bonitatis? Unda
Num salutari mulier sacerdos
Tingat in vitam, Sephoramque reddet[2]
Lustrica mater?

[1] Taurorum, ovium. (1662 Ed.) See Exodus iv 25

Pilei quadrum capiti rotundo
Rite quadrabit? Pharium Camillo
Supparum Christi, et decus Antichristi
Pontificale?

Pastor examen gregis exigendum
Curet invitus, celebrare coenam
Promptus arcanam, memorando Jesu
Vulnera dira?

Cantibus certent Berecinthia aera
Musicum fractis? reboentve rauco
Templa mugitu? Illecebris supremi ab
Rector Olympi

Captus humanis? libitumque nobis,
Scilicet, Regi id Superum allubescet?
Somniumque aegri cerebri profanum est
Dictio sacra?

Haud secus lustri Lupa Vaticani
Romuli faecem bibit, et bibendum[1]
Porrigit poc'lo, populisque et ipsis
Regibus aureo.

Non ita aeterni Wittakerus[2] acer
Luminis vindex patriaeque lumen
Dixit aut sensit; neque celsa summi
Penna Renoldi.[3]

Certa sublimes aperire calles,
Sueta coelestes iterare cursus,
Laeta misceri niveis beatae
Civibus aulae;

[1] "bibendam." (1662 Ed.)
[2] The illustrious Master of St. John's, Cambridge. William Whitaker: b 1547, d 1595.
[3] A renowned Puritan divine and controversialist b. 1549, d 1607. See my Life of him prefixed to reprint of his Commentaries on Obadiah and Haggai, in Nichol's Puritan Commentaries

Nec Tami aut Cami accola saniore
Mente, qui coelum sapit in frequenti
Hermathenaeo et celebri Lycaeo
Culta juventus,

Cujus affulget genio Jovae lux:
Cui nitens Sol justitiae renidet:
Quem jubar Christi radiantis alto
Spectat Olympo.

Bucerum[1] laudem? memoremque magnum
Martyrem?[2] Gemmas geminas renati
Aurei saec'li, duo dura sacri
Fulmina belli?

Alterum Camus liquido recursu,
Alterum Tamus trepidante lympha
Audiit, multum stupuitque magno
Ore sonantem.

Anne mulcentem Rhodanum et Lemanum
Praedicem Bezam[3] viridi in senecta?
Octies cujus trepidavit aetas
Claudere denos

Solis anfractus, reditusque, et ultra
Quinque percurrens spatiosa in annos
Longius florem viridantis aevi
Prorogat et ver.

Oris erumpit scatebra perenni
Amnis exundans, gravidique rores
Gratia fecunda animos apertis
Auribus implent.

[1] The Reformer—Martin Bucer: b. 1491, d. 1551.
[2] Peter Martyr—another venerable Reformer and Scholar: b. 1500, d. 1562.
[3] Theodore Beza: b. 1519, d. 1605.

Major hic omni invidia, et superstes
Millibus mille, et Sadeele,[1] et omnium
Maximo CALVINO,[2] aliisque veri
Testibus aequis;

Voce olorina liquidas ad undas
Nunc canit laudes Genitoris almi,
Carmen et nato canit eliquante
Numinis aura,

Sensa de castu sacra puriore,
Dicta de cultu potiore sancta,
Arma quae in castris jugulent severi
Tramitis hostes.

Cana cantanti juga ninguidarum
Alpium applaudunt, resonantque valles;
Jura concentu nemorum sonoro,
Et pater Ister.

Consonant longe; pater et bicornis
Rhenus ascensum ingeminat: Garumna,
Sequana, atque Arar, Liger: insularum et
Undipotentum

Magna pars intenta Britannicarum
Voce conspirat liquida: solumque
Et salum coeli aemula praecinentis
More modoque

Concinunt Bezae numeris modisque
Et polo plaudunt; referuntque leges
Lege quas sanxit pius ardor, et Rex
Scoto-britannus.[3]

[1] Anthony Sadeel, a celebrated French Huguenot divine: b. 1534, d. 1591. Hitherto printed Sadecle, to the ruin of the verse and of the memory of a great and good man.

[2] Nothing more is needed than the simple name. The small stone with 'J. C.' on it, seemed to me magnificent by its very humbleness, as I looked on neighbouring show-tawdry monuments to nobodies or bodies only.

[3] James VI. of Scotland and I. of England. See the historical fact in Walton's Life of Herbert.

Sicut edictum in tabulis ahenis
Servat aeternum pia cura Regis,
Qui mare et terras variisque mundum
Temperat horis:

Cujus aequalis Soboles Parenti
Gentis electae Pater atque Custos;
Par et ambobus, veniens utrinque
Spiritus almus;

Quippe Tres-unus Deus; unus actus,
Una natura est tribus; una virtus,
Una Majestas, Deitas et una,
Gloria et una.

Una vis immensa, perennis una
Vita, lux una, et sapientia una,
Una mens, una et ratio, una vox, et
Una voluntas.

Lenis, indulgens, facilis, benigna;
Dura et inclemens, rigida et severa;
Semper aeterna, omnipotens, et aequa,
Semper et alma:

Lucidum cujus speculum est, reflectens
Aureum vultus jubar, et verendum,
Virginis proles, sata coelo, et alti In-
terpres Olympi:

Qui Patris mentemque animumque sancti
Filius pandit face noctiluca,
Sive doctrinae documenta, seu com-
pendia vitae,

Publicae, privae, sacra scita Regni
Regis ad nutum referens, domusque
Ad voluntatem Domini instituta
Singula librans,

Luce quam Phoebus melior refundit,
Lege quam legum- tulit ipse -lator,
Cujus exacti officii suprema est
Norma voluntas.

Caeca mens humana, hominum voluntas
Prava, et affectus rabidi: indigetque
Luce mens, norma officii voluntas,
Lege libido:

Quisquis hanc surda negat aure et orba
Mente dat ferri rapidis procellis,
Ter quater caudex, stolidusque et omni ex
Parte misellus.[1]

Quisquis hanc prava bibit aure, qua se
Fundit ubertim liquidas sub auras,
Ille ter prudens sapiensque et omni
Ex parte beatus.

Ergo vos Cami proceres, Tamique,
Quos via flexit malesuadus error,
Denuo rectum, duce Rege Regum, insistite callem.

Vos metus tangit si hominum nec ullus,
At Deum fandi memorem et nefandi
Vindicem sperate, et amoena solis
Tartara Diris;

Quae manent sontes animas trucesque
Praesulum fastus, male quos perurit
Pervigil zelus vigilum, et gregis custodia pernox.

Veste bis tincta Tyrio superbos
Murice, et pastos dape pinguiore
Regia quondam aut Saliari inuncta abdomine coena.

[1] This additional stanza from the original edition. See Note before this section.

Qualis Ursini, Damasique fastus[1]
Turgidus, luxuque ferox, feroque
Ambitu pugnax, sacram et aedem et urbem
Caede nefanda

Civium incestavit, et ominosum
Traxit exemplum veniens in aevum
Praesulum quod nobilium indecorus
Provocat ordo.

Quid fames auri sacra? quid cupido
Ambitus diri fera non propagat
Posteris culpae? mala damna quanta
Plurima fundit?



PRO DISCIPLINA ECCLESIAE NOSTRAE EPIGRAMMATA APOLOGETICA.

I.

AUGUSTISSIMO POTENTISSIMOQUE MONARCHAE JACOBO, D. G. MAGNAE BRITANNIAE, FRANCIAE, ET HIBERNIAE REGI, FIDEI DEFENSORI, &c. GEO. HERBERTUS.



CCE recedentis foecundo in littore Nili
Sol generat populum luce fovente novum.
Ante tui, Caesar, quam fulserat aura favoris,
Nostrae etiam Musae vile fuere lutum;
Nunc adeo per te vivunt, ut repere possint,
Sintque ausae thalamum solis adire tui.

[1] Ammianus Marcell. lib. 27.

II.

Illustris, celsissimoque Carolo, Walliae et Juventutis Principi.

QUAM chartam tibi porrigo recentem,
Humanae decus atque apex juventae,
Obtutu placido benignus affles,
Namque aspectibus e tuis vel unus
Mordaces tineas, nigrasque blattas,
Quas livor mihi pàrturit, retundet,
Ceu, quas culta timet seges, pruinas
Nascentes radii fugant, vel acres
Tantum dulcia leniunt catarrhos.
Sic, o te, juvenem senemve, credat
Mors semper juvenem, senem Britanni.

III.

Reverendissimo in Christo Patri ac Domino Episcopo Vintoniensi, &c.[1]

SANCTE Pater, coeli custos, quo doctius uno
Terra nihil, nec quo sanctius astra vident;
Cum mea futilibus numeris se verba viderent
Claudi, pene tuas praeteriere fores.
Sed propere dextreque reduxit euntia sensus,
Ista docens soli scripta quadrare tibi.

[1] Launcelot Andrewes: b. 1555, d. 1626.

IV.

Ad Regem Epigrammata duo.

Instituti Epigrammatici Ratio.

CUM millena tuam pulsare negotia mentem
Constet, et ex illa pendeat orbis ope;
Ne te productis videar lassare camoenis,
Pro solido, Caesar, carmine frusta dabo.
Cum tu contundens, Catharos, vultuque librisque,
Grata mihi mensae sunt analecta tuae.

V.

Ad Melvinum.

NON mea fert aetas, ut te, veterane, lacessam;
Non ut te superem: res tamen ipsa feret.
Aetatis numerum supplebit causa minorem;
Sic tu nunc juvenis factus, egoque senex.
Aspice, dum perstas, ut te tua deserat aetas;
Et mea sint canis scripta referta tuis.
Ecce tamen quam suavis ero! cum, fine duelli,
Clauserit extremas pugna peracta vices,
Tum tibi, si placeat, fugientia tempora reddam;
Sufficiet votis ista juventa meis.

VI.

IN MONSTRUM VOCABULI ANTI-TAMI-CAMI-CATEGORIA.

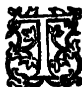
Ad eundem.



QUAM bellus homo es! lepido quam nomine fingis
Istas Anti-Tami-Cami-Categorias!
Sic Catharis nova sola placent; res, verba novantur:
Quae sapiunt aevum, ceu cariosa jacent.
Quin liceat nobis aliquas procudere voces:
Non tibi fingendi sola taberna patet.
Cum sacra perturbet vester furor omnia, scriptum
Hoc erit, Anti-furi-Puri-Categoria.
Pollubra vel cum olim damnaris Regia in ara,
Est Anti-pelvi-Melvi-Categoria.[1]

VII.

PARTITIO ANTI-TAMI-CAMI-CATEGORIAE.



RES video partes, quo re distinctius utar,
Anti categoriae, Scoto-Britanne, tuae:
Ritibus[2] una sacris opponitur;[3] altera sanctos
Praedicat autores;[4] tertia plena Deo est.
Postremis ambabus idem sentimus uterque;
Ipse pios laudo; numen et ipse colo.
Non nisi prima suas patiuntur praelia lites.
O bene quod dubium possideamus agrum!

[1] See the Memoir, as before, for the historical reference here.
[2] Ab initio ad vers. 65. [3] Inde ad vers. 128. [4] Inde 170.

VIII.

In Metri Genus.

CUR, ubi tot ludat numeris antiqua poësis,
Sola tibi Sappho feminaque una placet?
Cur tibi tam facile non arrisere poëtae
Heroum grandi carmina fulta pede?
Cur non lugentes elegi? non acer Iambus?
Commotos animos rectius ista decent.
Scilicet hoc vobis proprium, qui purius itis,
Et populi spurcas creditis esse vias;
Vos ducibus missis, missis doctoribus, omnes
Femineum blanda fallitis arte genus:
Nunc etiam teneras quo versus gratior aures
Mulceat, imbelles complacuere modi.

IX.

De Larvata Gorgone.[1]

GORGONA cur diram larvasque obtrudis inanes?
Cum prope sit nobis Musa, Medusa procul!
Si, quia felices olim dixere poëtae
Pallada gorgoneam, sic tua verba placent.
Vel potius liceat distinguére. Tuque tuique
Sumite gorgoneam, nostraque Pallas erit.

[1] In titulo.

X.

De Praesulum Fastu.

Praesulibus nostris fastus, Melvine, tumentes
   Saepius aspergis. Siste, pudore vacas.
An quod semotum populo laquearibus altis
   Eminet, id tumidum protinus esse feres?
Ergo etiam solem dicas, ignave, superbum,
   Qui tam sublimi conspicit orbe viam:
Ille tamen, quamvis altus, tua crimina ridens
   Assiduo vilem lumine cingit humum.
Sic laudandus erit nactus sublimia Praesul,
   Qui dulci miseros irradiabit ope.

XI.

De Gemina Academia.

Quis hic superbit, oro? tune, an Praesules?
      Quos dente nigro corripis?
Tu duplicem solus Camaenarum thronum
      Virtute percellis tua;
Et unus impar aestimatur viribus,
      Utrumque sternis calcitro;
Omnesque stulti audimus, aut hypocritae,
      Te perspicaci atque integro.
An rectius nos, si vices vertas, probi,
      Te contumaci et livido?
Quisquis tuetur perspicillis Belgicis
      Qua parte tractari solent,
Res ampliantur, sin per adversam videt,
      Minora fiunt omnia;

Tu qui superbos caeteros existimas,
Superbius cum te nihil,
Vertas specillum; nam, prout se res habent,
Vitro minus recte uteris.

XII.

DE S. BAPTISMI RITU.

CUM tener ad sacros infans sistatur aquales,
Quod puer ignorat, verba profana putas?
Annon sic mercamur agros? quibus ecce Redemptor
Comparat aeterni regna beata Dei.
Scilicet emptorem si res aut parcior aetas
Impediant, apices legis amicus obit.
Forsitan et prohibes infans portetur ad undas,
Et per se templi limen adire velis:
Sin, Melvine, pedes alienos postulet infans,
Cur sic displiceat vox aliena tibi?
Rectius innocuis lactentibus omnia praestes,
Quae ratio per se, si sit adulta, facit.
Quid vetat ut pueri vagitus suppleat alter,
Cum nequeat claras ipse litare preces?
Saevus es eripiens parvis vadimonia coeli:
Et tibi sit nemo praes, ubi poscis opem.

XIII.

DE SIGNACULO CRUCIS.

CUR tanta sufflas probra in innocuam crucem?
Non plus maligni daemones Christi cruce
Unquam fugari, quam tui socii solent.
Apostolorum culpa non levis fuit

Vitasse Christi spiritum efflantis crucem.
Et Christianus quisque piscis dicitur
Tertulliano, propter undae pollubrum,
Quo tingimur parvi. Ecquis autem brachiis
Natare sine clarissima potest cruce?
Sed non moramur: namque vestra crux erit,
Vobis faventibusve vel negantibus.

XIV.

De Juramento Ecclesiae.


RTICULIS sacris quidam subscribere jussus,
Ah, Cheiragra vetat, quo minus, inquit, agam.
O vere dictum et belle! cum torqueat omnes
Ordinis osores articulare malum.

XV.

De Purificatione post Puerperium.


NIXAS pueros matres se sistere templis
Displicet, et laudis tura litare Deo.
Forte quidem, cum per vestras Ecclesia turbas
Fluctibus internis exagitata natet,
Vos sine maternis hymnis infantia vidit,
Vitaque neglectas est satis ulta preces,
Sed nos, cum nequeat parvorum lingua parentem
Non laudare Deum, credimus esse nefas.
Quotidiana suas poscant si fercula grates,
Nostra caro sanctae nescia laudis erit?

Adde piis animis quaevis occasio lucro est,
Qua [1] possint humili fundere corde proces.
Sic ubi jam mulier decerpti conscia pomi
Ingemat ob partus, ceu maledicta, suos,
Apposite quum [2] commotum subfugerat olim,
Nunc redit ad mitem, ceu benedicta, Deum.

XVI.

De Antichristi decore Pontificali.

NON quia Pontificum sunt olim afflata veneno,
Omnia sunt temere projicienda foras.
Tollantur si cuncta malus quae polluit usus,
Non remanent nobis corpora, non animae.

XVII.

De Superpelliceo.

QUID sacrae tandem meruere vestes?
Quas malus livor jaculis lacessit,
Polluens castam chlamydis colorem
Dentibus atris?

Quicquid ex urna meliore ductum
Luce praelustri, vel honore pollet,
Mens sub insigni specie coloris
Concipit albi.

[1] Printed 'Quae.' [2] Printed 'quem.'

Scilicet talem liquet esse solem;
Angeli vultu radiante candent;
Incolae coeli melioris alba
Veste triumphant.

E creaturis sine mentis usu
Conditis binas homini sequendas
Spiritus proponit, et est utrique
Candor amicus.[1]

Ergo ringantur pietatis hostes,
Filii noctis, populus malignus,
Dum suum nomen tenet et triumphat
Albion albo.

XVIII.

De Pileo Quadrato.

UAE dicteria fuderat Britannus
Superpellicei tremendus hostis,
Isthaec pileus audiit propinquus,
Et partem capitis petit supremam;
Non sic effugit angulus vel unus
Quo dictis minus acribus notetur.
Verum heus! si reputes, tibi tuisque
Longe pileus anteit galerum,
Ut fervor cerebri refrigeretur,
Qui vestras edit intime medullas
Sed qui tam male pileos habetis,
Quos Ecclesia comprobat, verendum
Ne tandem caput ejus impetatis.

[1] Ovis et columba. Columel. l. 7. c. 2, and l. 8. c. 8.

XIX.

In Cathaerum.

CUR Latiam linguam reris nimis esse profanam?
Quam praemissa probant secula, nostra probant?
Cur teretem Graecam damnas, atque Hellada totam,
Qua tamen occisi foedera scripta Dei?
Scilicet Hebraeam cantas, et perstrepis unam:
Haec facit ad nasum sola loquela tuum.

XX.

De Episcopis.

QUOS charos habuit Christus Apostolos
Testatosque suo tradiderat gregi;
Ut cum mors rabidis unguibus imminens
Doctrinae fluvios clauderet aureae,
Mites acciperent Lampada Praesules,
Servarentque sacrum clavibus ordinem
Hos nunc barbaries impia vellicat
Indulgens propriis ambitionibus,
Et quos ipsa nequit scandere vertices
Hos ad se trahere, et mergere gestiens.
O coecum populum! si bona res siet
Praesul, cur renuis? sin mala, pauculos
Quam cunctos fieri praestat Episcopos.

XXI.

De iisdem: ad Melvinum.

PRAESULIBUS dirum te Musa coarguit hostem:
An quia textores artificesque probas?

XXII.

De Textore Catharo.

CUM piscatores Textor legit esse vocatos,
Ut sanctum Domini persequerentur opus;
Ille quoque invadit Divinam Flaminis artem,
Subtegmen reti dignius esse putans,
Et nunc perlongas Scripturae stamine telas
Torquet, et in textu doctor utroque cluet.

XXIII.

De Magicis Rotatibus.

QUOS tu rotatus, quale murmur auscultas
In ritibus nostris? Ego audio nullum.
Age, provocemus usque ad angelos ipsos
Auresque superas: arbitri ipsi sint litis,
Utrum tenore sacra nostra sint, nec ne
Aequabili facta. Ecquid ergo te tanta
Calumniandi concitavit urtica,
Ut quae Papicolis propria, assuas nobis,

Falsumque potius, quam crepes versu?[1]
Tu perstrepis tamen; utque tingeat carmen
Tuum tibi, poëta belle non mystes
Magicos rotatus, et perhorridas striges,[2]
Dicteriis mordacibus notans, clausus
Non convenire precibus ista Divinis.
O saevus hostis! quam ferociter pugnas!
Nihilne respondebimus tibi? Fatemur.

XXIV.

Ad Fratres.

O SAECLUM lepidum! circumstant undique Fratres,
Papicolisque sui sunt Catharisque sui.
Sic nunc plena boni sunt omnia Fratris, amore
Cum nil fraterno rarius esse queat.

XXV.

De labe maculisque.

LABECULAS maculasque, nobis objicis:
Quid? hoccine est mirum? Viatores sumus.
Quo sanguis est Christi, nisi ut maculas lavet,
Quas spargit animae corporis propius lutum?
Vos ergo puri! O nomen appositissimum
Quo vulgus ornat vos! At audias parum;
Astronomus olim, ut fama, dum maculas diu,
Quas luna habet, tuetur, in foveam cadit,
Totusque caenum Cynthiae ignoscit notis.
Ecclesia est mihi luna; perge in fabula.

[1] A word or syllable must have been dropped in this line. [2] Vers. 33.

XXVI.

De Musica Sacra.

UR efficaci, Deucalion, manu,
Post restitutos fluctibus obices,
Mutas in humanam figuram
Saxa supervacuasque cautes?

Quin redde formas, O bone, pristinas,
Et nos reducas ad lapides avos :
Nam saxa mirantur canentes,
Saxa lyras citharasque callent.

Rupes tenaces et silices ferunt
Potentiori carmine percitas
Saltus per incultos lacusque
Orphea mellifluum secutas.

Et saxa diris hispida montibus
Amphionis testitudine nobili
Percussa dum currunt ad urbem,
Moenia contribuere Thebis.

Tantum repertum est trux hominum genus,
Qui templa sacris expoliant choris,
Non erubescentes vel ipsas
Duritia superare cautes.

O plena centum musica gratiis,
Praeclariorum spirituum cibus,
Quo me vocas tandem, tuumque
Ut celebrem decus insusurras?

Tu Diva miro pollice spiritum
Caeno profani corporis exuens
Ter millies caelo reponis :
Astra rogant, Novus hic quis hospes?

Ardore Moses concitus entheo,
Mersis revertens laetus ab hostibus
Exsuscitat plebem sacratos
Ad Dominum properare cantus.

Quid hocce? Psalmos audion'? O dapes!
O succulenti balsama spiritus!
Ramenta caeli, guttulaeque
Deciduae melioris orbis!

Quos David, ipsae deliciae Dei,
Ingens piorum gloria Principum,
Sionis excelsas ad arces
Cum citharis lituisque miscet.

Miratur aequor finitimum sonos,
Et ipse Jordan sistit aquas stupens;
Prae quo Tibris vultum recondit,
Eridanusque pudore fusus,

Tun' obdis aures, grex nove, barbaras,
Et nullus audis? cantibus obstrepens,
Ut, quo fatiges verberesque
Pulpita, plus spatii lucreris

At cui videri prodigium potest
Mentes, quietis tympana publicae,
Discordiis plenas sonoris
Harmoniam tolerare nullam.

XXVII.

De eadem.


ANTUS sacros, profane, mugitus vocas?
Mugire multo mavelim quam rudere.

XXVIII.

De Rituum Usu.


UM primum ratibus suis
Nostram Caesar ad insulam
Olim appelleret, intuens
Omnes indigenas loci
Viventes sine vestibus,
O victoria, clamitat,
Certa ac perfacilis mihi!
Non alio Cathari modo
Dum sponsam Domini piis
Orbam ritibus expetunt,
Atque ad barbariem patrum
Vellent omnia regredi,
Illam tegminis insciam
Prorsus daemoni, et hostibus
Exponunt superabilem.
Atqui vos secus, o boni,
Sentire sapere addecet,
Si vestros animos regant
Scripturae canones sacrae:
Namque haec, jure, cuipiam
Vestem non adimi suam,
Sed nudis et egentibus
Non suam tribui jubet.

XXIX.

De Annulo Conjugali.


ED nec conjugii signum, Melvine, probabis?
Nec vel tantillum pignus habebit amor?
Nulla tibi si signa placent, e nubibus arcum
Eripe caelesti qui moderatur aquae.

Illa quidem a nostro non multum abludit imago,
   Annulus et plenus tempore forsan erit.
Sin nebulis parcas, et nostro parcito signo,
   Cui non absimilis sensus inesse solet.
Scilicet, ut quos ante suas cum conjuge tedas
   Merserat in lustris perniciosa Venus,
Annulus hos revocet, sistatque libidinis undas
   Legitimi signum connubiale tori.

XXX.

De Mundis et Mundanis.

X praelio undae ignisque, si physicis fides,
      Tranquillus aër nascitur:
   Sic ex profano Cosmico et Catharo potest
      Christianus extundi bonus.

XXXI.

De Oratione Dominica.

UAM Christus immortalis innocuo gregi
      Voce sua dederat,
         Quis crederet mortalibus
      Orationem rejici septemplicem,
   Quae miseris clypeo
      Ajacis est praestântior?
Haec verba, superos advolaturus thronos
   Christus, ut auxilii
      Nos haud inanes linqueret,

Cum dignius nil posset aut melius dare,
Pignora cara sui
Fruenda nobis tradidit.
Quis sic amicum excipiet, ut Cathari Deum,
Qui renovare sacri
Audent amoris symbolum?
Tu vero quisquis es, cave, ne dum neges,
Improbe, verba Dei,
Te deneget VERBUM Deus.

XXXII.

IN CATHARUM QUENDAM.

CUM templis effare, madent sudaria, mappae,
Trux caper alarum, suppara, laena, sagum.
Quin populo, clemens, aliquid largire caloris:
Nunc sudas solus; caetera turba riget.

XXXIII.

DE LUPA LUSTRI VATICANI

CALUMNIARUM nec pudor quis nec modus,
Nec Vaticanae desines unquam lupae?
Metus inanes! Nos pari praetervehi
Illam Charybdim cautione novimus
Vestramque Scyllam, aequis parati spiculis
Britannicam in vulpem inque Romanam lupam.
Dicti fidem firmabimus anagrammate.

XXXIV.

De Impositione Manuum.

NEC dextra te fugit almi amoris emblema?
Atqui manus imponere integras praestat
Quam, more vestro, imponere inscio vulgo.
Quanto impositio melior est impostura!

XXXV.

Supplicum Ministrorum Raptus κωμῳδούμενος.


AMBITIO Cathari quinque constat actibus.
I. Primo, unus aut alter parum ritus placet.
Jam repit impietas volatura illico.
II. Mox displicent omnes. Ubi hoc permanserit
III. Paulo, secretis mussitans in angulis
Quaerit recessus. Incalescit fabula,
IV. Erumpit inde, et continere nescius
V. Sylvas pererrat. Fibulis dein omnibus
Prae spiritu ruptis, quo eas resarciat
Amstellodamum corripit se. Plaudite.

XXXVI.

De Auctorum Enumeratione.


QUO magis invidiam nobis, et crimina confles,
Pertrahis in partes nomina magna tuas;
Martyra, Calvinum, Bezam, doctumque Bucerum,
Qui tamen in nostros fortiter ire negant.
Whitaker, erranti quem praefers carmine, miles
Assiduus nostrae papilionis erat.

Nos quoque possemus longas conscribere turmas,
Si numero starent praelia, non animis.
Primus adest nobis, Pharisaeis omnibus hostis,
Christus Apostolici cinctus amore gregis.
Tu geminas belli portas, o Petre, repandis,
Dum gladium stringens Paulus ad arma vocat.
Inde Patres pergunt quadrati, et tota Vetustas.
Nempe novatores quis veteranus amat?
Jam Constantinus multo se milite miscet;
Invisamque tuis erigit hasta Crucem.
Hipponensis adest properans, et torquet in hostes
Lampada, qua studiis invigilare solet.
Teque Deum alternis cantans Ambrosius iram,
Immemor antiqui mellis, eundo coquit.
Haec etiam ad pugnam praesens, qua vivimus, aetas
Innumeram nostris partibus addit opem.
Quos inter plenusque Deo genioque Jacobus
Defendit veram mente manuque fidem.
Interea ad sacrum stimulat sacra Musica bellum,
Qua sine vos miseri lentius itis ope.
Militat et nobis, quem vos contemnitis, Ordo,
Ordine discerni maxima bella solent.
O vos invalidos! audi quem talibus armis
Eventum Naso vidit et admonuit;
Una dies Catharos ad bellum miserat omnes:
Ad bellum missos perdidit una dies. *

XXXVII.

De Auri sacra Fame.

LAUDIS avaritia satyram, statuisque sacrorum
Esse recidendas, Aeace noster, opes.
Caetera condonabo tibi, scombrisque remittam:
Sacrilegum carmen, censeo, flamma voret.

XXXVIII.

Ad Scotiam Protrepticon ad Pacem.

SCOTIA, quae frigente jaces porrecta sub Arcto,
Cur adeo immodica relligione cales?
Anne tuas flammas ipsa Antiperistasis auget,
Ut nive torpentes incaluere manus?
Aut ut pruna gelu summo mordacius urit,
Sic acuunt zelum frigora tanta tuum?
Quin nocuas extingue faces, precor: unda propinqua est,
Et tibi vicinas porrigit aequor aquas;
Aut potius Christi sanguis demissus ab alto,
Vicinusque magis nobiliorque fluit:
Ne, si flamma novis adolescat mota flabellis,
Ante diem vestro mundus ab igne ruat.

XXXIX.

Ad seductos Innocentes.

INNOCUAE mentes, quibus inter flumina mundi
Ducitur illimi candida vita fide,
Absit ut ingenuum pungant mea verba pudorem;
Perstringunt vestros carmina sola duces.
O utinam aut illorum oculi, quod comprecor unum,
Vobis, aut illis pectora vestra forent!

XL.

AD MELVINUM.

ATQUI te precor unice per ipsam,
Quae scripsit numeros, manum; per omnes
Musarum calices, per et beatos
Sarcasmos quibus artifex triumphas;
Quin per Presbyteros tuos; per urbem,[1]
Quam curto nequeo referre versu;
Per caras tibi nobilesque dextras,
Quas subscriptio neutiquam inquinavit;
Per quicquid tibi suaviter probatur;
Ne me carminibus nimis dicacem,
Aut saevum reputes. Amica nostra est
Atque edentula Musa, nec veneno
Splenis perlita contumeliosi.
Nam si te cuperem secare versu,
Totamque evomerem potenter iram
Quam aut Ecclesia despicata vobis,
Aut laesae mihi suggerunt Athenae,
Et quem non stimularet haec simultas,
Jam te funditus igneis Camoenis,
Et Musa crepitante subruissem:
Omnis linea sepiam recusans
Plumbo ducta fuisset aestuanti,
Centum stigmatibus tuos inurens
Profanos fremitus bonasque sannas:
Plus charta haec mea delibuta dictis
Haesisset tibi, quam suprema vestis
Olim accreverit Herculi furenti:
Quin hoc carmine lexicon probrorum
Extruxissem, ubi, cum moneret usus,
Haurirent tibi tota plaustra Musae.
Nunc haec omnia sustuli, tonantes
Affectus sociis tuis remittens.

[1] Edinburgh.

Non deridiculumve sive ineptum,
Non striges magiamve vel rotatus,
Non fastus tibi turgidos repono;
Errores, maculas superbiamque,
Labes somniaque ambitusque diros,
Tinnitus Berecynthios omittens
Nil horum regero tibi merenti.
Quin te laudibus orno: quippe dico,
Caesar sobrius ad rei Latinae
Unus dicitur advenire cladem:
Et tu solus ad Angliae procellas,
Cum plerumque tua sodalitate
Nil sit crassius impolitiusve,
Accedis bene doctus, et poëta.

XLI

Ad eundem.

INCIPIS irridens; stomachans in carmine pergis;
Desinis exclamans: tota figura vale.

XLII.

Ad seren. Regem.

ECCE pererratas, regum doctissime, nugas,
Quas gens inconsulta, suis vexata procellis
Libandas nobis absorbendasque propinat;
O caecos animi fratres! quis vestra fatigat
Corda furor, spissaque afflat caligine sensus?
Cernite quam formosa suas Ecclesia pennas
Explicat, et radiis ipsum pertingit Olympum;

Vicini populi passim mirantur, et aequos
Mentibus attonitis cupiunt addiscere ritus;
Angelicae turmae nostris se coetibus addunt;
Ipse etiam Christus coelo speculatus ab alto
Intuituque uno stringens habitacula mundi,
Sola mihi plenos, ait, exhibet Anglia cultus.
Scilicet has olim divisas aequore terras
Seposuit Divina sibi, cum conderet orbem,
Progenies gemmamque sua quasi pyxide clausit.
O qui Defensor Fidei meritissimus audis,
Responde aeternum titulo; quoque ordine felix
Coepisti, pergas simili res texere filo.
Obrue ferventes, ruptis conatibus, hostes;
Quasque habet aut patulas aut caeco tramite, moles
Haeresis, evertas. Quid enim te fallere possit?
Tu venas laticesque omnes quos sacra recludit
Pagina gustasti, multoque interprete gaudes;
Tu Synodosque Patresque et quod dedit alta vetustas
Haud per te moritura, Scholamque introspicis omnem.
Nec transire licet quo mentis acumine findis
Viscera naturae, commistusque omnibus astris
Ante tuum tempus coelum gratissimus ambis.
Hac ope munitus securior excipis undas,
Quas Latii Catharique movent, atque inter utrasque
Pastor agis proprios, medio tutissimus, agnos.
Perge, decus Regum; sic, Augustissime, plures
Sint tibi vel stellis laudes et laudibus anni;
Sic pulsare tuas, exclusis luctibus, ausint
Gaudia sola fores; sic quicquid somnia mentis
Intus agunt, habeat certum meditatio finem;
Sic positis nugis, quibus irretita libido
Innumeros mergit vitiata mente poëtas,
Sola Jacobaeum decantent carmina nomen.

XLIII.

Ad Deum.

QUEM tu, summe Deus, semel
Scribentem placido rore beaveris,
Illum non labor irritus
Exercet miserum; non dolor unguium
Morsus increpat anxios;
Non maeret calamus; non queritur caput:
Sed fecunda poëseως
Vis, et vena sacris regnat in artubus;
Qualis nescius aggerum
Exundat fluvio Nilus amabili.
O dulcissime spiritus
Sanctos, qui gemitus mentibus inseris
A te turture defluos,
Quod scribo, et placeo, si placeo, tuum est.





IX. ALIA POEMATA LATINA.



NOTE.

See the Memoir, for notice of Herbert's relations to Bacon. There are additions to this section, as in the others. G.



ALIA POEMATA LATINA.

I.

AD AUCTOREM INSTAURATIONIS MAGNAE [FRANCISCUM BACON].

PER strages licet auctorum veterumque ruinam
Ad famae properes vera tropaea tuae,
Tam nitide tamen occidis, tam suaviter hostes,
Se quasi donatum funere quisque putat.
Scilicet apponit pretium tua dextera fato,
Vulnereque emanat sanguis, ut intret honos.
O quam felices sunt, qui tua castra sequuntur,
Cum per te sit res ambitiosa mori!

II.

IN HONOREM ILLUSTRISSIMI DOMINI FRANCISCI DE VERULAMIO, VICE-COMITIS STI ALBANI.

Post editam ab eo Instaur. Magnam

QUIS iste tandem? non enim vultu ambulat
Quotidiano. Nescis, ignare? audies.
Dux Notionum; Veritatis Pontifex;
Inductionis Dominus et Verulamii;
Rerum Magister Unicus, at non Artium;

Profunditatis Pinus atque Elegantiae;
Naturae Aruspex intimus; Philosophiae
Aerarium; Sequester Experientiae
Speculationisque; Aequitatis Signifor;
Scientiarum sub pupillari statu
Degentium olim Emancipator; Luminis
Promus; Fugator Idolum atque Nubium;
Collega Solis; Quadra Certitudinis;
Sophismatum Mastix; Brutus Literarius,
Authoritatis exuens Tyrannidem;
Rationis et Sensus Stupendus Arbiter;
Repumicator mentis; Atlas Physicus,
Alcide succumbente Stagiritico;
Columba Noae, quae in vetustate Artibus
Nullum locum requiemque cernens, praestitit
Ad se suamque matris, arcam regredi;
Subtilitatis terebra; Temporis nepos
Ex Veritate matre; mellis alveus;
Mundique et animarum Sacerdos unicus;
Securisque errorum; inque naturalibus
Granum sinapis, acre aliis, crescens sibi;
O me prope lassum! Juvate Posteri.

GEOR. HERBERT,
Orat. Pub. in Academ. Cantab.[1]

III.

COMPARATIO INTER MUNUS SUMMI CANCELLARIATUS ET LIBRUM.

MUNERE dum nobis prodes, libroque futuris,
In laudes abeunt saecula quaeque tuas;
Munere dum nobis prodes, libroque remotis,
In laudes abeunt jam loca quaeque tuas:
Hae tibi sunt alae laudum. Cui contigit unquam
Longius aeterno, latius orbe decus?

[1] In a MS. contemporary copy in possession of the Duke of Devon-

AETHIOPISSA AMBIT CESTUM DIVERSI COLORIS VIRUM.

QUID mihi si facies nigra est? hoc, Ceste, colore
Sunt etiam tenebrae, quas tamen optat amor.
Cernis ut exusta semper sit fronte viator;
Ah longum, quae te deperit, errat iter.
Si nigro sit terra solo, quis despicit arvum?
Claude oculos, et erunt omnia nigra tibi:
Aut aperi, et cernes corpus quas projicit umbras;
Hoc saltem officio fungar amore tui.
Cum mihi sit facies fumus, quas pectore flammas
Jamdudum tacite delituisse putes?
Dure, negas? O fata mihi praesaga doloris,
Quae mihi lugubres contribuere genas!

V.

IN OBITUM INCOMPARABILIS VICE-COMITIS SANCTI ALBANI, BARONIS VERULAMII.

DUM longi lentique gemis sub pondere morbi,
Atque haeret dubio tabida vita pede,
Quid voluit prudens fatum, jam sentio tandem:
Constat, Aprile uno te potuisse mori:
Ut flos hinc lacrymis, illinc Philomela querelis,
Deducant linguae funera sola tuae.

shire (erroneously signed 'Gulielmus Herbert') there are these slight variations: l. 14, 'matrix;' l. 19, 'vetustatis;' l. 20, 'perstitit;' l. 21, 'suamque;' l. 25, 'Naturalibus.' The last I adopt as rendering the line metrically accurate: hitherto it has read 'inque natalibus'. It is headed "D. D. Verulamij . . . Al. magni sigilli Custodis . . . Instaurationem magnam."

VI.

IN NATALES ET PASCHA CONCURRENTES.[1]

CUM tu, Christe, cadis, nascor; mentemque ligavit
Una meam membris horula, teque cruci.
O me disparibus natum cum numine fatis!
Cur mihi das vitam, quam tibi, Christe, negas?
Quin moriar tecum: vitam, quam negligis ipse,
Accipe; ni talem des, tibi qualis erat.
Hoc mihi legatum tristi si funere praestes,
Christe, duplex fiet mors tua vita mihi:
Atque ibi per te sanctificer natalibus ipsis,
In vitam, et nervos Pascha coaeva fluet.

VII.

AD JOHANNEM DONNE, D.D.

De uno Sigillorum ejus, Anchora et Christo.

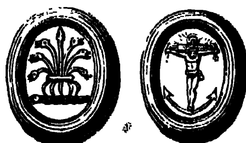
QUOD crux nequibat fixa, clavique additi—
Tenere Christum scilicet, ne ascenderet—

[1] This reminds us of Dr. Donne's very striking poem 'Vppon the Annunciacon and Passiown fallinge vpon one day, 1608' (our edition of his complete Poems, vol. ii. pp. 296-8). By the way, for Winchester, read in the Note, Westminster. Probably both were written on the same occasion. Sir John Beaumont has an equally noticeable poem 'Vpon the two Great Feasts of the Annunciation and Resurrection falling on the same day, March 25th, 1627' (our edition of his Poems, pp. 67-8). Crashaw and William Cartwright also turn the stable of Bethlehem into quaint symbolisms; e.g. the latter, as less known:

'Blest Babe, Thy birth makes Heaven in the stall,
And we the manger may Thy altar call:
Thine and Thy mother's eyes as stars appear;
The bull no beast, but constellation here.
Thus both were born—the Gospel and the Law:
Moses in flags did lye, Thou in the straw.'
(On the Nativity, pp. 217-11.)

Tuive Christum devocans facundia
Ultra loquendi tempus; addit Anchora:
Nec hoc abunde est tibi, nisi certae anchorae
Addas Sigillum; nempe symbolum suae
Tibi debet unda et terra certitudinis.
Quondam fessus Amor, loquens amato,
Tot et tanta loquens amica, scripsit:
Tandem et fessa manus dedit Sigillum.

Suavis erat, qui scripta, dolens, lacerando recludi,
Sanctius in regno magni credebat Amoris,
Id quo fas nihil est rumpi, donare Sigillum!
Munde, fluas fugiasque licet, nos nostraque fixi:
Deridet motus sancta catena tuos.



The same in English.



ALTHOUGH the Cross could not Christ here detain,
Though nail'd unto 't, but He ascends again,
Nor yet thy eloquence here keep Him still,
But only while thou speakst, this Anchor will.
Nor canst thou be content, unless thou to
This certain Anchor add a Seal; and so
The water and the earth both unto thee
Do owe the symbole of their certainty.

When Love, being weary, made an end
Of kind expressions to his friend,

He writ; when 's hand could write no more,
He gave the Seal, and so left o're.
How sweet a friend was he, who, being griev'd
His letters were broke rudely up, believ'd
'Twas more secure in great Love's commonweal,
Where nothing should be broke, to add a Seal!
Let the world reel, we and all ours stand sure;
This holy cable's of all storms secure.

G. H.

On the Anchor-Seal.

When my dear friend could write no more,
He gave this Seal, and so gave o'er.
When winds and waves rose highest, I am sure,
This Anchor keeps my faith; that, me secure.[1]

G. H.

VIII.

CUM petit Infantem Princeps, Grantamque Jacobus,
Quisnam horum major sit, dubitatur, amor.
Vincit more suo Noster: nam millibus, Infans
Non tot abest, quot nos Regis ab ingenio.

IX.

VERO verius ergo quid sit audi:
Verum, Gallice, non libenter audis.[2]

[1] From Walton's Life of Herbert.

[2] This is from Martial, Epigr. viii. 76, as pointed out by Professor Mayor in Notes and Queries (first series, vol. ix, p. 301). Because found in Herbert's handwriting, it has hitherto been given to him. It is printed here simply to correct the error.

X.

In Obitum serenissimae Reginae Annae.

(E Lacrymis Cantabrigiensibus.)


UO te, felix Anna, modo deflere licebit?
Cui magnum imperium, gloria major erat:
Ecce meus torpens animus succumbit utrique,
Cui tenuis fama est, ingeniumque minus.
Quis, nisi qui manibus Briareus, oculisque sit Argus,
Scribere te dignum vel lacrymare queat?
Frustra igitur sudo; superest mihi sola voluptas,
Quod calamum excusent Pontus et Astra meum:
Namque Annae laudes coelo scribuntur aperto,
Sed luctus noster scribitur Oceano.

XI.

In Obitum Henrici Principis Walliae.

(Ex Epicedivm Cantabrigiense, In Obitum immaturum, semperq. deflendum Henrici, &c., 1612.)


TE, leues, inquam, Parnassia numina, Musae;
Non ego vos posthac, hederae velatus amictu,
Somnis nescio queis nocturna ad vota vocabo:
Sed nec Cyrrhaei saltus Libethriaue arua
In mea dicta ruant; non tam mihi pendula mens est,
Sic quasi diis certem, magnos accersere montes;
Nec vaga de summo deducam flumina monte,
Qualia parturiente colunt sub rupe sorores:

Si quas mens agitet moles, dum pectora saeuo
Tota stupent luctu, lacrymisque exaestuet aequis
Spiritus, hi mihi jam montes, haec flumina sunto:
Musa, vale; et tu, Phoebe, dolor mea carmina dictet;
Hinc mihi principium: vos, o labentia mentis
Lumina, nutantes paulatim acquirito vires,
Viuite, dum mortem ostendam: sic tempora vestram
Non comedant famam, sic nulla obliuia potent.
Quare age, mens; effare, precor, quo numine laeso?
Quae suberant causae? quid nos committere tantum,
Quod non lanigerae pecudes, non agmina lustrent?
Annon longa fames miseraeque injuria pestis
Poena minor fuerat, quam fatum Principis aegrum?
Iam felix Philomela et menti conscia Dido;
Felices quos bella premunt et plurimus ensis;
Non metuunt ultra; nostra infortunia tantum
Fataque fortunasque et spem laesere futuram.
Quod si fata illi longam invidere salutem,
Et patrio regno, sub quo jam Principe nobis
Quid sperare, immo quid non sperare licebat?
Debuit ista pati prima et non nobilis aetas:
Aut cita mors est danda bonis aut longa senectus.
Sic laetare animos et sic ostendere gemmam
Excitat optatus auidos, et ventilat ignem.
Quare etiam nuper Pyrii de pulveris ictu
Principis innocuam servastis numina vitam,
Ut morbi perimant, alioque in pulvere prostet.
Phoebe, tui puduit, quum summo mane redires,
Sol sine sole tuo! quum te tum nubibus atris
Totum offuscari peteres, ut nocte silenti
Humana aeternos agerent praecordia questus,
Tantum etenim vestras, Parcae, non flectit habenas.
Tempus edax rerum, tuque, o mors, improba sola es,

Cui caecas tribuit vires annosa vetustas.
Quid non mutatum est? requierunt flumina cursus;
Plus etiam veteres coelum vidore remotum:
Cur ideo verbis tristes effundere curas
Expeto, tanquam haec sic nostri medicina doloris?
Immodicus luctus tacito vorat igne medullas,
Ut fluuio currente, vadum sonat, alta quiescunt.

XII.

INNUPTA Pallas, nata Diespatre,
Aeterna summae gloria regiae;
Cui dulcis arrident Camoenae
Pieridis Latiaeque Musae.

Cur tela mortis, vel tibi vel tuis
Quacunque gutta temporis imminent?
Tantaque propendet statera
Regula sanguinolenta fati?

Numne Hydra talis tantaque bellua est
Mors tot virorum sordida sanguine,
Ut mucro rumpatur Minervae,
Utque minax superetur Ægis?

Tu flectis amnes, tu mare caerulum
Ussisse prono fulmine diceris,
Ajacis exesas triremes
Praecipitans graviore casu.

Tu discidisti Gorgoneas manus
Nexas, capillos anguibus oblitos,
Furvosque vicisti Gigantes
Enceladum, pharetramque Rhaeci.

Ceu victa, Musis porrigit herbulas
Pennata caeci dextra Cupidinis,
Non ulla Bellonae furentis
Arma tui metuunt alumni.

Pallas retortis caesia vocibus
Respondit: Eia! ne metuas, precor,
Nam fata non justis repugnant
Principibus, sed amica fiunt.

Ut si recisis arboribus meis
Nudetur illic lucus amabilis,
Fructusque post mortem recusent
Perpetuos mihi ferre rami.

Dulcem rependent tum mihi tibiam
Pulchre renatam ex arbore mortua,
Dignamque coelesti corona
Harmoniam dabit inter astra.





X. PASSIO DISCERPTA. LUCUS.



NOTE.

The whole of "Passio Discerpta" and "Lucus" are derived from the Williams MS., as before. For details on these and others, see the Preface.—G.



PASSIO DISCERPTA.

I.

Ad Dominum morientem.

UM lacrymas oculosque duos tot vulnera vincant,
Impar, et in fletum vel resolutus, ero;
Sepia concurrat, peccatis aptior humor,
Et mea jam lacrymet culpa colore suo.

II.

In Sudorem sanguineum.

UO fugies, sudor? quamvis pars altera Christi,
Nescia sit metae, venula cella tua est.
Si tibi non illud placeat mirabile corpus,
Caetera displiceat turba, necesse, tibi:
Ni me forte petas; nam quanto indignior ipse,
Tu mihi subveniens dignior esse potes.

[1] Cf. the "Parentalia," i, 6: "laudibus haud fierem sepia justa tuis."

III.

In eundem.

SIC tuus effundi gestit pro crimine sanguis,
Ut nequeat paulo se cohibere domi.

IV.

In Latus perfossum.

CHRISTE, ubi tam duro patet in te semita ferro,
Spero meo cordi posse patere viam.

V.

In Sputum et Convicia.

O BARBAROS! sic os rependitis sanctum,
Visum quod uni praebet, omnibus vitam,
Sputando, praedicando? sic Aquas Vitae
Contaminatis alveosque caelestes
Sputando, blasphemando? nempe ne hoc fiat
In posterum, maledicta Ficus, arescens
Gens tota fiet, atque utrinque plectetur.
Parate situlas, Ethnici, lagenasque
Graves lagenas, vester est Aquae-ductus.

VI.

In Coronam spineam.

CHRISTE, dolor tibi supplicio, mihi blanda voluptas;
Tu spina misere pungeris, ipse rosa.
Spicula mutemus: capias Tu serta rosarum,
Qui Caput es, spinas et tua membra tuas.

VII.

In Arund., Spin., Genufl., Purpur.

UAM nihil illudis, Gens improba! quam male cedunt
Scommata! Pastorem semper Arundo decet.
Quam nihil illudis! cum quo magis angar acuto
Munere, Rex tanto verior inde probor.
Quam nihil illudis flectens! namque integra posthac
Posteritas flectet corque genuque mihi.
Quam nihil illudis! Si, quae tua purpura fingit,
Purpureo melius sanguine regna probem:
At non lusus erit, si quem tu laeta necasti
Vivat, et in mortem vita sit illa tuam.

VIII.

In Alapas.

H, quam caederis hinc et inde palmis!
Sic unguenta solent manu fricari;
Sic toti medicaris ipso mundo.

IX.

In Flagellum.

HRISTE, flagellati spes et victoria mundi,
Crimina cum turgent, et mea poena prope est:
Suaviter admoveas notum tibi carne flagellum,
Sufficiat virgae saepius umbra tuae.
Mitis agas: tenerae duplicant sibi verbera mentes,
Ipsaque sunt ferulae mollia corda suae.

X.

IN VESTES DIVISAS.

SI, Christe, dum suffigeris, tuae vestes
Sunt hostium legata, non amicorum,
Ut postulat mos; quid tuis dabis?
Teipsum.

XI.

IN PIUM LATRONEM.

O NIMIUM Latro! reliquis furatus abunde,
Nunc etiam Christum callidus aggrederis.

XII.

IN CHRISTUM CRUCEM ASCENSURUM.

ZACCHAEUS, ut te cernat, arborem scandet;
Nunc ipse scandis, ut, labore mutato,
Nobis facilitas cedat, et tibi sudor.
Sic omnibus videris ad modum visus:
Fides gigantem sola vel facit nanum.

XIII.

CHRISTUS IN CRUCE.

HIC, ubi sanati stillant opobalsama mundi,
Advolvor madidae laetus hiansque Cruci:
Pro lapsu stillarum abeunt peccata; nec acres
Sanguinis insultus exanimata ferunt.
Christe, fluas semper; ne, si tua flumina cessent,
Culpa redux jugem te neget esse Deum.

XIV.

IN CLAVOS.

QUALIS eras, qui, ne melior natura minorem
Eriperet nobis, in Cruce fixus eras,
Jam meus es: nunc Te teneo: Pastorque prehensus
Hoc ligno, his clavis est, quasi falce sua.

XV.

INCLINATO CAPITE. John xix. 30.

VULPIBUS antra feris, nidique volucribus adsunt.
Quodque suum novit stroma, cubile suum.
Qui tamen excipiat, Christus caret hospite; tantum
In cruce suspendens, unde reclinet, habet.

XVI.

AD SOLEM DEFICIENTEM.[1]

QUID hoc? et ipse deficis, coeli gigas,
Almi choragus luminis?
Tu promis orbem mane, condis vesperi,
Mundi fidelis claviger.
At nunc fatiscis, nempe Dominus aedium
Prodegit integrum penu.
Quamque ipse lucis tesseram sibi negat,
Negat familiae [jam] suae.

[1] Cf. Psalm xix.

Carere discat verna, quo summus caret
Paterfamilias lumine.
Tu vero mentem neutiquam despondeas,
Resurget occumbens Herus:
Tunc instruetur lautius radiis penu,
Tibi supererunt et mihi.

XVII.

MONUMENTA APERTA.

DUM moreris, mea Vita, ipsi vixere sepulti,
Proque uno victo turba soluta fuit.
Tu tamen, haud tibi tam moreris, quam vivis in illis,
Asserit et vitam Mors animata tuam.
Scilicet in tumulis Crucifixum quaerite, vivit:
Convincunt unam multa sepulcra crucem.
Sic pro majestate Deum non perdere vitam
Quam tribuit, verum multiplicare decet.

XVIII.

TERRAE-MOTUS.

TE fixo, vel Terra movet; nam cum Cruce totam
Circumferre potes, Samson ut ante fores.[1]
Heu, stolidi! primum fugientem figite Terram,
Tunc Dominus clavis aggrediendus erit.

[1] Cf. 48. Sunday, ll. 47-50.

XIX.

VELUM SCISSUM.

FRUSTRA, Verpe, tumes, propola cultus,
Et Templi parasite; namque velum
Diffissum resorat Deum latentem
Et pomaeria terminosque sanctos
Non urbem facit unicam, sed orbem.
Et pro pectoribus recenset aras,
Dum cor omne suum sibi requirat
Structorem et Solomon ubique regnet.
Nunc Arcana patent, nec involutam
Phylacteria complicant latriam.
Excessit tener Orbis ex ephebis,
Maturusque suos coquens amores
Praeflorat sibi nuptias futuras.
Ubique est Deus, Agnus, Ara, Flamen.

XX.

PETRAE SCISSAE.

SANUS homo factus, vitiorum purus uterque;
At sibi collisit fictile Daemon opus.
Post ubi Mosaicae repararent fragmina Leges,
Infoctas tabulas facta juvenca scidit.
Haud aliter cum Christus obit, prae funere tanto
Constat inaccessas dissiluisse petras.
Omnia praeter corda scelus confregit et error,
Quae contrita tamen caetera damna levant.

XXI.

IN MUND SYMPATHIAM CUM CHRISTO.

NON moreris solus; Mundus simul interit in te,
Agnoscitque tuam Machina tota crucem.
Hunc ponas animam mundi, Plato; vel tua mundum
Ne nimium vexet quaestio, pone meam.[1]

[1] There is a play on the word quaestio = inquiry by torture, and so suffering as well as search





LUCUS.

Homo Statua.

SUM, quis nescit, Imago Dei, sed saxea certe:
  Hanc mihi duritiem contulit improbitas.
Durescunt propriis evulsa corallia fundis,
  Haud secus ingenitis dotibus orbus Adam.
Tu qui cuncta creans docuisti marmora flere,
  Haud mihi cor saxo durius esse sinas.

II.

Patria.

UT tenuis flammae species caelum usque minatur,
  Igniculos legans, manserit ipsa, licet.
Sic mucronatam reddunt suspiria mentem,
  Votaque scintillae sunt animosa meae.
Assiduo stimulo carnem mens ulta lacessit,
  Sedula si fuerit, perterebrare potest.

III.

In Stephanum lapidatum.


UI silicem tundit—mirum tamen—elicit ignem :
At Caelum e saxis elicuit Stephanus.

IV.

In Simonem Magum.

QUID emes Christum? pro nobis scilicet olim
Venditus est Agnus, non tamen emptus erit.
Quin nos Ipse emit, precioso fenora solvens
Sanguine, nec pretium merx emit ulla suum.
Ecquid emes Caelum? quin stellam rectius unam
Quo pretio venit, fac, liceare prius.
Nempe gravi fertur scelerata pecunia motu,
Si sursum jacias, in caput ipse ruit.
Unicus est nummus caelo Christoque petitus,
Nempe in quo clare lucet Imago Dei.

V.

In S. Scripturas.


EU, quis spiritus igneusque turbo
Regnat visceribus, measque versat
Imo pectore cogitationes?
Nunquid pro foribus sedendo nuper
Stellam vespere suxerim volantem,
Haec autem hospitio latere turpi
Prorsus nescia, cogitat recessum?
Nunquid mel comedens, apem comedi

Ipsa cum domina domum vorando?
Imo, me nec apes nec astra pungunt;
Sacratissima charta, tu fuisti
Quae cordis latebras sinusque caecos
Atque omnes peragrata es angiportus
Et flexus fugientis appetitus.
Ah, quam docta perambulare calles
Maeandrosque plicasque quam perita es?[1]
Quae vis condidit, ipsa novit aedes.

VI.

In Pacem Britannicam.


NGLIA cur solum fuso sine sanguine sicca est,
Cum natet in tantis caetera terra malis?[2]
Sit licet in pelago semper, sine fluctibus illa est,
Cum qui plus terrae, plus habuere maris.
Naufragii causa est aliis mare, roboris Anglo,
Et quae corrumpit moenia, murus aqua est.
Nempe hic Religio floret, regina quietis,
Tuque super nostras, Christe, moveris aquas.

VII

Avaritia.


URUM nocte videns, vidisse insomnia dicit;
Aurum luce videns, nulla videre putat.
O falsos homines! vigilat, qui somniat aurum,
Plusque habet hic laetus, quam vel Avarus habet.

[1] ll. 13-15. Cf. Parentalia, ii. 33: 'per angiportus et maeandros labitur.'

[2] ll. 1-2. A reminiscence of Juvenal, x. 112, 113: 'sine caede et vulnere . . . . sicca morte.'

VIII.

IN LOTIONEM PEDUM APOSTOLORUM.

SOLEM ex Oceano Veteres exsurgere fingunt
Postquam se gelidis nocte refecit aquis:
Verius hoc olim factum est, ubi, Christe, lavares
Illos, qui mundum circumiere, pedes.

IX.

IN D. LUCAM.

CUR Deus elegit Medicum, qui numine plenus
Divina Christi scriberet acta manu?
Ut discat sibi quisque quid utile: nempe nocebat
Crudum olim pomum, tristis Adame, tibi.

X.

PAPAE TITULUS NEC DEUS NEC HOMO.

QUISNAM Antichristus cessemus quaerere; Papa
Nec Deus est nec homo: Christus uterque fuit.

XI.

TRIBUTI SOLUTIO.[1]

PISCIS tributum solvit et tu Caesari.
Utrumque mirum est; hoc tamen mirum magis,
Quod omnibus tute imperes, nemo tibi.

[1] The tribute-money was not a Roman tax, but the customary offering to the Temple—God's House.

XII.

TEMPESTAS, CHRISTO DORMIENTE.

CUM dormis, surgit pelagus: cum, Christe, resurgis,
Dormitat pelagus: Quam bene fraena tenes!

XIII.

BONUS CIVIS.

SAGAX Humilitas eligens viros bonos
Atque evehens, bonum facit faecundius,
Quam si ipse solus omnia interverteret,
Suamque in aliis possidet prudentiam.

XIV.

IN UMBRAM PETRI.

PRODUXIT umbram corpus, umbra corpori
Vitam reduxit: ecce gratitudinem.

XV.

MARTHA: MARIA.

CHRISTUS adest: crebris aedes percurrite scopis,
Excutite aulaea, et luceat igne focus.[1]
Omnia purgentur, niteat mihi tota supellex;
Parcite luminibus, sitque lucerna domus;
O cessatrices! eccum pulvisculus illic:
Corde tuo forsan, caetera munda, Soror.

[1] Martha: Maria: Tibullus, i. l. 6, 'Dum meus assiduo luceat igne focus.' The thought is from Juvenal, xxv. 60, seqq.

XVI.

AMOR.

QUID metuant homines infra, suprave minentur
Sidera, pendenti sedulus aure bibis:
Utque ovis in dumis, haeres in crine Cometae,
Sollicitus, ne te stella perita notet:
Omnia quaerendo; sed te, super omnia, vexas:
Et quid tu tandem desidiosus? Amo.

XVII.

IN SUPERBUM.

MAGNAS es; esto, bulla si vocaberis,
Largiar et istud: scilicet Magnatibus
Difficilis esse haud soleo: nam, pol, si forem,
Ipsi sibi sunt nequiter facillimi.
Quin mitte nugas; teque carnem et sanguinem
Communem habere crede cum Cerdonibus:
Illum volo, qui calceat lixam tuum.

XVIII.

IN EUNDEM.

UNUSQUISQUE hominum Terra est et filius arvi.
Dic mihi, mons sterilis, vallis an uber eris?

XIX.

AFFLICTIO.

QUOS tu calcasti fluctus, me, Christe, lacessunt
Transiliuntque caput, qui subiere pedes.
Christe, super fluctus si non discurrere detur,
Per fluctus saltem, fac, precor, ipse vader.

XX.

IN κενοδοξίαν

QUI sugit avido spiritu rumusculos
Et flatulentas aucupatur glorias,
Felicitatis culmen extra se locat,
Spargitque per tot capita, quot vulgus gerit.
Tu vero collige te tibique insistito,
Breviore [1] nodo stringe vitae sarcinas,
Rotundus in te: namque si ansatus sies,[2]
Te mille rixae, mille prensabunt doli,
Ducentque donec incidentem in cassidem
Te mille nasi, mille rideant sinus.
Quare peritus nauta, vela contrahas
Famamque nec difflaveris nec suxeris:
Tuasque librans actiones, gloriam,
Si ducat agmen, reprime; sin claudat, sinas.
Morosus oxygala est: Levis, coagulum.[3]

[1] tighter, i.e. have fewer incumbrances, lighter baggage.
[2] Old form of sis: cf. Epigr. Apolog. 17, l antepenult, 'siet.'
[3] The whey or buttermilk, being sour, is like the morose despiser of praise: the curd, being soft and impressible with the least touch, like the man who is lightly moved by praise or censure.

XXI

In Gulosum.

DUM prono rapis ore cibos, et fercula verris,
Intra extraque gravi plenus es illuvie:
Non jam ventriculus, verum spelunca vocetur
Illa caverna, in qua tot coiere ferae.
Ipse fruare licet, solus graveolente sepulcro,
Te petet, ante diem quisquis obire cupit.

XXII.

In Improbum disertum.[1]

SERICUS es dictis, factis pannusia Baucis:
Os et lingua tibi dives, egena manus.
Ni facias, ut opes linguae per brachia serpant,
Aurea, pro naulo, lingua Charontis erit.

XXIII.

Consolatio.

CUR lacrymas et tarda trahis suspiria, tanquam
Nunc primum socii mors foret atra tui?
Nos autem a cunis omnes sententia Mortis
Quotidie[2] jugulat, nec semel ullus obit.
Vivimus in praesens: hesternam vivere vitam
Nemo potest: hodie vita sepulta prior.[3]

[1] See Persius, iv. 21.
[2] A false quantity, quŏtidie = quōtidie. So in the Parentalia, vii. 29, and Epigrammata Apologetica, xii. 9.
[3] An echo of Seneca, Ep. i.

Trecentos [1] obiit Nestor, non transiit annos,
Vel quia tot moritur, tot viguisse probes.
Dum lacrymas, it vita : tuus tibi clepsydra fletus,
Et numerat mortes singula gutta pares.
Frustra itaque in tot funeribus miraberis unum,
Sera nimis lacryma haec, si lacrymabis, erit.
Siste tuum fletum et gemitus : namque imbribus istis
Ac zephyris, carnis flos remeare nequit.
Nec tu pro socio doleas, qui fugit ad illud
Culmen, ubi pro te nemo dolere potest.

XXIV.

In Angelos.

INTELLECTUS adultus Angelorum,
Haud nostro similis, cui [2] necesse
Ut dentur species, rogare sensum :
Et ni lumina januam resignent,
Et nostrae tribuant molae farinam,
Saepe ex se nihil otiosa cudit.
A nobis etenim procul remoti
Labuntur fluvii scientiarum :
Si non per species, nequimus ipsi,
Quid ipsi sumus, assequi putando.
Non tantum est iter Angelis ad undas,
Nullo circuitu scienda pungunt :
Illis perpetuae patent fenestrae,
Se per se facili modo scientes,
Atque ipsi sibi sunt mola et farina

[1] A false quantity, trēcentos. The true quantity of quŏtidiano in the second poem, Ad Auctorem Instaurationis magnae, ver. 2.

[2] Cuii, a dissyllable : so in Parentalia, ii. 20, 'suum cuique tempus et locus datur.' In Epigr. Apolog. xxv. 'namque haec jure cuïpiam.'

XXV.

ROMA : ANAGR. { ORAM. MARO.[1] / RAMO. ARMO. / MORA. AMOR. }

ROMA, tuum nomen, quam non pertransiit ORAM,
Cum Latium ferrent saecula prisca jugum?
Non deerat vel fama tibi vel carmina famae,
Unde MARO laudes duxit ad astra tuas.
At nunc exsucco similis tua gloria RAMO
A veteri trunco et nobilitate cadit.
Laus antiqua et honor periit : quasi scilicet ARMO
Te dejecissent tempora longa suo.
Quin tibi tam desperatae MORA nulla medetur,
Qua Fabio quondam sub duce nata salus.
Hinc te olim gentes miratae odere vicissim,
Et cum sublata laude recedit AMOR.

[1] This is one of only two of all these Latin poems that have hitherto been printed. It appeared in the Parentalia. Cf. with this of Herbert, Dean Duport's, as follows:

Roma { Maro / Amor / Mora / Armo } Anagram.

Roma Maro : quid enim praeclarius illa Marone
Unquam, vate sacro, Parthenioque, tulit?
Roma Amor impurus, Venerisque infanda libido,
Et sitis imperii, et dira cupido lucri.
Roma Mora, oppositusque piis conatibus obex,
Spemque *reformandi* tempus in omne trahens.
Roma Armo gentes in praelia perque duelles
Instruo, et in Reges concito regna suos.
(*Sylvarum*, lib. ii. Musae Subsecivae, pp. 218-19.)



XXVI.

URBANI VIII. PONT. RESPONS.

CUM Romam nequeas, quod aves, evertere, nomen
Invertis, mores carpis et obloqueris.
Te Germana tamen pubes, te Graecus et Anglus
Arguit, exceptos; quos pia Roma fovet.
Hostibus haec etiam parcens imitatur Jesum:
Invertis nomen, Quid tibi dicit? AMOR.

XXVII.

RESPONS. AD URB. VIII.

NON placet Urbanus noster de nomine lusus
Romano; sed res seria Roma tibi est:
Nempe Caput Romae es, cujus mysteria velles
Esse jocum soli, plebe stupente, tibi.
Attamen Urbani delecto nomine, constat
Quam satur et suavis sit tibi Roma jocus.

XXVIII.

AD URBANUM VIII. PONT.

PONTIFICEM tandem nacta est sibi Roma poëtam:
Res redit ad vates Pieriosque duces.
Quod Bellarminus nequiit, fortasse poëtae
Suaviter efficient, absque rigore Scholae.
Cedito barbaries: Helicon jam litibus instat,
Squaloremque togae candida Musa fugat.

XXIX.

Λογικὴ θυσία.

ARARUMQUE hominumque ortum si mente pererres,
Cespes vivus, Homo: mortuus, Ara fuit.
Quae divisa nocent, Christi per foedus in unum
Conveniunt; et Homo viva fit Ara Dei.

In Thomam Didymum.

DUM te vel digitis minister urget,
Et hoc judicium jubes, Redemptor;
Nempe es totus amor, medulla amoris,
Qui spissae fidei brevique menti
Paras hospitium torumque dulcem,
Quo se condat, et implicet volutans
Ceu fida statione et arce certa,
Ne perdat Leo rugiens vagantem.

XXXI.

In Solarium.

CONJUGIUM Caeli Terraeque haec machina praestat;
Debetur caelo lumen, et umbra solo.[1]
Sic Hominis moles animaque et corpore constat,
Cujus ab oppositis fluxit origo locis.
Contemplare, miser, quantum terroris haberet,
Vel sine luce solum, vel sine mente caro.

[1] For this pun on caelo and solo, see Ausonius, Epig. xxxiii.:
"Orta salo, suscepta solo, patre edita caelo,
Aeneadum genitrix, hic habito, alma Venus."

XXXII.

TRIUMPHUS MORTIS.


MEA suspicienda manus venterque perennis,
Quem non Emathius torrens,[1] non sanguine pinguis
Daunia,[2] non satiat bis ter millesima caedis
Progenies, mundique aetas abdomine nostro
Ingluvieque minor. Quercus habitare feruntur
Prisci, crescentesque una cum prole cavernas.
Nec tamen excludor: namque una ex arbore vitam
Glans dedit, et truncus tectum, et ramalia mortem.
Confluere interea passim ad Floralia pubes
Coeperat, agricolis mentemque et aratra solutis:
Compita fervescunt pedibus, clamoribus aether.
Hic ubi discumbunt per gramina, salsior unus
Omnia suspendit naso, sociosque lacessit:
Non fert Ucalegon, atque amentata retorquet
Dicta ferox: haerent lateri convitia fixo.
Scinditur in partes vulgus, ceu compita; telum
Ira facit, mundusque ipse est apotheca furoris.
Liber alit rixas; potantibus omnia bina[3]
Sunt praeter vitam: saxis hic sternitur, alter
Ambustis sudibus: pars vitam in pocula fundunt,
In patinas alii: furit inconstantia vini
Sanguine, quem dederat spolians. Primordia Mortis

[1] Lucan, 'Bella per Emathios plusquam civilia campos' (Pharsalia i. 1).

[2] Horace, Carm. ii. i. 34, 35:

'Quod mare Dauniae
Non decoloravere caedes?'

Refers to the battle of Cannae chiefly.

[3] Cf. Horace, Sat. ii. i. 25.

Haec fuerant: sic Tisiphone virguncula lusit.[1]
Non placuit rudis atque ignara occisio: Morti
Quaeritur ingenium, doctusque homicida probatur.
Hinc tirocinium parvoque assueta juventus,
Fictaque Bellona et verae ludibria pugnae,
Instructaeque acies, hiemesque in pellibus actae,
Omniaque haec ut transadigant sine crimine costas,
Artificesque necis clueant et mortis alumni,
Nempe et millenos ad palum interficit hostes
Assiduus tiro, si sit spectanda voluntas.
Heu, miseri! quis tantum ipsis virtutibus instat
Quantum caedi? adeon' unam vos pascere vitam,
Perdere sexcentas? crescit tamen hydra nocendi
Tristis, ubi ac ferrum tellure reciditur una
Fecundusque chalybs sceleris, jam sanguine tinctus
Expleri nequit et totum depascitur orbem.
Quid memorem tormenta quibus prius horruit aevum
Ballistasque onagrosque, et quicquid scorpio saevus
Vel catapulta potest, Siculique inventa magistri,[2]
Anglorumque arcus gaudentes sanguine Galli,
Fustibalos fundasque, quibus, cum Numine, fretus
Stravit Idumaeum divinus Tityrus[3] hostem?
Adde etiam currus, et cum temone Britanno[4]
Arviragum, falcesque obstantia quaeque metentes
Quin Aries ruit, et multa Demetrius[5] arte
Sic olim cecidere.

[1] Juvenal, xiii. 40, 'tunc, cum virguncula Juno.'
[2] = Archimedes.
[3] qu. David, the shepherd-king?
[4] Cf. Juvenal, iv. 126-7:

'De temone Britanno
Excidet Arviragus.'

[5] = Demetrius Poliorcetes.

Deerat adhuc vitiis hominum dignissima mundo
Machina, quam nullum satis execrabitur aevum,
Liquitur ardenti candens fornace metallum
Fusaque decurrit notis aqua ferrea sulcis:
Exoritur tubus atque instar Cyclopis Homeri
Luscum prodigium medioque foramine gaudens,
Inde rotae atque axes subeunt, quasi sella curulis,
Qua Mors ipsa sedens, hominum de gente triumphat.
Accedit pyrius pulvis, laquearibus Orci[1]
Erutus, infernae pretiosa tragemata mensae
Sulphureoque lacu, totaque imbuta mephiti.
Huic glans adjicitur—non quam ructare vetustas[2]
Creditur, ante satas, prono cum numine fruges—
Plumbea glans, livensque suae quasi conscia noxae,
Purpureus lictor Plutonis, epistola Fati
Plumbis obsignata, colosque et stamina vitae
Perrumpens Atropi vetulae marcentibus ulnis.
Haec ubi juncta, subit vivo cum fune minister,
Fatalemque levans dextram, qua stuppeus ignis
Mulcetur vento, accendit cum fomite partem
Pulveris inferni properat, datus ignis, et omnem
Materiam vexat: nec jam se continet antro
Tisiphone; flamma et fallaci fulmine cincta
Evolat, horrendumque ciet bacchata fragorem.
It stridor, caelosque omnes et Tartara findit.
Non jam exaudiri quicquam, vel musica caeli,
Vel gemitus Erebi; piceo se turbine volvens
Totamque eructans nubem, glans proruit imo
Praecipitata, cadunt urbes, formidine muri

[1] ll. 56-7. Cf. Herbert, 'In Obitum Henrici Principis Wallace,' 33-5.
[2] Cf. Juvenal, vi. 10, 'glandem ructante marito.'

Diffugiunt, fragilesque crepant coenacula mundi.
Strata jacent toto millena cadavera campo
Uno ictu: non sic pestis, non stella maligno
Afflatu perimunt: en, cymba Cocytia[1] turbis
Ingemit, et defessus opem jam portitor orat.
Nec glans sola nocet: mortem quandoque susurrat
Aura volans, vitamque aer quam paverat, aufert.
Dicite, vos Furiae, qua gaudet origine monstrum.
Nox Aetnam, Noctemque Chaos genuere priores.
Aetna Cacum ignivomum dedit, hic Ixiona multis
Cantatum; deinde Ixion cum nubibus atris
Congrediens genuit monachum, qui limen opacae
Triste colens cellae, noctuque et daemone plenum,
Protulit horrendum hoc primus cum pulvere monstrum.
Quis monachos mortem meditari et pulvere tristi
Versatos neget, atque humiles, queis talia cordi
Jam demissa, ipsamque adeo subeuntia terram?
Nec tamen hic noster stetit impetus: exilit omni
Tormento pejor Jesuita et fulminat orbem,
Ridens bombardas miseras, quae corpora perdunt
Non animas, raroque ornantur sanguine regum,
Obstreperae stulto sonitu crimenque fatentes.
Imperii hic culmen figo; mortalibus actum est
Corporeque atque animo. Totus mihi serviat orbis.

[1] A false quantity, Cōcytia. Here false quantities of Herbert's own make his eyes catching at an imagined one of Melville's (in the name of Whittaker) somewhat amusing, if only that. It may be recalled that even Milton allowed himself Iăcōbus, instead of the more exact Iăcōbus. (Eleg. Lib. In. prod. Bomb.)

XXXIII.

Triumphus Christiani in Mortem.

AIN vero? quanta praedicas? hercle adepol,
Magnificus es screator, homicida inclytus.
Quid ipse faciam? qui nec arboreas sudes
In te, nec arcus scorpionesve aut rotas
Gladiosve, catapultasve teneam, quin neque
Alopas nec arietes? Quid ergo? Agnum et Crucem.

XXXIV.

In Johannem ἐπιστήθιον.

AH nunc, helluo, fac ut ipse sugam:
Num totum tibi pectus imputabis?
Fontem intercipis omnibus patentem?
Quin pro me quoque sanguinem profudit,
Et jus pectoris inde consecutus
Lac cum sanguine posco devolutum;
Ut, si gratia tanta copuletur
Peccati veniae mei, vel ipsos
Occumbens humero Thronos lacessam.

XXXV.

Ad Dominum.

CHRISTE, decus, dulcedo, et centum circiter Hyblae,
Cordis apex, animae pugnaque paxque meae;
Quin sine, te cernam; quoties jam dixero, cernam;
Immoriarque oculis, O mea vita, tuis.

Si licet, immoriar: vel si tua visio vita est,
  Cur sine te, votis immoriturus, ago?
Ah, cernam; Tu, qui caecos sanare solebas,
  Cum te non videam, mene videre putas?
Non video, certum est jurare; aut si hoc vetuisti,
  Praevenias vultu non facienda tuo.

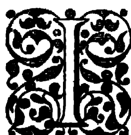




LONGER NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS ON SPECIAL POINTS.

It has been deemed expedient to place here such fuller discussions of critical points as demanded thorough treatment, so as not to overload the foot-notes.—G.

Page 17: (*a*) "*Sowre.*" *The Church Porch*, st. xx. l. 3.



I HAVE adopted this word "sowre" from the Williams MS., and record that it is confirmed by the Bodleian MS But inasmuch as 1632-3 and later texts read "stowre" and "stour," these elucidations and illustrations of this word may be acceptable. Dr. Lowe thus annotates "stour" (his spelling): "There is an obsolete substantive used by Spenser thus written, signifying attack or incur- and Ascham uses a comparative 'stoorer,' in the sense of more austere, or harder. Halliwell, in his dictionary of Archaisms and Provincialisms, quotes from Palsgrave, tutor to Princess Mary, daughter of Henry VIII., and author of the first French Grammar written in English, the following: 'stoure, rude as coarse cloth is, *gros*.' The same old author has 'stoure of conversacyon, *estourdy*,' both which examples fit in with the text, as meaning severe, stiff, inflexible. The MS. in the Bodleian reads 'sowre,' which is an intelligible but unnecessary alteration." I venture to differ from Dr. Lowe as to "sowre" being an alteration, much more as to its being unnecessary, seeing that "sowre" is Herbert's own word in both of these authentic and authoritative MSS. Besides, we have "sowre" used elsewhere by Herbert, *e.g.* st. xxxvi. l. 1, ". . . . Is thy complexion *sowre?*" Indeed, it seems to have been an oddly favourite word with him in varied applications. See 78. Conscience, l. 3; 83. Vanitie, l. 6; 105. Eph. iv. 30, l. 2; 140. Bitter-sweet, l. 7. We have no hesitation, therefore, in displacing the long-held misprint of "stowre." 1674, 1679, 1703, and Pickering 1835, &c., substituted "tower" unmeaningly.

But while adopting "sowre," I must add that there seems no need (as Dr. Lowe, *supra*) of forcing any meaning on this word, its exact meaning fitting exactly. It answers somewhat to the Scotch "dour." STOOR, or hard, or boystous (store, K); *Austerus, rigidus* (Prompt. Parv. ed. Way). Compare also note there and Halliwell, *Stour* (1); *Stoure* (2-6), and *Store*, though the examples under this last are

more correct than the explanation given, while the usages—however the word be spelt—are all easily derived from the meanings given in the Prompt. The substantive *stour*, conflict, swoon, or fit, may be of the same root, but with a secondary sense, as in storm (Ger. *sturm*); and in this sense it may have come to us through the French, where estour is a conflict; or both may be remnants of stir, styer, Icelandic = battle, and so Scoticè, as well as = fine dust, such as a battle single, or by forces—causes to rise. With reference to Dr. Lowe's "stoorer" from Ascham, it runs as follows: "A fenny goose euer as her flesh is blacker, *stoorer*, vnholsomer, so is her fether for the same cause coarser, *stoorer*, and rougher" (Toxophilus, B, p. 131, Arber). *En passant*, if estourdy (as *supra*) is same as stoure of conversation, then the latter does not mean rude or rough of conversation, for that is not the meaning of the French word—though it may mean boorishly stupid. I remark, finally, that looking to "constancie" and "knit" in the context, it is possible that "stoure" was an author's variant, intended for an improvement, and as above = sturdy.

Page 17: (*b*) "*shelf.*" *Ibid.* st. xx. l. 6.

See the Memoir for Various Readings here—important. I have adopted the Williams MS instead of the printed text of 1633-3, and usually, "What nature made a ship, he makes a shelf." On this Dr. Lowe annotates: "This line is very obscure. Perhaps it means, the impulse which first made you form your resolution was as a ship to transport you on the voyage of life towards the haven of rest; but, by giving up the resolution, you have wasted an energy; you make no progress, but have shelved yourself, and there remain. The shelf, as of rocks, may be referred to here as that on which the ship is wrecked." The Williams reading seems to clear the obscurity, albeit it is plain enough that the thought is = resolution would be a ship to carry man over his trials and temptations to the haven where he would be; but by breaking his resolution and turning it into irresolution, it becomes a shelf or reef on which he (not the ship) is thrown and destroyed. There is no incongruity in a thing being regarded in one light as a ship, and in another as a rock-reef, for the two are not contemporaneous, neither similarly conditioned. Nicholas Murford ("Fragmenta Poetica," 1650) thus employs the simile:—

"Then use it [an Inn] well, and not use ill your selves,
For that is it which makes your ship but *shelves.*
Best things abused we know are made bad." (p. 36.)

and

"Nothing can shew David like as himself:
His Poesie's a ship, ours but a *shelf.*" (p. 49.)

Page 18: (*c*) "*clue undoes.*" *Ibid.* st. xxi. l. 4.

"Let this pretence have but a corner in your character, and all your moral conduct falls into a mass of indirect perplexity, as when a clue or skein of thread comes undone and lies in a mass of entanglement."—LOWE. This is scarcely Herbert's thought; but if clue is taken to be a ball (or skein) of thread, then it must not only mean that we are led to discover it, but also that the "clue" is self-acting, or unrolls itself—a conception only befitting a fairy tale. A "clue," however, is a ball, or anything gathered into a ball. Thus a sail when gathered together is "clewed up." Hence I judge the meaning of Herbert to be that the hypocrisy unrolls itself, and shows what it is within; the mask drops—when given a corner (l. 4.) where it may be alone and unseen.

Page 18: (*d*) "*sconces.*" *Ibid.* st. xxii. l. 2.

Willmott *in loco* has the following strangely erroneous note: "Sconce generally signifies a skull; but sometimes also a bulwark: it seems to bear the latter meaning in this line. If hunger tempts a man to over-indulgence, he has two safeguards—he can either carve for others, or talk to them' (Works of Herbert, p. 5). Dr Lowe gives an ingenious but probably untrue explanation thus: "Sconce is a word chiefly heard in the University, meaning a fine for any impropriety or irregularity at meals in hall. Herbert fitly uses it here; if you are disposed to be greedy, you can impose upon yourself two penalties or sconces—you can carve for others, or talk to them; and you need not fear that meanwhile all the food will be gone."—Lowe. Sconces are small protecting bulwarks or outworks, and Herbert's conceit is, that Nature has placed two bulwarks before the mouth, thereby showing the necessity of care, examination, and watchful exclusiveness—these bulwarks being the (closed) lips and teeth. The second clause, beginning with the third line, or more probably with the "if" of the second, is a new thought, additional safeguards, while they are proceedings due to Christian sociability and courtesy. A further safeguard is looking on meat as dirt, and your body as the same; but neither this, nor carving, nor discoursing, can properly be called sconces or forts. "Sconce" was so common a word, and the conceit is so like a conceit of the day, that I prefer it to believing that "sconce" is here used in the local University term. Besides, on the showing of the text, "if thy stomach call," read as it must be with this reading, the carving and discoursing are spoken of as safeguards, not as penalties for things done; nor can they in their nature of brotherly, social, or courteous acts be looked on as penalties or acts of penance.

Page 19: (*e*) "*he alone.*" *Ibid.* st. xxv. l. 1.

"Whosoever is delighted in solitude is either a wild beast or a god. For it is most true that a natural and secret hatred and aversation towards society, in any man, hath somewhat of the savage beast; but it is most untrue, that it should have any character at all of the divine nature, except it proceed, not out of a pleasure in solitude, but out of a love and desire to sequester a man's self for a higher conversation: such as is found to have been falsely and feignedly in some of the heathen—as Epimenides the Candian, Numa the Roman, Empedocles the Sicilian, and Apollonius of Tyana; and truly and really in divers of the ancient hermits and holy fathers of the Church."—Bacon's "Essays," xxviii. Coleridge annotates on the whole stanza—"I do not understand this stanza."

Page 21: (*f*) "*cannot on fourtie.*" *Ibid.* st. xxx. l. 3.

"You may allow here for difference in value of money. Another poet's village parson was 'passing rich with forty pounds a year' [Goldsmith: 'Deserted Village,' l. 141]. What Herbert means is, if you cannot make your income keep you, it is because your habits are extravagant, and additions to income would only be material for extravagance. Lord Bacon says, 'Certainly, if a man will keep but even of hand, his ordinary expenses ought to be but half of his receipts; and if he think to wax rich, but to the third part.' Mr. Gladstone, on July 6th, 1867, thus spoke: 'There are two kinds of wealth in this world, and two kinds of poverty. There is the wealth and the poverty which are absolute, and which are measured by the amount of money or money's worth. There is also the wealth and the

poverty which are relative, and which are not measured by the mere amount of money or money's worth that is possessed, but by the relation that the money or the money's worth bears to the views and character and habits of the possessor. In consequence of this you will often find a man who uses small means wisely not unprepared to confess that he is rich; and, conversely, you will find a man whose great means are outstripped by the still greater greediness of his desires complain of poverty, even while he is rolling in abundance. The great thing that is required is this--not what the condition of each man shall be, but that each man shall be master of his own condition.' A learned Hindoo was asked the other day to assist a Government official in Calcutta in a new translation of the Arabian Nights. The Eastern sage counted such work beneath his dignity, and declined. The official reminded him of his opportunities of seeing him at Court. 'What can you do for a man who has £100 a year, and lives on £50?' was the reply."—LOWE, Cf. Petrarch. Epist. ad Post.

Page 22: (*g*) "*hopes.*" *Ibid.* st. xxxi. l. 1.

"Do not incur an outlay in making a showy appearance, for the sake of getting credit. If you have only a dashing exterior to commend you, you are worth no more than a ship with sails set and no cargo aboard. If fine feathers make fine birds, the French proverb adds, 'Grands oiseaux de coutume sont prives de leurs plumes.' 'Fine clothes,' said Dr. Johnson, 'are good only as they supply the want of other means of securing respect.' How far they can supply this, Herbert shows The condition of those who 'by pleading clothes do fortunes seek' is happily hit off by Belarius, the old courtier-hermit, in 'Cymbeline,' where, speaking of men 'rustling in unpaid-for silk,' he says, 'such gain the cap of him that makes them fine, yet keeps his book uncrossed.'"—LOWE ["Cymbeline," iii. 3]. If it is pleasant at this day to find old-fashioned literature, such as Dr. Johnson, "Spectator," and the like, being read, it must, I fear, be said that much in above, as elsewhere, is wholly beside Herbert's meaning. The next sentence shows it is "spend not in hopes of preferment—not credit—waste not your substance thus." I have put a hyphen in "pleading-clothes," as making the sense clearer, and as it is really a compound word.

Page 22: (*h*) "*bear the bell.*" *Ibid.* st. xxxii. l. 1.

"Several explanations of this common expression are offered. The best perhaps is, that in olden days, and in Herbert's time, a bell was the prize in horse-racing. Some have found its meaning in bell-wether; the sheep that carries the bell being the leader of the flock; others have fancied it a corruption of 'bearing the belle,' *i.e.* winning a fair girl over other suitors. The first explanation and the last are funnily combined by an author of 1664, quoted by Brande, who, speaking of women, says, 'Whoever bears the *bell* away, yet they will ever carry the *clapper*.' My antiquarian friend and coadjutor, the Rev. J. T. Fowler, has drawn my attention to a description in Magius de Tintinnabulis of the Caroccius, a vehicle used in war by mediæval Italians, which, carrying a bell, and surrounded by a flag, and used for calling the troops to mass, was regarded as a shrine of honour and sanctity, and was carried into battle, something like 'the ark of God.' If the enemy won this, he would indeed 'bear the bell.'"—LOWE.

Page 25: (*i*) "*every toy be posed.*" *Ibid.* st. xxxviii. l. 1.

"*Toy* means 'trifle;' *posed* means 'perplexed, brought to a stand-still; put to a nonplus,' and so said to be derived from *pause*: but it is rather an abbreviation of the French, '*apposer*, to set on or near to,' and then *to set questions* to a candidate, not letting him *pass* till he has answered them. At Winchester [and Westminster] the examiners are still called 'posers;' and at S. Paul's School the compositions written for prizes are called *appositions*, and their Speech Day is their Apposition Day. Lord Bacon says, 'let his questions not be troublesome, for that is fit for a *poser*,' *i. e.* examiner."—LOWE. Spider threads are evidently alluded to, and it seems most likely that Herbert was thinking of those flying threads which the spider sends forth, or of the flying gossamer webs. "Pos'd" would then mean stopped or stayed. This view is the more likely, as Fame is always represented as flying, and to take the web as (= placed) stationary would require a forced and unknown use of pos'd, as staggered or shaken.

Page 25: (*j*) "*thin web, which poisonous.*" *Ibid.* st. xxxviii. l. 2.

"The metaphor is taken from a spider's web. The secretions of the spider were formerly thought to be poisonous; but it is now thought doubtful whether the bite of even the larger spiders of the tropics is harmful. In the 'Winter's Tale' [ii. 1] Leonatus says, 'There may be in the cup a spider steep'd, and one may drink a part, and yet partake no venom.' In other plays Shakespeare names spiders with toads and adders and such venomous reptiles."—LOWE.

Page 25: (*k*) "*the great soldier.*" *Ibid.* st. xxxviii. l. 3.

"Any soldier who had become great had had his honour composed of stuff that would endure a shake. Perhaps the story of the Bruce [King Robert Bruce of Scotland] is referred to, who would not let his resolution fail after his many disasters, when he had watched a spider in his tent again and again renew its broken web."—LOWE. Rather again and again ascend its slender cord to the roof, after seven times falling, and at last succeed. But, while the previous allusion to the web temptingly allures one to the Bruce, Herbert would scarcely have referred to him as "the great soldier;" nor was his "honour" at stake, only his resolution; nor did his "honour" receive a "shake." Probably the "great soldier" was Themistocles before Salamis, and his memorable "Strike, but hear me."

Page 26: (*l*) "*sad wise valour.*" *Ibid.* st. xlii. l. 1.

"The valour of a great soldier, as it is checked by wisdom under a sense of responsibility, is tinged with sadness, in the thought of the cost to others at which victory must be won. The soldier's life supplies the Poet throughout this poem with repeated illustrations."—LOWE. True; but not accurate in relation to Herbert's use of "sad" here. It was used in his and older times both in its metaphorical sense of serious, sedate, and sometimes as solid. This latter not being much known, I give an example: "River water is good that runneth . . . . vpon clay ground, *sad* sauory and cleere" (Bartholomew, l. 13, c. iii.), "super . . . . fundum . . . . argillosum solidum rapidum et mundum" (Batman). So Prompt. Parv. "*sad* or hard, solidus. *Saddyn*, or make sad, solido consolido." And Halliwell, as before, gives "sad bread, *panis gravis*" (Coles), and

says the same phrase is now used in the North of England. (Cf. my Glossarial Index in Marvell's Works, vol. i. *s.v.*) Gravity, solidity is opposed in l. 1 to the "giggler" of l. 3.

Page 28: (*m*) "*beast* . . . . *back.*" *Ibid* xlv. l. 4.

"Perhaps there is allusion here to the ark when it was carried to Beth-shemesh by the milch-kine (1 Samuel vi 10); or Herbert may refer to the Host carried in procession on a mule's back with rich trappings, though such things had long disappeared from England in his time."—LOWE. Surely the former alone was in Herbert's thoughts.

Page 29: (*n*) *Ibid. st.* xlviii. *Coleridge, &c.*

"This is probably the stanza of which S. T. Coleridge, in his notes, says: 'I do not understand this stanza;' but by some confusion of printing the editors of Pickering's edition, and of Bell and Daldy's, make this note refer to stanza lii., where there seems nothing to puzzle even a less powerful mind than S. T. C.'s. [See the Notes on st. lii.] It is perhaps hopelessly obscure. The MS. notes in the Bodleian comment thus: 'As familists must take care of suretyship, so single persons must mind to be surety for no more than they are capable of paying if the principal fail. For nobody should be bound to enslave himself for provision both for himself and y^e^ principall. God, by making me one, charges me while single with the maintenance of no more y^n^ one: till Trouble coming on me in y^e^ world does oblidge me to more than the ordinary care, and make me pay for my weakness, y^t^ bro't me to it.' My friend Sir John Coleridge observing justly that 'if Herbert be often hard, he always has a meaning,' suggests that the drift of the passage is to show that the borrower's advantage, as well as the lender's, is against an obligation to a married friend, a double view of the case which is notable: and he would paraphrase accordingly: 'The unmarried man may be surety to the extent of all his goods for his friend, but not more. If married, he may not be surety, both for his family's sake, as in the preceding stanza, and for his friend's sake; because even when the latter has brought himself to thrall by the obligation he has accepted, he ought not to be required to work for more than one person; as he is himself only one, and love, which is a *personal* debt, makes him no more. But if, when married, you are surety for a friend, and "labour cease," that is, if the friend fail, you have done him this wrong, that he is then bound to restore your family, as well as yourself, to what he has deprived them of, and your wife and children, who are in this respect your weakness, come into the score against the debtor.

"Does the following appear clearer to the reader? As, if married, you may under no circumstances be surety, so, if unmarried, you may give all for a friend, even your life. But as you can only give your life once, so have you only one estate to offer. If you involve yourself beyond your means, you are liable to work for two, as it were, viz., for your own maintenance, which, we assume, is no longer provided for, seeing you have lost your estate, and for the discharge of your liabilities; but even the thraldom of a bondslave is easier than this, for he is not bound to work for two. In short, you are one: love does not alter the conditions of your being, until after engagements contracted under a false sense of its claims a crash ensues, 'labour comes,' and then you find yourself in the presence of numerous demands, which multiply your weakness twenty-fold, but leave your faculties those only of an individual."—

LOWE. A Correspondent in "Notes and Queries" offers the following elucidation: "If you are single, give all you have to the service of God. But do not be anxious to make the gift larger by toil; for God only requires that which is suitable to the position in which He has placed you. He bestows a certain 'estate' upon every man as He bestows life; let both be dedicated to Him. For if you give first yourself, and then what He has given you, this is sufficient; you need not try to be more rich that you may be more charitable. But if you choose a life of labour to gain an 'estate' beyond the original position assigned to you in the providence of God, then you must reckon yourself responsible for the 'one man' which God 'made' you, and for *the other* which you make yourself besides. I conceive the stanza to be a recommendation of the contemplative life with poverty, in preference to the active life with riches" (1st S ix. p. 566). It may seem superfluous after these full Notes to add more; but I scarcely think Herbert's entire thought is brought out in any one of them, or in the whole. Looking, then, at "single," this seems to be the meaning: As you would hazard your life for your friend, so hazard your estate; yet not more than your estate. If you hazard more and he fail, or fail you, then must you work for two—for your own maintenance, and to pay his debt, or that part of it for which you have become security beyond the value of your own possessions. This the Jew or Pagan, who for his debts sold himself unto slavery, was not bound to, for he did but one man's daily work, and was maintained by his master. God made you but one, and to labour as one; for your friend cannot and does not make you more, unless—and now comes the only real difficulty—after such weakness, such weak excess of love, you have thus to labour for your friend's debt and your own livelihood. Then you and your weakness having entered into bonds for two—for yourself and your friend—your weakness scores, or has to count, as though it were that friend, and you and it have to work, as aforesaid, for and as two. Dr. Lowe errs, I think, in giving the verb "score" the sense of the numeral, a sense it never has, and that does not agree with the "work for two," which is the central idea of the sentence.

Page 29: (*o*) "*labour.*" *Ibid.* st. xlix. l. 3.

"Facts that are to be useful in conversation must be acquired by accurate study and a retentive memory; this is 'labour.' The merit of wit is its facility; hence it must mostly spring from a natural faculty; though Sydney Smith says that a man may sit down to the study of wit as systematically as to the study of mathematics. By giving up six hours a day to being witty, he would come on prodigiously by midsummer. Forced wit is always a failure. It must never be that 'invention comes from my pate as birdlime does from frize; it plucks out brains and all' ('Othello,' ii. 1). Real courtesy springs from the desire to make others happy, and from a humble sense of one's own actual merit, combined with a regard to one's own honour, which should be the standard of the attention we pay to others ('Hamlet,' ii. 2). Such motives to courtesy, however, are seldom found in courts. The poet refers only to the externals of courtesy, which are there well learned. It is the trick of courtesy to make other men feel pleased with themselves. The courtier knows even how to snub without seeming to wound *amour propre*. The *courtier* may give 'greetings where no kindness is,' which the *courteous* never does. In Herbert's time, 'courtesy' and 'courteous' were oftener used of the external act than of the inner motive, though the Apostle's precept is translated, 'Be pitiful, be courteous,' where the Greek means 'lowly-minded' or

'kindly-minded,' according to the word used (1 Peter iii. 8); and the Nurse in 'Romeo and Juliet' pours forth her dirge in most pregnant and pathetic terms:

'O Tybalt! Tybalt! the best friend I had!
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
That ever I should live to see thee dead.'
(Act iii. sc. 2.")—LOWE.

Little of the above disquisition *de quibusdam aliis* entered into Herbert's present consideration. Dr. Lowe surely misunderstands the words "wittie" and "wit." "Wit," in its modern sense, Sydney Smith's wit, cannot be attained by "ease." If not a natural faculty, it can only be obtained by "labour." Herbert unquestionably uses the words in the old sense of "wise" and "wisdom," "thoughtful" and "thoughtfulness."

Page 30: (*p*) "*proud ignorance.*" *Ibid.* st. 1. l. 3.

"*i.e.* such as tries to hide itself, will use any uneasy artifice rather than expose its hand, show its cards.—N.B. 'his' is used before 'rest' and 'cards' for 'its,' the old use common in the Bible, Shakespeare, and writers of Herbert's time."—LOWE. Dr. Lowe is in error here: "proud ignorance" is a person playing cards (= a personification); therefore "his" is required. Further: from frequent allusions, in the fashionable game of primero, and perhaps in others, the players, having on the hand originally dealt, set up their "rest" or wager, then "pulled," that is, drew other cards; then discarded; then perhaps vyed, as at picquet; and then, as in it, played the "after-game." Any explanation of the phrase in the text must be conjectural, in our lack of information as to the rules; but if it were optional to draw more cards, and the opponent were bound by the decision of the other, then a "proud ignorance," by continuing to draw on a weak hand instead of vying at one, would frequently lose. A good player at écarté will frequently play on a hand where a bad player demands fresh cards. The "rest" was not the ordinary stake for which a game was played, but a separate and after or vying wager, that was increased and varied with each player, according (in primero) to the cards he held, that is according to his reckoning of the odds or chances of the game as deduced from his cards.

St. 1. ll. 3, 4. This is a complete parenthesis or modifying reflection arising out of the previous words, and steal, &c. is to be taken as following immediately on ll. 1, 2: Entice all to speak of what they know best (Sir Walter Scott's rule), and then further steal, &c., *i. e.* pick out of his information points on which by questioning or doubting you can get him to expatiate further. This is all that is meant by "steal," namely take out of his store, and making it your own, bring out from him more. The parenthesis is—Entice all (or rather all you can); for there are some—and I mention it that you be not of such—whose "proud ignorance" will lose such value as they set themselves at, rather than show any of the little they know. There is much of the owl's ignorance in the owl's silence with reference to your "silent" men. See more in next Note.

Page 30: (*q*) "*treasure.*" *Ibid.* st. 1. l. 4.

"So Lord Bacon: 'He that questioneth much shall learn much, and content much; but especially if he apply his questions to the skill of the persons whom he asketh: for he shall give them occasion to please themselves in speaking, and himself shall continually gather

knowledge' ("Essays," xxxii.). But it is not well to ask questions from curiosity. On that score Dr. Johnson says, 'Questioning is not the mode of conversation among gentlemen. It is assuming a superiority, and it is particularly wrong to question a man concerning himself.'"—LOWE. *En passant*, Dr. Johnson's dictum was surely too absolute, that to "ask questions" is "assuming a superiority." The very opposite is truer and deeper. Our questions may be the recognition of our ignorance and of the other's "superiority." But sooth to say, the quotation from Dr. Johnson is irrelevant here. Herbert speaks not of questioning a man of himself and his private affairs, but of seeking (as before explained) the subject on which he is learned, and picking something therefrom which, put questioningly, may draw him on to give you more information. Perhaps "steal" is not the happiest word.

Page 30: (*r*) *Coleridge. Ibid.* st. lii. ll. 3-6.

Coleridge annotates here: "I do not understand this stanza." Dr. Lowe supposes that the reference was misplaced, and ought to have been against st. xlviii. This is so, as shown by Pickering's original edition (1835), where the reference is given to st. xlviii. But ll. 3-6 here do present difficulties. Willmott observes: "The obscurity lies in the fifth line. The poet teaches calmness in disputes by showing that intemperate zeal takes even the grace from truth. Then he asks, 'Why should I feel?' &c. For example, a person argues with me upon the climate of Egypt. He is decidedly wrong. I try to correct him. But why should I trouble myself with his geographical errors, when I take so little note of his bodily wants? 'In love I should, but anger is not love;' *i.e.* if I were warmly attached to this man I might have such sentiments, which are the natural breathings of love; but anger has no relationship to that passion, no, nor even that certainty of learning which is wisdom: 'therefore gently move;' *i.e.* conduct the argument with sweetness and discretion." Looking at the entire stanza this seems to be the thought: Fierceness in argument, says Herbert, if you be in error, makes your error a fault in the eyes of others, a seemingly wilful prejudice and blind obstinacy. Fierceness towards your opponent, if he be in error, treats his mistake, not as a mere mistake, but as though it were a fault or crime in him (ll. 1, 2). Then, by a curious turn on the word "feel," he brings out his argument that such a course is both unbrotherly and unwise. Why should you, or —as he says in imitation of the apostle's "we" (Eph. ii. 3)—why should I "feel" more fierce at a man's mistakes than at view of his sickness or poverty? True, that in brotherly love I should feel it more—feel it more feelingly, more compassionately—since errors of mind are worse than bodily ills.' But feeling it compassionately is not feeling it fiercely or angrily—anger is not love. Nor is it wisdom, neither wisdom as a question of victory; for your anger repels your opponent and hardens him; you self-destroy your chance of victory: nor true wisdom, which in this is one with love, a man's errors being, as aforesaid, worse ills than sickness or poverty. Therefore, urge gently what you would advance.

Page 66: (*s*) "*begun.*" 16. *Affliction.* l. 25. *Coleridge.*

Coleridge remarks on this word: "Either a misprint or noticeable idiom of the word *begun*: Yes! and a very beautiful idiom it is; the first colloquy or address of the flesh." The idiom is still in use in Scotland. "You had better not *begin* to me," is the first address of the schoolboy, half angry, half frightened at the bullying of a com-

panion The idiom was once English, though now obsolete Several instances of it are given in the last edition of Foxe's "Martyrs," vol vi p. 627 It has not been noticed, however, that the same idiom occurs in one of the best known passages of Shakespeare, in Clarence's dream, "Richard III," i 4:

"O, then *began* the tempest *to* my soul"

("Notes and Queries,' 1st S ii 233) The following is the text and note from Foxe (1838): "'Well,' said master Saunders, 'my dear Lord Jesus Christ hath *begun* to me of a more bitter cup than mine shall be, and shall I not pledge my most sweet Saviour? Yes, I hope . . .' "*Begun* to me seems to be equivalent to "hath challenged" Bishop Hall, in his 'Contemplations (The Two Sons of Zebedee), writes, "O blessed Saviour, we pledge Thee according to our weakness Who hast *begun to us* in Thy powerful sufferings' See also Hanmer's Translation of Evagrius book i fol 11 Bishop Reynolds in his "Meditations on the Lord's Last Supper" (c viii), furnishes another example of the same idiom "Because He Himself did *begin unto us* in a more bitter cup" In Herbert here the meaning is = began its attacks or onslaught on my soul already in pain, increased its vexations by vexations, the word being used in the sense of the Scotch schoolboy's colloquialism and as by Shakespeare *supra* The other expressions quoted, though allied, are rather different, and refer to the customs of health drinking, where one "began, and it lay upon the honour of the others to follow in the self same way and to the same extent Hence such beginning was a challenge, yet not exactly an attack as here and in "Richard III" The schoolboy phrase might now mean one, now the other, according to circumstances

Page 70 (*t*) "*outlandish root*" 18 *Faith*, l 9.

An example of Herbert's "full thought" and "quaint conceit." The injury which prevents his journey heavenward is the bite of the serpent, that has bruised his heel, the root is the antidote—Christ's sufferings—spoken of under the figure of a celebrated antidote, viz. the snake-root of Virginia (Aristolochia serpentaria, botanic name *senega*), "a most certaine and present remedy against the venome of the rattle-snake . Now the manner of the using thereof is thus As soon as any is bitten by that creature they take of this herbe and chaw it in their mouthes, and swallow downe the juice thereof, and also apply of the herbe to the wound or bitten place, which instantly cureth them But if it so happen that any being bitten cannot get of this herbe in any reasonable time, he dyeth certainly Yet if within twelve hours after the biting he doe use this remedy, it will assuredly recover him" (Parkinson, "Theatr. Botan") "The powder of the herbe and roote taken in wine or other drinke, hath been found a certaine and present cure for the biting of a madde-dog" (*Ibid*) It was also used in agues, pestilential fevers, and the pestilence (plague) itself. (*Ibid*)

Page 71: (*u*) "*With an exact and most particular trust*" 18. Faith, l. 43.

"I find few historical facts so difficult of solution as the continuance, in Protestantism, of this anti-Scriptural superstition"—COLERIDGE.

Page 72: (*v*) "*pull for prime.*" 25. Jordan, l. 12.

As suggested in the place in our edition of Dean Donne, Satire ii., to "pull is to draw from the pack" (vol. i p. 29), Nares is of this

opinion, founding on a passage in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Mons. Thomas," iv. 9. He is doubtful under "Prime," but under "*Best*" expresses himself as above; and to his quotation we add from "The Church Militant," l. 135, "To this great lotterie, and all would pull," where "pull" is similarly used for drawing one at hazard from a number. I repeat here our note in Donne, as *supra*: "Stephens MS. reads 'as men pulling for prime.' 'Prime,' in primero, is a winning hand of different suits [with probably certain limitations as to the numbers of the cards, since there were different primes], different to and of lower value than a flush or hand of [four] cards of the same suit. The game is not unknown; but from such notices as we have, it would seem that one could stand on their hands, or, as in écarté and other games, discard and take in others (see Nares, *s.v.*). From the words of our text, the fresh cards were not dealt by the dealer, but 'pull'd' by the player at hazard, and the delays of maidish indecision can be readily understood; albeit, as above, the Stephens MS. substitutes 'men' for 'maid'—the latter probably our author's later correction."

Page 81: (*w*) "*watch a potion.*" 27. *The Holy Scripture*, l. 21.

The word "watch" here has perplexed many. Willmott prints "match," and has this note: "All the editions read watch, which is evidently wrong; match seems to make the line intelligible; the scattered herbs brought together from different places compose or make up the potion or medicinal drink." Coleridge also wrote, "Some misprint." One difficulty in supposing a misprint is that "watch" is found not only in the editions of 1682-3 onward, but also plainly written both in the Williams and Bodleian MSS. The meaning might be—forced no doubt, but characteristic—"as dispersed [=scattered and various] herbs do watch [to be made into or are eager to be made into] a potion" [as "glad to cure our flesh"—64. Man], so the scattered and various portions of the Holy Scriptures unite in guiding the Christian—as if conscious and "glad" so to do—to his "destinie." If it be said that we can only look for such plants as seize the opportunity of going into the pot, in that land where roast pigs with knives and forks cry, "Come, eat me," I answer, True, and equally grotesque and quaint are many of Herbert's fancies. Nor did he stand alone. In Hookes' "Amanda" (1653) there is a whole poem dedicated to a description—vivid and memorable—of the different flowers stretching themselves in their several places in eagerness to be "trod on" by the feet of a Beauty in their garden.

I cannot say that I am wholly satisfied with the above explanation: but neither am I with "match," which does not seem to yield a good sense. The herbs might "match" one another, but it is rather out-of-the-way English to say that several herbs "match a potion." What is wanted—if "watch" must be pronounced an error—is an equivalent to "make up;" and it is just possible that the shortened *p* of old MSS. might be mistaken for a *w* by a scribe, and be overlooked in the Williams MS. by Herbert, and that the poet, thinking rather of his main idea than his simile—though it suits that also—several put together to make one whole, wrote "*patch*."

Page 95: (*x*) "*bandying.*" 43. *Humilitie*, l. 29.

Willmott annotates "contending together." It may have this meaning certainly, but in French the same verb "bander" is to bandy, as at Tennis and as at the game of Bandy; and in its more usual signification to bend a bow, or bind with bands, swaddle. It

is doubtless the origin of both our words, and indeed Howell and Cotgrave give: To bandie as at tennis: to bandy, to follow a faction: Bandyed, Bandé, and under Bandé is only given bent, swathed [and the like], filleted, also banded or combined together. In fact, they make to bandy and bandyed or bandied—our band and banded. Minsheu gives to bandie or tosse a ball at Tennis; but under Bandie only to follow a faction, and a bandying a faction. Coles, Kershaw, Dyche also give both meanings rightly, I think, placing the tossing a ball second, as this seems to be a derivative sense following on the forming a party to play Tennis or Bandy. We meet with bandied in the sense of banded; and this seems to be the primary sense in "Romeo and Juliet" (iii. 1); though Shakespeare, with his usual happiness of expression, makes it convey its double meaning Here (in Herbert) it is the same; but the scope of the whole poem shows the sense to be they re-unite as a party to contend against their opponents Marvell (1676) uses the word as follows: "Who can, unless wilfully, be ignorant what wretched doings, what bribery, what ambition there are, how long the Church is without an head upon every vacancy, till among the crew of *bandying* cardinals the Holy Ghost have declared for a Pope of the French or Spanish Faction?" (Works, my edition; vol. iv. p. 256.)

Page 121: (*y*) "*descent and ascent.*" 64. *Man*, ll. 35-6.

All things are good, and of a nature sympathetic with our flesh, both in their being and in their coming down from the Father of all good; and they are the same to our mind, in their leading it to ascend from things created to the First Great Cause. So I take "descent and cause" to mean, albeit with some tautology in the use of "descent" in both clauses. The change to "ascent" is perhaps more after the taste of that day, and therefore the "descent" of Williams MS. might be pronounced either an author's earlier reading or a scribe's unintentional repetition.

Page 121: (*z*) "*distinguishèd.*" *Ibid.* l. 39.

Coleridge says: "I understand this but imperfectly; distinguished—they form an island?" Willmott annotates: "May we not rather seek an interpretation in the first chapter of Genesis (9, 10): the waters distinguished are the waters separated from the dry land, which then appears, and becomes the habitation of man; the waters united are the gathering together of the waters, which God called seas; below, they are our fountains and streams to drink; above, they are our meat, because the husbandman waiteth for the early and the latter rain. Both are our cleanliness. In the verses on Lent, Herbert had spoken of 'the cleanness of sweet abstinence,' the gentle thoughts and emotions which it gives, and the 'face not fearing light.' Perhaps in this poem he employs cleanliness in the same wide sense; as expressing the beauty, freshness, purity, and delight of which water, in its many shapes and blessings, is made the minister to mankind." Willmott's explanation is excellent; but it may be as well to read, after "called seas," "the distinguishing of the lower waters then leads Herbert to the Jewish distinguishing of waters above and below the firmament."

Page 121: (*a a*) "*Cleanliness.*" *Ibid.* ll. 40-1.

Coleridge continues hereon: "and the next lines refer perhaps to the then belief that all fruits grow and are nourished by water (?) but, then, how is the ascending sap 'our cleanliness?'" The great poet-

critic's explanation is accurate; for it was a belief in hot countries, where rains were so essential and dry seasons parching and droughts not unfrequent, that water had a vivifying power which gave life to the inert seed in the womb of the earth; but it is not the "ascending sap" that Herbert is speaking of, but the rains and consequent filling and overflowing of streams.

Page 121: (*b b*) "Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him." *Ibid.* ll. 47-8.

Archbishop Leighton (on Psalm viii.) again remembers Herbert here, *e. g.* "What is man, &c. These words deserve to be considered: Thou mindest him in all these things, the works above him, even in the framing of the heavens, the moon and the stars, designing his good; Thou makest all attend and serve him." See Deuteronomy iv. 19: also St. Augustine's Soliloquies, cxx. cxxi.

Page 133: (*c c*) 75. *Jordan.*

The meaning is: When he first joyed in the Lord he sought out the best means to express that joy; but that now, when he had crossed over for good and become a settled inhabitant of God's Promised Land, all he need do is to speak in simple words what love dictates. In this he imitates somewhat the thought in Sidney's first sonnet ("Astrophel and Stella"). On another occasion he says, that in the fulness of its joy his heart can only repeat, "My joy, my life, my crown," but that this is "a true hymn" (131). In 25. Jordan, the thought is similar = Now having once for all crossed Jordan, my joy can only express itself simply, and what more is required when a loving heart would speak the truth? Is there no beauty in Truth herself? Can *she* need adornment? Do I require to embellish my verse with those inventions and ornaments which poets find necessary when describing and praising either their mistresses adorned by art or the fictions of their own minds? No; in my great happiness I can but say, "My God, my King;" but it is my heart-verse, it has the beauty of truth, and is so accepted of the God of all truth. Here in 75. Jordan, he says that a true loving heart needs only to express itself simply as it feels: in the other two, that in his fulness of joy he can but speak brokenly, but that such words are true songs, and having the beauty of truth, require not the adornment of a laboured wit. Harvey follows in Herbert's footsteps:—

"—— climbe Mount Calv'ry for Parnassus' hill,
And in his Saviour's sides baptize his quill;
A Jordan fit t' instill
A saint-like stile, back't with an angel's skill."
("Complete Poems:" my ed. p. 88.)

Page 133: (*d d*) "*burnish.*" *Ibid.* l. 4.

In some of the old dictionaries (Bullaker, Coles, Kersey, Blount) this word is given as used technically in venerie for the spreading out of a stag's horns when renewing. Though not noticed in dictionaries, there is also evidence that, whether from corruption and similarity of sound or other cause, the word was used much as burgeon, to bulge or swell as a bud (subst. burgeon, a bud or pimple). The context shows we have one example here. Another is to be found in Holland's Pliny, l. xi. 37: "A man groweth in height and length until he be one and twentie years of age; then beginneth he to spread and burnish in squareness." Another example, relating to the legs of whole-hoofed animals, is quoted by

Richardson, *s.v.*, though he misses the sense: "well may they shoot out bigger and burnish afterward, but (to speak truly and properly) they grow [after birth] no more in length." Dryden also uses the word in the same sense:

> "*Burnish'd* and batt'ning on their food, to show
> The diligence of careful herds below."
> ("Hind and Panther," ll. 390-1.)

Christie, in his "Dryden" Glossary and Notes overlooks the noticeable word. Halliwell gives *burnish* also same as *barnish*; and this is a Southern and Western word for "to increase in strength and vigour, to fatten;" and this variation seems to confirm the word being a colloquial corruption of burgeon into the more familiar burnish (as the ship Bellerophon becomes Billy Ruffian), for burgeon a pimple is in Devonshire barngun. See our Glossarial Index, *s.v.*

Page 152: (*e e*) "*poore sand.*" 90. *Providence*, l. 47.

Leighton remembered this (on Ps. viii.): "The sea fitted for navigation, together with the multitudes of creatures in it, small and great, and the impetuousness of it, yet confined and forced to roll in its channel so that it cannot go forth; *the small sands giving check* to the great waters." Again: "To see the surges of a rough sea come in towards the shore, a man would think that they were hastening to swallow up the land; but they know their limits, and are beaten back into foam" (Sermon on Ps. lxxvi. 10) Luther said: "Let our enemies indulge their transports of rage; God has not set up a stone wall to confine the waves of the sea, nor has He restrained them by a mountain of iron. He thought it enough to place a shore, a barrier of sand" ("Tischredon," 447).

Page 154: (*ff*) "*windes.*" *Ibid.* ll. 91-2.

> "The windes, who think they rule the mariner,
> Are rul'd by him, and taught to serve his trade."

In one profound and wondrous sense God alone "rules" the "windes;" and our blessed Lord nowhere asserted His supreme and absolute divinity more impressively than on the sea, when He "commanded" the humanly-uncontrollable unreachable "winds" and they "obeyed" Him. Man *quâ* man "rules" much, but the "winds" are uniquely beyond his control. (Cf. St. Matthew viii. 27). Nevertheless there is another sense wherein man does "rule" even the "winds." That is, given God's providence that allows them to blow as He lists, it is of God's providence that man in his reason can make them in the very act of opposing do his purpose, and carry him, by adjusted sails, whither he would. Nothing on the sea, unless in case of a storm, that shows the power of God and man's impotency beyond a given point, so strikes the imagination as this power of man over the winds and waters, through the reason granted him; and in this visible contention and masterdom lies the poetry of a sailing ship over a steamer. In the one you compel the winds to do your will and send you whither they would not; in the other you call in another power of nature, an irresistible invisible power, which has nothing to do with the winds, and which, in its irresistibility, does not need to bend them to man's will, and so diminishes the appearance of contention—man standing, as it were, idly by, as Solomon at the building of the Temple. It is suggestive that the lesser triumph of man thus more powerfully acts on the imagination than the greater.

Page 157: (*g g*) 91. "*Hope.*"

From their interest I have deemed it right to give in this place certain "Notes and Queries" on this little poem in the publication under this title. Having been made the subject of a "query" by G. D. (1st S. ix. 64) as enigmatical, two replies were sent and printed. The first was from F. C. H. (=the late venerable and learned Dr. Husenbeth, of Cossey, Norwich), and is as follows: "The short poem of this author [George Herbert] entitled *Hope* turns evidently upon matrimonial speculation; though it may well serve to show the vanity of human expectation in many more things. The watch was given apparently to remind Hope that the time for the wedding was fairly come; but Hope, by returning an anchor, intimated that the petitioner must hope on for an indefinite time. The next present, of a prayer-book, was a broad hint that the matrimonial service was ardently looked for. The optic glass given in return showed that the lover must be content to look to a prospect still distant. It was natural then that tears of disappointment should flow, and be sent to propitiate unfeeling Hope. Still the sender was mocked with only a few green ears of corn, which might yet be blighted, and never arrive at maturity. Well might the poor lover, who had been so long expecting a ring as a token of the fulfilment of her anxious wish, resolve in her despair to have done with Hope. After writing the above the thought occurred to me that the poet's ideas might be so expanded as to supply at once the answer to each part of the enigma. I send the result of the experiment:—

'I gave to Hope a watch of mine; but he,
Regardless of my just and plain request,
An anchor, as a warning, gave to me,
That on futurity I still must rest.
Then an old prayer-book I did present,
Still for the marriage service fit to use;
And he in mockery an optic sent,
My patience yet to try with distant views.
With that I gave a phial full of tears,
My wounded spirit could no more endure;
But he return'd me just a few green ears,
Which blight might soon forbid to grow mature.
Ah, loiterer! I'll no more, no more I'll bring,
Nor trust again to thy deceiving tale;
I did expect ere now the nuptial ring
To crown my hopes, but all my prospects fail.'" (x. 18.)

G. D. was not satisfied by this lighter interpretation; and so answered his own "Query" with this "Note," thus: "The reply to this, inserted in vol. x. p. 18, did not at all satisfy me. I now beg to offer the accompanying, given me by a friend, as seeming more suggestive of the author's probable meaning: 'I gave to Hope a watch of mine (*i.e.* a timepiece representing fleeting time). I receive in exchange a sure and steadfast hope (the anchor). Then taking to prayer, I receive from him an optic (the eye of faith). I fall to repentance (the phial full of tears). He gives a few green ears (the promise of better things). I turn away impatiently (rebelliously). I did expect a ring (completion of my desires, not expectation merely). The whole seems the picture of man, impatient in *working out* his salvation, dreaming his faith and repentance should at once obtain their full reward.'" (x. p. 333.) Looking at these communications critically, it seems clear that Dr. Husenbeth has erred, led away by the word "ring," and from unmindfulness of Herbert's conceitful

style. His suggestion, moreover, is against all we know of Herbert's life and marriage. The Friend of the Querist was in the main right. It is the picture of a man impatient of results when working out his salvation. The timepiece is his mute appeal that time has past, and the time of results, the expected hour, come. Hope replies with the anchor: the hope is sure, but you must ride out the tide. Man—that is, Herbert, gives a prayer-book: he has prayed and hoped long, and now the answer should come. Hope gives a telescope, which to the eye of Faith shows the desired end distinctly and near, though far off. Then are given tears, pleadings of misery, powerful with the compassionate; but with lesser kindness than before Hope returns a few green ears. So if you water and tend, your fruit shall be sixty-fold, ay, an hundred-fold; but be remiss, and the fruit will be blasted. This is the answer; and I looked for a ring of betrothal to Happiness, from whom joined of God no power should put me asunder. The poem is a narrative-picture of one of Herbert's many despondencies.

Page 157: *(h h)* "*cockatrice.*" 92. *Sinne's Round*, l. 5.

"For one cockatrice or basilisk, the diminutive king of serpents, half a foot long, but so venomous, that it slayeth serpents and all that hath life by his breath and by his sight, but is overcome by the weasel, who fortifieth himself against the venom by eating rue." See Batman. The latter portion is based on tales of the serpent-killing and weasel-like mungoos of India, which, however, as now proved, eats no antidote herb. The mediæval basilisk, or cockatrice, was, however, a stranger animal, with legs, wings, a cock's head, a serpentine tail, and possessing the same venomous properties, and born of a cock's egg hatched under a toad or serpent (Sir Thomas Browne's "Vulgar Errors," iii. c. 7). The allusion in the text is to thoughts working together for evil; as, according to another fable, the egg was borne aloft and along, hatching or to be hatched, by the busy intervening of a number of serpents.

Page 163: *(i i)* "*snudge.*" 97. *Tiddinesse*, l. 11.

"To walk along [or go generally] as it were wrapped in oneself, without regarding persons or things that may be in the way."—DYCHE. Also, to go as one full of business. Greene, at the end of his "Menaphon," says that Doron, having discovered the high degree of the lady he had loved, "snudged him selfe up, and jumpte a marriage with his old friend Carmela," where it seems to mean, betook himself to his own rural business, and settled down to it. The noun means a country churl, and like many living apart, a curmudgeon, a miser; and snudging was the miserly way of a miser. To "snudge" also signified to go slily or sneakingly, and hence the noun also meant a sneaking fellow.

Page 181: *(j j)* 111. *The Pilgrimage*, l. 147.

Willmott in his introduction to his edition of Herbert writes on this: "The characteristic of Herbert's fancy is fruitfulness. The poetry, like the theology of that age, put all learning into an abridgment. A course of lectures flowed into the rich essence of a single sermon. A month's seed bloomed in an ode. The 17th was the contradiction of the 19th century, the object being then to give the most thought in the smallest space, as now to sow the widest field with the frugallest corn. Herbert's 'Pilgrimage' is an example. Written, probably, before Bunyan was born—certainly while he was an infant—it contains all the Progress of the Pilgrim in outline. We

are shown the gloomy Cave of Desperation, the Rock of Pride, the Mead of Fancy, the Copse of Care, the Wild Heath where the Traveller is robbed of his gold, and the Gladsome Hill that promises a fair prospect, but only yields a lake of brackish water on the top. Such a composition would scarcely escape the notice of that Spenser of the people, who afterwards gave breadth and animation and figures to the scene" (pp. xxv.-vi.)

Page 188: (*k k*) "*All-heal.*" 116. *An Offering*, l. 22.

Marvell daintily introduces "all-heal" into his "Damon the Mower," as follows:

"Alas! said he, these hurts are slight
To those that dye by Love's despight.
With shepherd's purse, and clown's all-heal,
The blood I stanch and wound I seal."

Whereon, in the place, I have this note: " . . . the latter, in Cole's English Dictionary, 1708, is called Clown's wound-wort. See some notes on mistletoe — All heal, in 'Notes and Queries,' 3rd Series, vii., by Dr. William Bell; also Dr. Prior's 'Popular Names of British Plants . . . Gerarde's name for a species of Glidewort or Ironwort, or Clown's All-heal or Clown's Wound-wort; so called because a countryman healed himself with it of a scythe-cut in the leg, and so 'famoused it to all posterity'" (Works of Marvell, i. pp. 71-2). Herbert finely applies it to Jehovah Rophi, Jehovah the Healer.

Page 2?0: (*l l*) "*casks.*" 133. *Dotage*, l. 1.

A cask of happiness, much more "*casks of happiness*," would be a very pleasant thing and not a "guilded emptinesse," but a solid pleasure. Our idiom does not allow of taking "cask" as a mere empty cask in such a phrase. It will be seen also on examination that there is some attempt to keep up a parallelism of difference in the two stanzas—one of pleasures in the world, the other of its sorrows; and the phrase set against this in the second stanza is "rooted miseries." A cask, *i.e.* a casque of happiness, would signify emptiness, but would be the strangest of expressions, and in nowise corresponding with "rooted miseries." The word I feel inclined to substitute would be "husks:" this perhaps, by thought of the grain or seed that was wanting, might have suggested "rooted miseries;" the grain of misery sown would produce a rooted plant itself, bringing forth miseries forty-fold or more. There is indeed the word "lask," which became almost a technical term for diarrhœa, and this, in both old and new dictionaries and glossaries, is the only meaning given it; but it was also used for a syringe, and this, and the word *lasschynge* quoted by Halliwell:

"For lyse lasschynge flame allethe londe over,"

and similarly used, indeed, in our own day, might allow us to read, "casks of happiness" = jets or gushes of happiness. But we want an example of the word in that sense, and I doubt whether in Herbert's time the word was used for anything but diarrhœa or a syringe. The latter sense is found in Parkinson. I have not ventured to use the word "husks," but submit above remarks.

Page 211: (*m m*) "*meaning.*" *A True Hymne*, l. 2.

Here, as in 125. Praise, l. 1, and as in legal phraseology in Scotland, the word signifies "declare," or "set forth," just in fact as "signify" is used in the same sense of declaring or setting forth. In

older books "mean" is used in the same sense in such phrases as —— and so, —— meaneth in his book, &c. Whether also it was the speaker's word, or a mere professional phrase put into his mouth, we find that, in Mead and Penn's trial, in 1670, Mead says, "Take notice he [the witness] means now a clean contrary thing to what he swore;" where there is no question of "meaning" in our sense of the term, but a pointing out that the plain statement of the witness was a different statement from that he had sworn before the Mayor at the committal. See Note in our Sidney, as before, vol. i. p. 121. Sidney also uses it as "declare," "Astrophel and Stella," xxxv. (vol. i. p. 24), on which see our Note. In the next piece, l. 9, Herbert uses the word in a sense of which I can recollect no other example, except in "The Church Porch," lvi. 4. It would almost seem that because "mean" is a synonym for "intend" in such phrases as "He means well," Herbert therefore thought himself entitled to use it in the primary sense of intend, and one in which it was in that day often used, namely, to stretch towards, seek, aim at.

Page 219: (*n n*) "*amber-greese*," 145. *The Odour*, l. 2.

I transfer here from my edition of Marvell's Poems a note on "amber-greese," as follows: "sea-born amber=ambergris, then spelled at full amber-greece or -griece, but in French as two words, *amber gris*. It was considered one of the varieties of amber. Cotgrave enumerates "Ambre blanc [query—a variety of ambergris?]. Ambre crud, as it is before it is polished and made transparent (by the fat of a sucking pig). Ambre gris, Ambre-greece, or gray amber (the best kind of amber), used for perfumes. Ambre noir, the worst kind of amber (jet, or in which jet was included), usually mingled with aloes, storax, and suchlike aromaticall simples for Pomander chains [Poma ambræ]. Ambre de Paternostres, bead amber, the ordinary yellow amber." See more in the place: Marvell, vol. i. p. 44.

Page 220: (*o o*) "*sphere*," 146. *The Foil*, l. 2.

The circle and sphere being held the most perfect of figures and forms, and the heavens being regarded as perfect and unvarying, it was a supposed necessity that each body and each motion conformed thereto. Hence the elements had their spheres, the sky its, each planet and star its, and hence also, when it was found that circular motions did not accord with astronomical observations, the epicycles spoken of in Divinitie were super-added. See previous note on 104. Divinitie, l. 25.

Page 221: (*p p*) "*harbinger*," 147. *The Forerunners*, l. 1.

An officer of the king's household, who went before to allot and "mark" the lodgings of the king's attendants in a "Progress." Nares quotes a passage so illustrative of the text as to warrant citation:—

"I have no reason, no spare room for any,
Love's harbinger hath *chalk'd* upon my heart,
And with a coal writ on my brain 'For Flavia,'
This house is wholly taken up, 'For Flavia.'
Albumazar."

Harbingers of course brought the earliest and last news, and hence the word has obtained a secondary meaning different from its derivation, from harbergh, harbour, or lodging. See our edition of Dean Donne's "Poems," *s. v.*

Page 221: (*q q*) "*dispark.*" *Ibid.* l. 3.

To understand the full meaning of this, it must be remembered that a "park" could only be such by immemorial prescription or by royal license, and could only be "disparked" by royal authority. The owner was placed, as it were, as a royal gamekeeper, with sole power to destroy the royal game. In land enclosed without such authority the animals were, as in unenclosed land, wild beasts, *feræ naturæ*, and no action would lie against any one for killing them, but for trespass only. Of course harbingers could not "dispark," except as king's messengers sent with special mandate to that effect. But the thought that Death's harbingers are dispossessing the whole family of a man for new tenants, that is, for worms, naturally leads to the thought of new possession under altered tenure.

Page 223: (*r r*) "*Canvas.*" *Ibid.* l. 26.

See previous note on the "Church Porch," st. xlv. l. 6. Arras was the best kind of tapestry or woven hangings, which reached its perfection in the Gobelin tapestry. Canvas=the painted cloths, which, as cheaper, came to be used instead of arras—canvas painted with figures and moral sayings in prose and verse. Falstaff recommends them when the hostess says she will have to pawn her plate and tapestry [arras, &c.] to furnish him with money ("2 King Henry IV." ii. 1). And in "As You Like It" (iii. 2) Orlando says, "I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions;" and in "Lucrece" we have:

"Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw,
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe."

Page 230: (*s s*) "*his tincture,*" 154. *The Elixir*, l. 15.

So in Williams MS. and the Bodleian, 1632-3 edition, and all the earlier save 1656 and 1674, which read "this." Unhappily Bell and Daldy's (1865, &c.) follows the misprint. His=its, as usual with Herbert. Nothing so mean with its (his) tincture (viz. "for Thy sake") but will grow bright, &c.; *i. e.* by the admixed colouring or virtues of the ingredient "for Thy sake." Dr. Macdonald thus speaks of Herbert's use of the word "tincture" here: "The Elixir was an imagined liquid sought by the old physical investigators, in order that by its means they might turn every common metal into gold, a pursuit not quite so absurd as it has since appeared. They called this something, when regarded as a solid, *the Philosopher's stone.* In the poem it is also called a tincture" ("Antiphon," p. 175). So too Dr. Donne's use of the word is pointed out by the same critic, as follows: "As an individual specimen of the grotesque form holding a fine sense, regard for a moment the words,

"He was all gold when He lay down, but rose
All tincture."

Which means that, entirely good when He died, He was something yet greater when He rose, for He had gained the power of making others good. The *tincture* intended here was a substance whose touch would turn the basest metal into gold" (Ibid. p. 124). Cf. our edition of Vaughan, i. 193. Thankful for Dr. Macdonald's all-too-few critical remarks, and speaking under correction, I rather think he is mistaken in making the Philosopher's stone, Elixir, and Tincture synonyms. The stone is the transmuting stone, as in last stanza. The Elixir is the *elixir vitæ*, that which refreshed and

prolonged life. A Tincture, again, is neither one nor the other, but an admixture in painting, dyeing, chemistry, &c., when one part, the vehicle, receives the colour, or the properties or virtues of the other part, forming such a compound as is fitted for the use intended, or such as possesses or appears to possess the purer and subtler parts of the substance whose virtues are extracted. Hence, first in general usage it came to mean the effects of such admixture, and was equivalent to straining or colouring. Secondly, it was used sometimes in a low sense, as when it is said a man has a tincture of learning—meaning an outward colouring or staining. Thirdly, a tincture in the arts, medicine, or alchemy, represented something more refined than the original substance; and in this view what were called the tinctures of the metals were employed in the processes for obtaining transmutation and the philosopher's stone and elixir. Here in Herbert it appears to be used in the sense of purifying the baser material to which it was applied or with which it was incorporated.

Page 214: (u u) "*Constantine's British Line.*" *The Church Militant*, l. 93.

The thought is here obscure and probably far-fetched. When Constantius Chlorus Cæsar, in Britain, died at York, his son Constantine was proclaimed and eventually became emperor, and on his conversion gave, so to speak, a crown to the Church. Thus his rise in Britain, and his giving a crown to the Church, foreshadowed, says Herbert, or was a type, that hereafter Britain should give the Church a crown; meaning that at the Reformation Henry VIII. would put down the usurped authority of the Church, and make it a national Church, and the State's head its supreme head. This is the more probable interpretation of "giving the Church a crown to keep her state," inasmuch as Herbert afterwards distinctly dissociates the Church from the Papacy and Papal polity, calling the latter "the reign of Sin." The mode of giving also corresponds, the action of Henry being more like that of Constantine than that of John in his giving up of his crown to the Pope, which otherwise we might have supposed to be the reference.

Page 279: (u u but should have been v v) III. *On Lord Danvers*, "*Another monument for thee*," l. 10.

The quaint idea of the name and virtues of the dead being a monument to the marble beneath which they rest, is not original. A similar thought is found in an epitaph on Euripides, among the Greek epigrams by uncertain authors (Jacobs, iv. 231, dxxxvi.). The following translation of it is taken from No. 551 of the "Spectator":

"Divine Euripides, this tomb we see,
So fair, is not a monument for thee
So much as thou for it, since all will own
Thy name and lasting praise adorn the stone."

In the monument of Drayton (Westminster Abbey) there is almost a parallel to Herbert's on Danvers altogether:

"Do, pious marble, let thy readers know
What they and what their children owe
To Drayton's name, whose sacred dust
We recommend unto thy trust.
Protect his memory, and preserve his story,
Remain a lasting monument of his glory.

And when thy ruins shall disclaim
To be the treasurer of his name,
His name, that cannot fade, shall be
An everlasting monument to thee."

See also "Nugæ Canoræ" (1827) for another. (Dodd's "Epigrammatists," 1870, pp. 232, 234.)

Page 282: (*v v* but should have been *w w*) vi. *To ye Queene of Bohemia.*

G. H. is placed prominently at the head of this poem in the MS. It has a good deal of the rhythm and breaks of Donne, and this I take as a confirmation of the Herbert authorship, for elsewhere he remembered and copied his friend Dean Donne. So too with L'Envoy, as at end of "The Church Militant." Line 13, "optick"= the crystalline sphere. I do not think the reference is to the magnifying effect of the sphere, but to it as an optic or glass in which we see the proportion and form of lines, which, looked at otherwise, are mere confusion. Such optic is the perspective-glass so noticeably spoken of by Herbert in "The Temple," and which in other authors are called optics. Thus an undistinguishable picture revealed itself, when seen in a cylindrical mirror, into a portrait of Charles I. This out-of-the-way illustration, as being common to Herbert in "The Temple" with this, perhaps additionally confirms his authorship of these Lines. See Glossarial Index under "Perspective." Miss Benger (1825) has written the life of Elisabeth Stuart, Queen of Bohemia. She died February 13th, 1662. Mr. Henry Huth has given these two poems from another and not accurate MS. in his "Inedited Poetical Miscellanies: 1584-1700" (1870). He modernizes throughout. Line 30, "about" is = a bout, *i.e.*, turn.—G.





GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

NEARLY all the references will be found to give more or less full notes on the respective words. Different forms of the same word are placed together. It is only intended to record herein words peculiar to Herbert and his contemporaries, or in some way noticeable—not words used in their present and ordinary senses.

THE END.

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